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N. S. E.

SEPTEMBER

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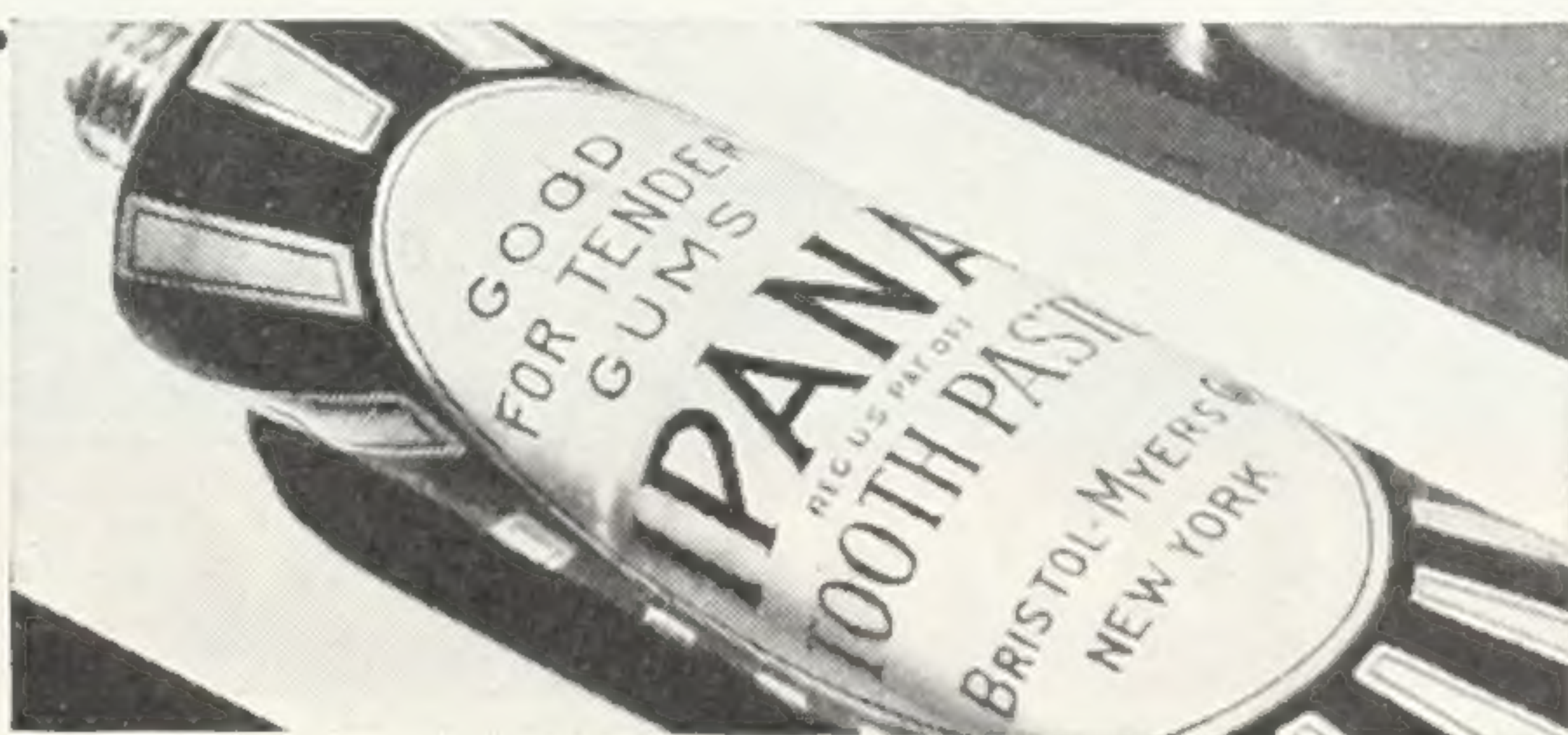
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David O. Selznick, Executive Producer

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PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLIV No. 4

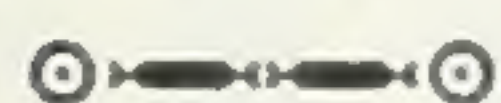
KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher*

September, 1933



Winners of Photoplay
Magazine Gold Medal for
the best picture of the year

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7th HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE
WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"



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On the cover—Marion Davies—Painted by Earl Christy

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The Audience Talks Back



Just when one might expect the nationwide enthusiasm over Ruby Keeler and her co-stars in "42nd Street" to run its course, along they come with "Gold Diggers of 1933"—and it promises greater popularity than its predecessor! So here's Ruby and co-star Dick Powell

THE \$25 LETTER

I correspond with relatives scattered through Europe. We usually discuss the movies and movie stars.

I find that through the movies the Europeans see the human side of America. The majority of the European nations are now struggling out of their financial ruts and they see the way the Americans are taking the so-called depression over here. The movies have awakened a deeper feeling between us.

So I say to the actors and actresses, as well as the directors, "Keep up the good work, the whole world is for you."

WINONA WATSON, Indianapolis, Ind.

(The people of foreign nations seem to be with us, even though their politicians are not. Ed.)

THE \$10 LETTER

As I am "fat and forty," I naturally want to slump and let myself go. But a visit to the pictures will snap me right out of it.

When the beautiful heroine appears on the screen in all her youthful allure, I find myself turning up the corners of my mouth and pushing my straggly waves in place, while I firmly resolve to lose ten pounds next week and get a finger-wave tomorrow!

The movies keep us eternally young!

MRS. W. ROY PORTER, Ladonia, Texas

THE \$5 LETTER

I know that every movie lover keeps a scrap book but how many people keep the really good part of PHOTOPLAY—the Shadow Stage? This is what I do and have done for the past

four and a half years; remove the rivets from the magazine and carefully remove the full pages of the reviews and the casts and bind them in a complete book at the end of the year, using the brief reviews for July and January following for an index. This serves

SUMMER and summer shows! Evenings for frolic and gaiety—with films to fit the mood! And maybe you don't think that's just what the public wants!

Ruby Keeler and her stellar companions in their show about Broadway life—George Arliss's whimsical "The Working Man"—these and others like them are the ruling favorites just now!

There is a decided upward trend, and our readers say that motion pictures have done wonders toward lifting the spirit of the nation. An invaluable cure for our ills.

You'll note the discerning eye for minor players, and appreciation of their work, in some of the letters. Let no one say the American public is "star-mad!"

Mingled with comment about plays and players are keen comments on the movies themselves—their influence, ways to improve one's enjoyment of them, and the like. It's all mighty encouraging to those having faith in American taste.

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—\$25, \$10 and \$5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

me in three ways: (1) Look up the picture to see if it is worth seeing; (2) Study the cast after the show; (3) Amuse myself by remembering the shows again through the older books.

ARTHUR C. WEBER, Bellingham, Wash.

WOULD-BE BOY FRIENDS

The picture was over! Lights flashed on, and as happy crowds poured into the street humming "42nd Street," and "Shuffle Off," a small boy suddenly asked his mother:

"Do you think I'll ever have a girl like Ruby Keeler, mother?"

Men paused to smile sympathetically . . . girls laughed . . . everyone looked kindly on the little fellow. He had voiced something which nearly all of us felt: "Here's a girl I'd love for sister, pal or sweetheart!"

Why? Because she was real! Her big eyes had their own natural beauty, and best of all . . . oh, crown of crowns . . . she wore her own dark, wavy hair! What a relief after the torrent of peroxide waves!

Keep it dark, Ruby! Keep it dark!

ROBERT B. PATTON, Philadelphia, Penna.

THE PERFECT HOST

The other night a gang of kids decided to come to my house. Mother was tired and didn't want a lot of noise, so I felt rather concerned about how I could entertain them.

When they arrived we all piled in the car and started for a ride. We had gone a few miles when one of the gang shouted, "Hey, you, stop!" "What's the matter," I asked, as I put on the brakes, "a flat tire?" "No, worse than that. We just passed a theater showing '42nd Street,' and I'm broke!"

Well, for once we were in luck. I had enough change in my pocket to get us all in. And was it a good show? And how! They all agreed they liked my way of entertaining.

I've often said I would not care to see the same show twice, but I could see "42nd Street" a dozen times and still enjoy it.

BARBARA H. BRYANT, El Cajon, Calif.

PICTURE SAVERS

I would like to say a word or two for our "unstarred stars."

As I look back upon the gigantic parade of films that have flickered before my eyes, the two most outstanding "unstarred stars," in my opinion, are Lewis Stone and James Gleason. These two have saved many a picture from disaster.

MARY SCHUBERT, Tacoma, Wash.

GARBO!

I have listened to a great deal of discussion as to why Garbo is so popular and I think I know the secret. Garbo is poetry personified, and I've noticed that people who enjoy poetry also enjoy Garbo.

Of course, all of us do not care for poetry and for the same reason there are many who do not care for Garbo.

NORMA NELSON, Colville, Wash.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

You can't go wrong if you
say "Let's go Tonight

to see one of
these great

WARNER BROS. PICTURES"



"CAPTURED!"

with LESLIE HOWARD. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Paul Lukas. A dramatic surprise you will never forget!



"MARY STEVENS, M.D."

with KAY FRANCIS... LYLE TALBOT... GLENDA FARRELL. The passionate pilgrimage of a woman doctor...



"GOODBYE AGAIN"

B'way's sensational stage success with Joan Blondell, Warren William, Genevieve Tobin, Helen Chandler, Wallace Ford, Hugh Herbert.



GEORGE ARLISS

in "VOLTAIRE" with DORIS KENYON. The greatest characterization that Arliss has yet brought to the screen.



AND WATCH FOR EDWARD G. ROBINSON, KAY FRANCIS, GENEVIEVE TOBIN IN

"I LOVED A WOMAN"

Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

★ **ADORABLE**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor in a gay, tuneful puff-ball about a princess in love with an officer of her army. Henry Garat's the officer—and he's a hit! Don't miss it. (Aug.)

AFTER THE BALL—Gaumont British-Fox.—Basil Rathbone and Esther Ralston in a naughty English musical that doesn't achieve proper farce tempo. (June)

AIR HOSTESS—Columbia.—Evalyn Knapp's wifely troubles, suffered while cheering timid airplane passengers. Mildly entertaining. (April)

ALIMONY MADNESS—Mayfair Pictures.—A badly butchered attempt to show up the alimony racket. (July)

AS THE DEVIL COMMANDS—Columbia.—Alan Dinehart pulls a "mercy murder," then tries to pin it on Neil Hamilton and make away with Mae Clarke. Involved, but reasonably entertaining. (April)

BARBARIAN, THE—M-G-M.—If starved for romance, see Egyptian guide Ramon Novarro do a combined "Sheik" and "Graustark" with Myrna Loy. (June)

BED OF ROSES—RKO-Radio.—Ex-reform schoolgirls Connie Bennett and Pert Kelton out to beat life. Not for kiddies. (Aug.)

BEDTIME STORY, A—Paramount.—Baby LeRoy, giving a grand performance, reforms gay bachelor Maurice Chevalier. Helen Twelvetrees and Adrienne Ames. (June)

BEHIND JURY DOORS—Mayfair Pictures.—Buster Collier and cast lend some life to the old tale of the reporter who clears his sweetheart's father of murder. (April)

BELOW THE SEA—Columbia.—A Fay Wray thriller; caught in a diving bell on a deep-seas expedition this time. Diver Ralph Bellamy to the rescue. Good underseas shots and good fun. (Aug.)

BE MINE TONIGHT—Gaumont British-Universal.—A gem of a musical, featuring Jan Kiepura, the Polish opera star. (April)

BIG BRAIN, THE—RKO-Radio.—Clever and fast, except in the climax. George E. Stone climbs from barber to phony stock magnate. Reginald Owen, Fay Wray. (Aug.)

BIG CAGE, THE—Universal.—Clyde Beatty in thrilling acts training scores of lions and tigers. Some bits in bad taste. (May)

BIG DRIVE, THE—First Division.—Horribly gruesome, but absolutely authentic official pictures of the World War. (April)

BLONDIE JOHNSON—First National.—Well acted gangster stuff, with Joan Blondell and Chester Morris. (April)

★ **BONDAGE**—Fox.—Dorothy Jordan superb as a "misguided girl" ruined by cruel treatment at the hands of Rafaela Ottiano, matron of the so-called "reform" institution. Splendid treatment of a grim subject. (July)

BROADWAY BAD—Fox.—Joan Blondell suffers for mother love on Broadway; thin. (May)

CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS—Bryan Foy Prod.—This one has the themes, but not the punch, of some good baseball pictures. (Aug.)

CENTRAL AIRPORT—First National.—When Sally Eilers marries Tom Brown, aviator Dick Barthelmess takes to reckless barnstorming. So-so. (June)

CHEATING BLONDES—Equitable Pictures.—A would-be murder mystery and sexer; it's neither. Thelma Todd. (Aug.)

CHRISTOPHER STRONG—RKO-Radio.—Katharine Hepburn superb in a poorly done piece in which she gives her life in a plane crash rather than continue an illicit love affair. (May)

CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER, THE—Columbia.—Sleuth Adolphe Menjou solves the murder of trapeze performer Greta Nissen. Grand circus; a wow finish. (July)

★ **CLEAR ALL WIRES**—M-G-M.—A wow about a newspaper correspondent (Lee Tracy), who slips it over on Russia, his boss, and the world. (April)

COUGAR, THE KING KILLER—Sidney Snow Prod.—Life as the official panther catcher for the State of California; good animal stuff. (Aug.)

CRIME OF THE CENTURY, THE—Paramount.—Acceptable mystery, with Jean Hersholt and Wynne Gibson. (April)

CROSS FIRE—RKO-Radio.—Four old-timers take the law into their own hands when Tom Keene goes to war, leaving a crook in charge of the mine. Slow. (June)

DANGEROUSLY YOURS—Fox.—Thin as a crook tale, but Miriam Jordon, Warner Baxter and Herbert Mundin offer saving comedy. (April)

DARING DAUGHTERS—Tower Prod.—The greatest daring was in reviving such a mummy. (April)

DER BRAVE SUENDER (THE UPRIGHT SINNER)—Allianz Tonfilm Prod.—A somewhat slow piece about an embezzler. Max Pallenberg's performance excellent. English captions. (June)

DER HAUPTMANN VON KOEPENICK (THE CAPTAIN OF KOEPENICK)—Carl Zuckmayer Prod.—A downtrodden cobbler borrows a uniform and rules the roost for a day. (April)

★ **DESTINATION UNKNOWN**—Universal.—Unusual. Shows the Christ spirit rescuing rum-runners on a sinking ship. Pat O'Brien, Alan Hale, Ralph Bellamy. (May)

★ **DEVIL'S BROTHER, THE**—Hal Roach.—M-G-M.—The Robin-Hoodish light opera, "Fra Diavolo," with Dennis King for music, Laurel and Hardy for laughs. Shows how good a comedy musical can be. (June)

★ **DINNER AT EIGHT**—M-G-M.—Another "all star" affair; they're invited to dinner by Lionel Barrymore and wife Billie Burke. Sophisticated comedy follows. (Aug.)

DIPLOMANIACS—RKO-Radio.—Wheeler and Woolsey as delegates to the Peace Conference. Good in some spots, awful in others; lavish girl display. (July)

DREI TAGE MITTELARREST (THREE DAYS IN THE GUARDHOUSE)—Allianz Tonfilm Prod.—Excellent comedy situations when the mayor's maid seeks the father of her child. German dialogue. (Aug.)

DUDE BANDIT, THE—Allied.—Hoot Gibson, Gloria Shea and others in a Western that's not Hoot at his best. (June)

★ **EAGLE AND THE HAWK, THE**—Paramount.—The much used anti-war theme of the ace who cracks under the strain of killing. Fredric March superb; fine support by Cary Grant, Jack Oakie, others. (July)

ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT, THE—Allied.—A great fortune, a secret marriage, arguments over a will. Ho-hum. (May)

ELMER THE GREAT—First National.—Fine baseball and fine fun. Rookie Joe Brown outdoes Babe Ruth and wins Patricia Ellis. (June)

EMERGENCY CALL—RKO-Radio.—Another hospital, gangster, doctor-and-nurse medley, led by Bill Boyd and Wynne Gibson. Fair, but spotty. (July)

Movie Muddles

\$1,500.00

Contest

will be found on pages 52 and 53 this issue of

PHOTOPLAY

It's not too late to try your hand if you haven't started. More fascinating than anything you have ever before tackled.

COCKTAIL HOUR—Columbia.—Bebe Daniels, scorning "steady" Randolph Scott, tries Europe and a fling at "free" life. Entertaining, if not outstanding. (Aug.)

COHENS AND KELLYS IN TROUBLE—Universal.—Charlie Murray and George Sidney try to escape Jobyna Howland and Maude Fulton in a tug boat. Good fun. (May)

CONSTANT WOMAN, THE—World Wide.—Claire Windsor deserts Conrad Nagel and the tent show, but he comes through. Acceptable. (May)

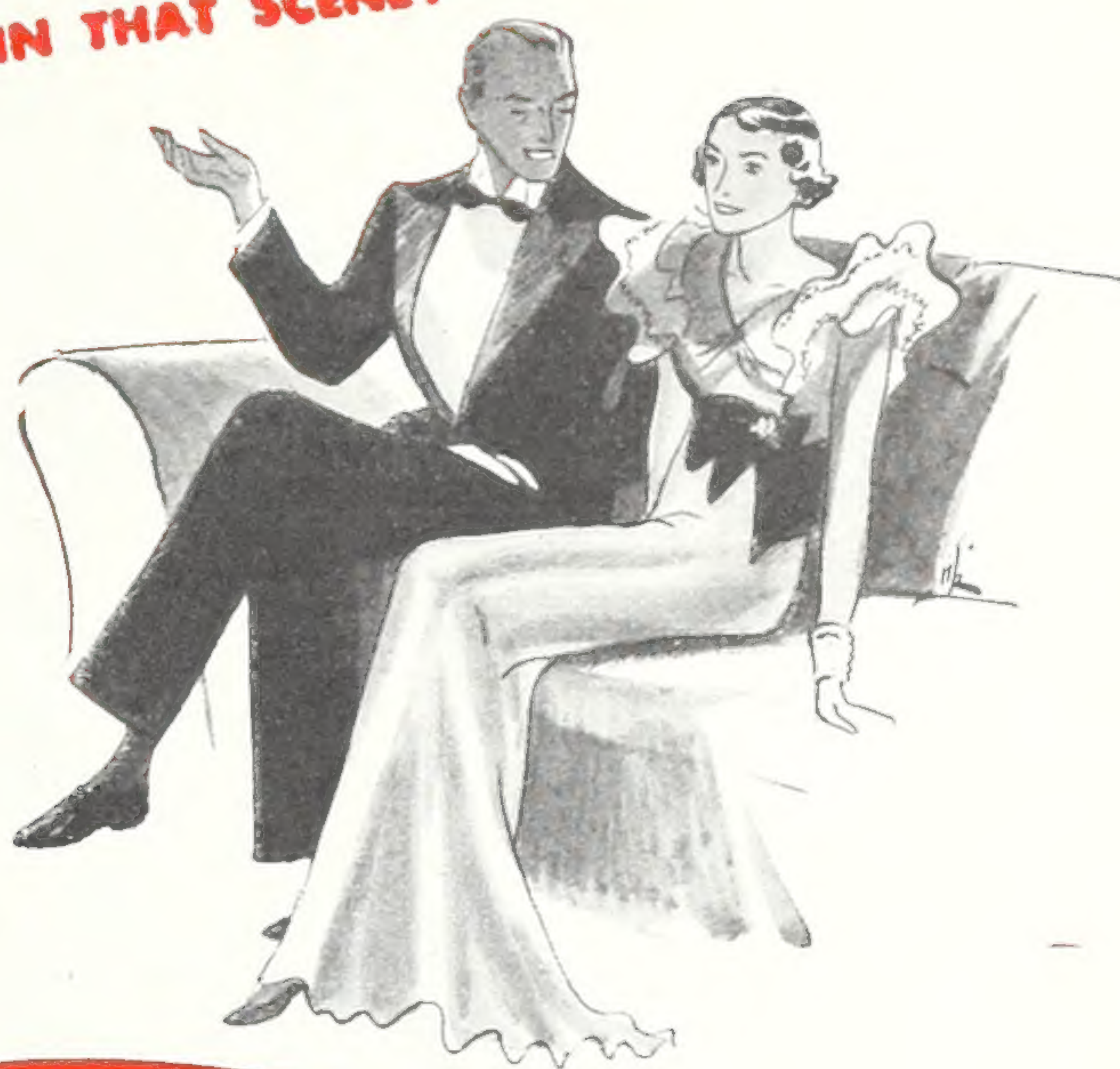
CORRUPTION—Wm. Berke Prod.—Preston Foster as a boy mayor who crosses the bosses and cleans up the town. A novel murder twist. Evalyn Knapp good. (July)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

"WILL YOU EVER FORGET HOW
SWEET SHE WAS IN THAT SCENE?"



"THIS IS ONE PICTURE
YOU'VE JUST GOT TO SEE."



"YOU *Must* SEE

"PILGRIMAGE"

The new season's biggest thrill . . . talked about by everyone who's seen it . . . and you'll rave too. "PILGRIMAGE" . . . burning story of three great loves . . . a picture too big for words to describe. Be sure you see it . . . so ask your theatre manager now when he plans to show it. "PILGRIMAGE". . . triumph of Fox Films, new leader in Motion Picture Entertainment,

FOX



"THE TAXICAB INCIDENT
HAD ME ROARING."



"MY DEAR! I THOUGHT
I WAS HARD-BOILED BUT—



"WE JUST SAW 'PILGRIMAGE'
. . . DON'T MISS IT!"

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

EX-LADY—Warners.—Bette Davis is for unconventional love until a siren and a villain go after her boy friend. A scenic eyeful. (*April*)

FAST WORKERS—M-G-M.—Mae Clarke fine in a dull tale about a two-timing skyscraper riveter (Jack Gilbert). (*May*)

FIRES OF FATE—Powers Pictures.—A Conan Doyle tale of a shell-shocked veteran's adventures in the Egyptian desert; slow for Americans. (*June*)

FLYING DEVILS, THE—RKO-Radio.—Jealous hubby Ralph Bellamy, owner of an air circus, tries to crash Eric Linden. Eric's brother, Bruce Cabot, sacrifices himself in air battle with Bellamy. (*Aug.*)

FORGOTTEN MEN—Jewel Prod.—Official war films from fourteen countries; nothing too strong to put in. Fine if you can stand seeing what really happened. (*Aug.*)

FRIEDERIKE—Pascal Prod.—An episode in the life of the German poet Johann Wolfgang Goethe; with music. (*May*)

★ **FROM HELL TO HEAVEN**—Paramount.—A great cast in a grand mix-up about people registering at a hotel, with life and death hanging on tomorrow's horse race. Jack Oakie's in it. (*April*)

★ **GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE**—M-G-M.—"What an inspired President would do to depression," splendidly played by Walter Huston. Karen Morley, Franchot Tone in fine support. (*June*)

GAMBLING SHIP—Paramount.—a good idea gone wrong; Cary Grant, Benita Hume, in a badly worked out gangster piece. (*Aug.*)

GHOST TRAIN, THE—Gainsborough.—A spectral train is supposed to cause shivers, but the horror creaks badly. (*May*)

GIRL IN 419, THE—Paramount.—Sex and adventure in a hospital, when gangsters William Harrigan and Jack LaRue try to silence Gloria Stuart, patient of head surgeon Jimmie Dunn. Fast-stepping; well done. (*July*)

GIRL MISSING—Warners.—You can be, without missing much. Glenda Farrell, Mary Brian, Ben Lyon, in a Palm Beach mystery. (*June*)

★ **GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933**—Warners.—Another and even better "42nd Street," with Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, in charge of the fun. A wow musical. (*Aug.*)

★ **GREAT JASPER, THE**—RKO-Radio.—The life of an expansive Irishman (Richard Dix, giving a grand performance), who makes good at Atlantic City fortune-telling, and with Wera Engels as well as his wife (Florence Eldridge). (*April*)

★ **HELL BELOW**—M-G-M.—This one rocks the theater. Tense submarine war scenes. Corking comedy, too. Walter Huston, Robert Montgomery, Madge Evans, Jimmy Durante. Don't miss it. (*June*)

HELLO SISTER—Fox.—Jimmie Dunn and Boots Mallory in a formula plot—scandal makers cause trouble, the truth comes out, etc. ZaSu Pitts helps a lot. (*July*)

HEROES FOR SALE—First National.—Boo hoo! It's just too awful—all that happens to ex-soldier Dick Barthelmess! (*Aug.*)

HERTHA'S AWAKENING—UFA.—A country lass and a city boy who forgot. Candid sex done sincerely. German with English subtitles. (*June*)

HIGH GEAR—Goldsmith Prod.—An auto racing driver thought to be yellow. Don't bother. (*July*)

HOLD ME TIGHT—Fox.—Another Jimmie Dunn-Sally Eilers opus, poor boy besting the villain, they live happily, etc. (*Aug.*)

HUMANITY—Fox.—Ralph Morgan as a noble-souled old family doctor whose doctor son (Alexander Kirkland) isn't so good. Fair entertainment. (*June*)

ICH WILL NICHT WISSEN WER DU BIST (DON'T TELL ME WHO YOU ARE)—Interworld Prod.—A gay and tuneful German love story with English captions. (*May*)

★ **"I COVER THE WATERFRONT"**—United Artists.—The late Ernest Torrence, a fisherman who smuggles Chinamen, exposed when reporter Ben Lyon wins Ernest's daughter, Claudette Colbert. Good melodrama. (*July*)

IHRE MAJESTAET DIE LIEBE (HER MAJESTY, LOVE)—Warners-First National.—No English subtitles to this German tale of aristocracy (Francis Lederer) marrying beneath itself (Kaethe von Nagy). (*April*)

I LOVE THAT MAN—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll sticks to con-man Eddie Lowe, and all but reforms him when he gets double-crossed and killed. Acceptable. (*July*)

INDIA SPEAKS—RKO-Radio.—Richard Halliburton gives a personally conducted exposure of the caste system and some adventure. We're doubtful. (*July*)

INFERNAL MACHINE—Fox.—Dull ship-board melodrama; over-sexy. (*May*)

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE—Paramount.—A riot of gags, put over by W. C. Fields and others, while Stu Erwin tries to buy a Chinese invention. (*July*)

JENNIE GERHARDT—Paramount.—Sylvia Sidney's grand acting saves a slow telling of the Dreiser tale about a girl who, unwedded, loved her man throughout life. (*Aug.*)

JUNGLE BRIDE—Monogram.—After seeing good animal stuff, this is plain hooey. (*April*)

KEYHOLE, THE—Warners.—Kay Francis and George Brent lend romance to a blackmailing mystery. (*May*)

★ **KING KONG**—RKO-Radio.—A smash thriller, with Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot and Robert Armstrong tangled with an ape fifty feet high. (*May*)

KING OF THE ARENA—Universal.—A first-rate Western with Ken Maynard. (*July*)

KING OF THE JUNGLE—Paramount.—Buster Crabbe's debut as the "Lion Man," tamed by Frances Dee. Interesting animal stuff. (*May*)

KING OF THE WILD HORSES—Columbia.—Thrilling animal stuff, featuring the stallion Rex and fellow equines. (*April*)

★ **KING'S VACATION, THE**—Warners.—George Arliss in a light but deft piece about a king freed by revolution and his wife to seek his first love. (*April*)

KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR, THE—Universal.—Paul Lukas murders a faithless wife, and Frank Morgan thinks of doing the same to his (Nancy Carroll), who seems miscast. Well done. (*May*)

★ **LADY'S PROFESSION, A**—Paramount.—Not much plot, but you'll laugh too much to mind. Alison Skipworth and Roland Young as titled Britishers unwittingly running a speakeasy. (*May*)

LAUGHING AT LIFE—Mascot Pictures.—A well-done Richard Harding Davis type of tale about soldier of fortune Victor McLaglen raising Cain in a banana republic. (*Aug.*)

LIFE OF JIMMY DOLAN, THE—Warners.—Doug. Fairbanks, Jr., and Loretta Young in a sweet story with rubber stamp plot about a misled prize-fighter. (*May*)

LILLY TURNER—First National.—Inexcusable sex, with Ruth Chatterton going from bad to worse as a side-show performer. Worth avoiding. (*July*)

★ **LITTLE GIANT, THE**—Warners.—Eddie Robinson, reformed gangster, is made a sucker by Helen Vinson. Some grand situations. You'll like this one. (*June*)

★ **LOOKING FORWARD**—M-G-M.—This achieves perfection in acting. Lewis Stone and Lionel Barrymore in an old British business hit by depression. (*June*)

LOVE IN MOROCCO—Gaumont British.—Rex Ingram got fine North African scenery and fighting but as romance it's a washout. (*June*)

LUCKY DOG—Universal.—Canine actor Buster turns in a knockout performance, as faithful companion to "out of luck" Chic Sale (cast as a young man). (*July*)

"M"—Nerofilm.—Based on the Duesseldorff child murders, and not a melodrama. Not for children or emotional adults; English subtitles. (*June*)

MADE ON BROADWAY—M-G-M.—Bob Montgomery, Sally Eilers, Madge Evans and Eugene Pallette in a dull one over a Bowery girl. (*June*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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MARLENE DIETRICH in "THE SONG OF SONGS"

A Rouben Mamoulian Production with Brian Aherne, Lionel Atwill, Alison Skipworth, from the story by Hermann Sudermann and play by Edward Sheldon.

One of the world's great stories comes to the star who can make it live... "The Song of Songs"—the Love of Loves—blindly sought through tragic amours by a woman too feminine to grasp true happiness.



if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE, it's the best show in town!

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

MAN FROM MONTEREY, THE—Warners.—John Wayne in a historical Western about California when Uncle Sam took possession in '49. Will appeal largely to the youngsters. (July)

MAN HUNT—RKO-Radio.—Junior Durkin, an amateur boy sleuth, makes good when a real mystery turns up. (April)

MAN WHO WON, THE—British International.—A playboy nobleman drags through tedious reels as a depression farmer. (May)

★ **MASQUERADER, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Ronald Colman does superbly in the double rôle of English gentleman and dissolute cousin, whose identity he assumes. (May)

★ **MAYOR OF HELL, THE**—Warners.—Gangster Jimmy Cagney steps into a tough reform school, and with help of inmate Frankie Darro, makes things hum. Madge Evans. (Aug.)

MELODY CRUISE—RKO-Radio.—Playboy Charlie Ruggles has girl trouble on a cruise. Good music; plot falls apart. (Aug.)

★ **MEN MUST FIGHT**—M-G-M.—Pacifism vs. patriotism, championed by Diana Wynyard and Lewis Stone, in a struggle for their son. Superbly acted. (April)

MIDNIGHT MARY—M-G-M.—Loretta Young does a better than usual gun moll; she shoots big-shot Ricardo Cortez to save lawyer Franchot Tone for the plot. (Aug.)

MIDNIGHT WARNING—Mayfair Pictures.—A horribly done horror picture; Claudia Dell, William Boyd and John Harron are unable to save it. (March)

MIND READER, THE—First National.—Warren William and Allen Jenkins work the mind-reading, crystal gazing racket on high society. (May)

MORGENROT (DAWN)—UFA.—An excellent German film about submarine warfare. English prologue and captions. (Aug.)

MURDERS IN THE ZOO—Paramount.—Lionel Atwill kills with a serpent; feeds wife Kathleen Burke to the crocodiles. Fascinating horror. (May)

MUSSOLINI SPEAKS—Columbia.—While Il Duce makes an address, "cut ins" show the deeds he mentions. Partisan, but interesting. (June)

NARROW CORNER, THE—Warners.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in a lugubrious tale of evil passions in the South Seas. Fine acting, fine cast, but a dark brown after-taste. (Aug.)

NIGHT AND DAY—Gaumont-British.—Mixed music and melodrama, done in leisurely British fashion; the mixture doesn't jell. (Aug.)

★ **NUISANCE, THE**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Never Give A Sucker A Break.") Lee Tracy at his best as a shyster lawyer and ambulance chaser; Frank Morgan adds a magnificent drunken doctor accomplice, until Madge Evans trips them up. Fast, packed with laughs. (July)

OBEY THE LAW—Columbia.—Leo Carrillo goes "good boy" as a naturalized barber practicing the Golden Rule. They made him too good. (June)

OLIVER TWIST—Monogram.—A strong cast somehow misses the Dickens' flavor. (May)

OUR BETTERS—RKO-Radio.—Sophisticated (and raw) sexy doings in London high society by Connie Bennett and Violet Kemble-Cooper. (May)

OUT ALL NIGHT—Universal.—Can't you imagine the fun—Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts honeymooning, with mamma along? (May)

OVER THE SEVEN SEAS—William K. Vanderbilt.—Mr. Vanderbilt's films of his journey around the world, gathering marine specimens. Some wonderful color photography. (Aug.)

PAROLE GIRL—Columbia.—An antique "revenge" plot, with Mac Clarke. (May)

★ **PEG O' MY HEART**—M-G-M.—The old musical favorite, pleasingly done by Marion Davies, J. Farrell MacDonald, Onslow Stevens. (July)

PENAL CODE, THE—Freuler Film.—An ex-convict's problems are easier on Regis Toomey than this moth-eaten plot. (May)

PERFECT UNDERSTANDING—United Artists.—This talkie talks too much. Gloria Swanson finds she loves hubby in spite of his misdeeds. (May)

PHANTOM BROADCAST, THE—Monogram.—Gangster stuff, with Ralph Forbes as the shadow voice of a radio crooner. Involved plot doesn't help. (June)

★ **PICK UP**—Paramount.—Taxi-driver George Raft "picks up" Sylvia Sidney, falls in love with her; tangles with a society lady and Sylvia's convict husband. Humanly done; good comedy. (June)

★ **PICTURE SNATCHER**—Warners.—Jimmy Cagney at his best in a newspaper tale. Jimmy falls for the daughter of a cop who'd sent him up. Sparkling dialogue. (June)

★ **PILGRIMAGE**—Fox.—Henrietta Crosman as a mother who loses a son in France. She is completely embittered until she visits France as a Gold Star mother. Poignant, exquisitely done. (July)

Who Wins the Gold Medal?

Announcement of
the winning picture
appears in this issue
of

PHOTOPLAY

Turn to pages 38
and 39 for the complete story.

PLEASURE CRUISE—Fox.—Jealous Roland Young as a ship's barber keeps an eye on wife Genevieve Tobin. And things happen! (June)

PRIVATE DETECTIVE 62—Warners.—Not-so-thrilling thriller with Bill Powell, who was told to frame Margaret Lindsay but married her. (July)

★ **PRIVATE JONES**—Universal.—Lee Tracy doesn't mind fighting, but sees no sense to war. Gloria Stuart is the heart interest. Red-blooded entertainment. (April)

★ **PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART**—RKO-Radio.—Ginger Rogers in a patchily done but funny skit about a radio "purity girl" who's hot-cha at heart. Fine comic support. (Aug.)

REBEL, THE—Universal.—Napoleon destroys a Tyrolean home; so the wronged man (Luis Trenker) heads a revolt. Great scenery. Vilma Banky. Worth seeing. (June)

★ **REUNION IN VIENNA**—M-G-M.—John Barrymore, as the exiled Archduke Rudolf, seeks to revive an old romance with Diana Wynyard. Brilliantly gay and naughty; it should delight everyone. (July)

ROME EXPRESS—Gaumont British-Universal.—An excellently done train ride, with a leisurely melodrama thrown in. Fine cast; Conrad Veidt as the villain. (April)

SAILOR'S LUCK—Fox.—Riotous "Jack ashore" stuff, but some of the sex is strong. Sally Eilers and Jimmie Dunn. (May)

SAMARANG—Zeidman-United Artists.—A finely done travel piece about Malay pearl divers. Stirring shark fights, an octopus; superb native types. (July)

★ **SECRETS**—United Artists.—Poor little rich girl Mary Pickford flees her New England home for pioneer life in the West with Leslie Howard. Well worth seeing. (April)

SECRETS OF WU SIN, THE—Invincible.—An enjoyable tale of newspaper folks (Lois Wilson and Grant Withers) breaking a Chinaman-smuggling gang. (April)

SHE HAD TO SAY YES—First National.—Loretta Young, cloak-and-suit model, must be agreeable to out-of-town buyers. Gets all tangled in its own plot. (Aug.)

SHRIEK IN THE NIGHT, A—Allied.—In fact plenty of shrieks, with Ginger Rogers, Lyle Talbot. A well-done, small-time thriller. (June)

SILK EXPRESS, THE—Warners.—Good melodrama; crooks try to stop a silk shipment from Japan. Neil Hamilton; fine support. (Aug.)

SILVER CORD, THE—RKO-Radio.—Laura Hope Crews as a possessive mother; son Joel McCrea's wife Irene Dunne, and Frances Dee, fiancée of son Eric Linden, rebel. Sparkling but "talky." (July)

SISTER TO JUDAS—Mayfair Pictures.—Endless slow reels about a girl who tries to rise by being "lit'ry." (April)

SOLDIERS OF THE STORM—Columbia.—Standard melodrama about a U. S. Border Patrol aviator and liquor smugglers; Regis Toomey makes it distinctly good entertainment. (Aug.)

SOMEWHERE IN SONORA—Warners.—Lovely scenery would make this a good travelogue. As a Western—ho-hum. (April)

SONG OF THE EAGLE—Paramount.—An honest old beer baron (Jean Hersholt) is killed by gangsters; his son (Richard Arlen) avenges him. Acceptable. (July)

SOUS LA LUNE DU MAROC (MOON OVER MOROCCO)—Vandal-Delac Prod.—Five Europeans under a grim Oriental spell. Slow, but great atmosphere. (April)

SPHINX, THE—Monogram.—Excellent melodrama, with Lionel Atwill as chief chill-giver; Theodore Newton, Sheila Terry, Paul Hurst, Luis Alberni. (Aug.)

★ **STATE FAIR**—Fox.—A homely tale of Will Rogers, Ma (Louise Dresser), their children (Janet Gaynor and Norman Foster), their lovers (Lew Ayres and Sally Eilers) and a prize hog. Delightful entertainment for everyone. (April)

STATE TROOPER—Columbia.—A breezy tale of an oil war in which trooper Regis Toomey wins the day and Evalyn Knapp. (May)

STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE, THE—Paramount.—Life of an erotic Southern girl (Miriam Hopkins), conquered by gangster Jack LaRue. Sordid, repellent. (July)

STRANGE PEOPLE—Chesterfield.—If you ask us, the strange people are the producers who thought this rehash of old horrors worth filming. (June)

STRICTLY PERSONAL—Paramount.—None too exciting mystery stuff. Marjorie Rambeau, Dorothy Jordan and Eddie Quillan. (May)

STUDY IN SCARLET, A—World Wide.—Has Reginald Owen as *Sherlock Holmes*, but Conan Doyle wouldn't know the story. Fair. (Aug.)

SUCKER MONEY—Hollywood Pictures.—A miserably done exposé of fake mediums. (July)

SUNSET PASS—Paramount.—A Western that is one—fine cast, fine action, gorgeous scenery. Worth anyone's time. (Aug.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 121]



YOUR TEETH SO MUCH *Whiter* YOUR BREATH SO MUCH *Sweeter*

Most of the women (and very critical women they are, too) who use Listerine Tooth Paste offer this interesting comment.

"It cleans so much better, makes my teeth so much whiter and breath so agreeable that I wouldn't use any other."

What more honest, more practical comment could be made about a dentifrice? And when you consider that

more than 2,000,000 women have chosen Listerine Tooth Paste in preference to more costly dentifrices, the statement must be true. The fact that they pay only 25¢ for Listerine Tooth Paste, thus saving approximately \$3.00 a year over 50¢ varieties, is incidental.

Results are what you are interested in. Won't you try a tube? Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.



At last! Bristles can't come out!

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH with PERMA-GRIP

© 1933 LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY

Read These Brickbats and Bouquets



Mickey Mouse's father in his "Silly Symphonies" has created a popularity rival for his famous brain child. You'll remember that Walt Disney received the Academy Award last year for the symphony "Flowers and Trees"—so the mounting tide of enthusiasm follows true art

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

SILLY, BUT NICE

Is there ever a word of commendation published in favor of the cleverly conceived and artistically portrayed semi-comic (if you will allow me) picture, namely Walt Disney's "Silly Symphony"? I have in mind particularly "Babes in the Woods" done in color; but I have seen many of Disney's Silly Symphonies and I have yet to witness one that was not amusing.

The music, and it is good music, too, synchronizes so perfectly with every action of the subjects of the picture, that I marvel at the unlimited patience and ingenuity it must require to set up such a picture.

E. B. STOLBA, Pasadena, Calif.

SUGAR-COATED CULTURE

With only a dollar to spend each week for all cultural training, I decided that the movies were my strongest ally. By careful selection of pictures, my children are gaining real knowledge and polish, while being entertained, and are much better mannered and well informed than in days when movies were a rare liberty.

To mothers who feel that the depression is robbing their children of cultural advantages, I say, "Take them to the movies, and be grateful to the producers and artists who make

it possible for everyone to know perfect English, appreciate real beauty, and feel the inspiration of high ideals."

MRS. MARY E. BUDA, Englewood, Col.

HAS GARBO GROWN COLD?

Allow me to throw a brick—aimed at the head of that silent sophisticate, Greta Garbo. I don't like her, and don't mind saying so!

Those hollow cheeks and drooping eyelids make her look more fit for a sanitarium than a moving picture. The discontented droop of her mouth is anything but lovely, and her movements are studied, artificial.

Too unnatural, too cold, too extreme! And the pity of it is, she *could* be beautiful if she'd leave off that "sick cat" expression and smile a little oftener. With her possibilities she might become a great actress.

RUTH NEIL, Paris, Ky.

UN-STARRED ARTISTS

May I say a word in behalf of the non-featured players, whose names are sometimes omitted from the cast, yet who invariably turn out finished performances?

To mention a few: David Landau, Berton Churchill, Aline MacMahon, Frank McHugh, C. Henry Gordon, Eugene Pallette, Allen Jenkins, Blanche Friderici, Roscoe Karns, O. P. Heggie, C. Aubrey Smith, John Miljan, Richard Tucker and Edward Van Sloan.

G. T. TARBOX, Hollis, N. Y. C.

GABRIEL'S LESSON

I am more than ever convinced of the tremendous scope of the screen. There exists today no greater medium for public good. I have just seen "Gabriel Over the White House" and I would like to recommend this film.

It seems to me that every person in the United States, with a spark of love for his country, should see this production, drink in its lessons, realize its fine spirit of public devotion and then go out of the theater determined to lend his moral support to the task of bringing about the results portrayed on the screen.

E. AMBRIDGE, San Francisco, Calif.

MORE ABOUT KATIE HEPBURN

May I add my comments to those already given about that startling new star, Katharine Hepburn? There are two things I have seen no mention of as yet.

First, has anyone noticed her beautiful forehead? Exquisite! Looks as though there might be plenty of brains back of it.



Even Hitler—if he dared try—couldn't stop the world from laughing at Walt Disney's "Silly Symphonies." Here the trees have come to life, under Walt's magic drawing pen. Such antics!

And secondly, has anyone noticed her modesty? In three magazines I counted fourteen pictures of her, and in every single one she was wearing high neck and long sleeves. I am so tired of backless evening gowns, backless bathing suits, and bare legs. May this refreshing modesty set a new fashion!

Three cheers for this delightful girl with the bony, lanky body, big mouth, high cheek bones, gorgeous eyes and exquisite brow.

DOROTHEA CRANE, Pittsburgh, Penna.

To Learn What the Public Thinks

STAR-STRUCK POET

If I had the glamour of Garbo
And Connie Bennett's poise,
If I could dress like Shearer
(Would I have my pick of the boys?)
If my legs were just like Dietrich's
And Joan Crawford would lend me her charm,
If I were as winsome as Gaynor
(Could I do a bit of harm?)
If Mae West would give me her "come on"
And Lupe would give me her pep,
If I were seductive like Myrna
Could I be making a rep?

I'd go to Hollywood surely,
A producer would sign me for life—But
I better start cooking the dinner
For I'm only a movie-struck wife.
MRS. H. E. MULDOON, Philadelphia, Penna.

CHARMING MR. ARLISS

Can anyone touch the performances of George Arliss for sheer artistry? In "The Working Man" he gave us a portrayal so deft and delightful that the audience was enraptured.



Three cheers for "The Working Man!" Not the chap who's getting the "new deal"—we mean George Arliss in the picture of that name. The country's going Arliss, with kind words for Bette, also. So here are the two favorites, as they appear in a scene of the picture

his picture "The Working Man," (the article said) he wouldn't allow Bette Davis to wear pajamas but ordered them to make her a nightgown. Also, the article said, a costly painting was discarded by Mr. Arliss and another painting used. But a few days later when I saw the picture in question, Bette Davis was so entirely covered that no one could tell whether she wore nightgown or pajamas, and we didn't get more than a sideways glance at the painting and couldn't possibly see what it looked like. So what?

MRS. C. E. CONGER, Tulsa, Okla.

SONG O' ERIN

Three dozen Irish orchids to Marion Davies for her superb portrayal of the colleen in "Peg O' My Heart"!

But the most charming bit in the picture, in my opinion, is the village scene in which there is a real Irish breakaway dance and the lad with the accordion sings his Irish song. It was for this that I saw the picture twice.

MARILEE MARTIN, Henderson, Ky.

MOVIES THAT CURE

What a changing world we live in!

Ten years ago when I was first appointed a member of the hospital staff, two young nurses were dismissed for sneaking off to a picture one evening on their monthly "day off." For ten years I saw no movies.

But this morning when I came on duty I

found a note on my desk, left by the doctor in charge. It said: "Nurse, in view of the fact that patients in rooms twelve, fourteen and twenty are recuperating nicely, you may take those who care to go to a motion picture uptown at about three o'clock. Car is at your disposal."

Did I pinch myself? We went, my three charges and I, and we have all survived!

ALISON W. FREE, Regina, Canada.

PAPA SPANK!

We are playing a new film game in our family. The game has been temporarily titled: "Stalling Junior." I wish to set forth the general proceedings:

Junior is sent off to a theater with some of his neighborhood pals.

Junior returns home and the following conversation inevitably takes place:

Junior: Dad, what does it mean when Mac West says, "Aw, you can be had"?

Dad: Ahem—well—er—that is—well, it just means that she would like to have the gentleman call on her sometime.

Junior: Well, what's a wanton woman?

Dad: Oh, she just wants things, that's all.

Junior: Say, dad, you aren't a "sugardaddy," are you?

Dad: Now you run along and ask your mother about that.

It's a great game all right, but it takes patience, tact and plenty of stalling

EUGENE FARRAR, Los Angeles, Calif.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]



What things people are saying about Katharine Hepburn. They're always discovering something new. This month it's her modesty in clothes, high neck and all. Of course, you have noticed

The story also was charming, and the strongest Mr. Arliss has had in some time. Bette Davis is at her best. And who is this Theodore Newton? He is a real find.

PAUL ENDICOTT, Westfield, N. J.

OH, HE'S VERY PARTICULAR

I wish someone would help me understand these movie people. I was reading an article in PHOTOPLAY about Mr. George Arliss. In

What the Audience Thinks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]



Garbo is still the incomparable! She draws, as always, a flood of Brickbat and Bouquet mail. Here, Garbo worshippers, brace for a shock!—a brickbat or two! "The silent sophisticate," they call her—too unnatural, too cold, too extreme! Yet others marvel at her artistry

JUST AROUND THE CORNER

Unemployed? Funds low? Spirits lower? Go to the movies. If you're a man, get an eyeful of the "gals"; if a woman, the star's gowns and boy friends. Worse luck than yours makes tame movie plays. Put your ingrown grump on the spot. Go to the movies!

MABEL WIESTER, New Cumberland, Penna.

EIGHT HOUR MOVIE!

I went to see Clark Gable and Helen Hayes in "The White Sister" yesterday afternoon at three o'clock and stayed until eleven. I didn't realize how late it had grown, but when *Giovanni* was just escaping from the German prisons (for the third time), a hand was laid on my arm and my mother whispered, "It's eleven o'clock." I certainly knew then why my stomach had been bothering me. Mother had almost called the police to hunt for me!

MARVEL DAVIS, Muskegon, Mich.

SECRET SORROWS

I know that Fredric March is married, Clark Gable has "big ears," and Leslie Howard's physique is nothing to write a song about. I see that Bing Crosby looks "slouchy fat," and William Gargan hasn't enough mouth, and Robert Montgomery's "gone Hollywood." I've been told that Joel McCrea courts the married ladies, Jack LaRue has no background, and Gloria Swanson's broke. I've read that Joan Crawford is fishing for publicity, and *La* Hepburn strives for "effect," and Janet Gaynor has temperament. That Lupe Velez has been misunderstood and Clara Bow will reform.

But does all that spoil my "illusions"? I don't even care that they've given sex-appeal to Mickey Mouse and Schnozzle Durante! I'll go see pictures and read movie magazines till Mae West's ideas grow old.

MRS. BILLIE MCBRIDE, Lamar, S. C.

A CURE FOR LOVER SPATS

A young married couple of our acquaintance accompanied us to a show the other night. They'd had a family tiff and were not on speaking terms.

The picture, fortunately for them, was Mae West's "She Done Him Wrong." Long before that picture had reached Mae's final flippant wisecrack that young couple were not only laughing at Mae but laughing at and *talking* to each other.

Mae West's comebacks and witticisms wiped out that family tiff in one brief hour.

JASPER B. SINCLAIR, San Francisco, Calif.

THE FIRST YEAR IS HARDEST

Have you ever tried the movies as a cure for bad temper? Some time ago my husband and I had one of those misunderstandings which so often occur between two people terribly in love with each other, but who are just beginning to adjust their lives together during the first year of marriage. There were high words between us and almost a fatal rupture.

But in a lucid moment I collected myself and rushed out.

I went to the neighborhood movie. For two hours I was moved by the emotional tragedies and the tender, exquisite moments of love of the shadow people on the screen. By the time

the picture was over, only love for my husband remained in my heart. In a chastened mood, I wended my way home to be met at the door with a sweet kiss by my husband. He, too, had gone to see "The First Year"!

MRS. S. SCHAIN, New York, N. Y.

STARS THAT DIMMED

Each month when I receive my copy of PHOTOPLAY, I turn to that department called "Screen Memories From PHOTOPLAY," and travel once more down memory's lane to a bygone day, always with a queer little ache in my heart for those "forgotten faces."

When "Street Scene" played at our theater a year or so ago, I caught a fleeting glimpse of Ella Hall, once a famous star, playing an extra in a mob scene. Recently, in "Gabriel Over the White House," I recognized Gladden James who, fifteen years ago, was a popular leading man, cast in a bit part with one line of dialogue. A few days ago, in Buck Jones' "McKenna of the Mounted," I saw the man who unforgettably portrayed old *Senator Stoneman* in Griffith's masterpiece, "The Birth of a Nation," playing an insignificant rôle!

I hold, then, my little grief for these forgotten stars of yesteryear, for to a loyal follower who has known and loved them, their reduction to the rank and file brings a lump to the throat and a smarting to the eyes—but I left the theater with the feeling that I had seen the familiar faces of old friends—still beloved!

MRS. W. P. JACKSON, Columbia, Tenn.

THE PLEASURE IS OURS

I have attended all the leading motion pictures. I know every plot. I have an intimate acquaintance with the actors and actresses.

Am I a millionaire? I should say not. I doubt if I could raise the price to go to a single show, even if I had the chance.

All has been done in my mind. You see, living in a town not affording movies at present, I revel from cover to cover in PHOTOPLAY, which a good Samaritan friend gives to me.

I want you to know how much your magazine puts into one's life in a case like mine. It gives me the biggest thrill and pep I get in the way of amusement. And as I said in the beginning, I honestly do visualize the motion pictures of the day so vividly presented to me in PHOTOPLAY.

MRS. A. L. STRAIT, Umatilla, Fla.

CHEAP SKATES?

I receive the PHOTOPLAY Magazine every month, and I pay particular notice to the letters sent in by the audience.

I wouldn't be afraid to bet that half of the ones who make nasty remarks about the stars get into the shows on passes or crash the gates.

I at one time worked as usher here at the Orpheum Theater, and I remember the people I let in free always made the biggest howl.

RAYMOND DOUGLAS, Oklahoma City, Okla.

FRIENDLY ENEMIES

It maddens me to find another film couple approaching the Great Divide every time I pick up the newspaper. If they must divorce each other, let them. But please, Mr. Actor and Mrs. Actress, don't proclaim to a weary-of-the-subject-public that you intend to be "the best of friends."

MARGARET M. DOUGHERTY, Wilmington, Del.



I'M SAVING LOTS OF MONEY ON CLOTHES WASHING THEM THE "SCRUBLESS" WAY AND LOOK—THEY'RE AT LEAST 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER

JIM, MY HOUSEHOLD LINENS LAST 2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER SINCE I CHANGED TO RINSO

I'VE NOTICED MY SHIRTS DON'T GET FRAYED THE WAY THEY USED TO

IT'S BECAUSE I NEVER USE A WASHBOARD ANY MORE! WITH RINSO, DIRT IS **SOAKED** OUT INSTEAD OF BEING SCRUBBED OUT

THAT SOUNDS EASY —

IT *IS* MUCH EASIER, JIM! I DON'T NEED TO SCRUB OR BOIL...YET MY WASH LOOKS WHITER THAN EVER! RINSO MAKES DISHWASHING EASY, TOO

YOU'RE SMART, DARLING!

These "no work" washdays
save clothes — save you — save your hands

WHY SLAVE over a washboard, when you can get clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter *just by soaking?*

Save work, save your hands — change to Rinso! Dirt floats out in Rinso's lively suds and all you need to do is rinse. Clothes come so white — so sweet and clean — they don't even need to be boiled.

The makers of 40 famous washers — the home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers — recommend Rinso. Cup for cup, it gives twice as much suds as light-weight, puffed-up soaps — *cream and best water*. One box lasts and lasts. Use Rinso for dishes and all cleaning. Get it at your grocer's now.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

Rinso

AMERICA'S BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP

CHARLES CASPARE

Often a Bridesmaid ... at last a Bride



Myrtle—of all women—was going to be married. The townspeople simply couldn't believe it. Seeing one man after another slip through her hands, they had come to look upon her as a sort of premature old maid, who every year came out of obscurity to act as bridesmaid for some of her girl friends. And now she had won a man for herself—not only an attractive man but a successful one. Myrtle's friends were very happy about it all. "Well, Myrtle finally woke up to herself," they said. "She could have been married years ago if she had even suspected her trouble."

How's your breath today?

PLAY SAFE . . . USE LISTERINE

How is your breath today? Agreeable, you hope, but you do not know for sure. That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). The victim never does know. Moreover, the risk is constantly present.

Halitosis, records prove, affects everyone at some time or other. That is because it springs from conditions generally prevalent in the mouth . . . Tiny bits of fermenting food, a decaying tooth, a leaky filling, minor infections of the mouth, and excesses of eating and drinking.

Why take the chance of making a nuisance of yourself with a disagreeable breath, when by simply using Listerine you can instantly make it

wholesome and agreeable?

Listerine cleanses and freshens the mouth. Halts fermentation. Checks decay, and resists infection—all a cause of odors. Then gets rid of the odors themselves.

Don't take chances on too powerful, wishy-washy, or bargain price mouth washes of doubtful deodorant power. Tests have shown that such mouth washes cannot hide in 12 hours odors that Listerine conquers instantly.

Be fastidious: Keep Listerine, and Listerine only handy in home and office. Use it every morning and every night, and between times before meeting others. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

L I S T E R I N E

makes it agreeable



Elmer Fryer

RICHARD BARTHELMESS has furnished lady movie-goers with heart-throbs for many years now, but he still plays the rôle of young adventurer and plays it well. Dick loves to travel and is particularly fascinated by the Orient. So he is anxiously looking forward to the Oriental atmosphere of "Shanghai Orchid"



Clifton Maupin

VICTOR JORY, handsome and six-feet-two, dug ditches, worked in lumber camps and was a professional wrestler before he found his way to a stock company stage. From there it was but a short step to Hollywood. Film success was assured when all who saw "State Fair" remembered the barker with the ring game—a small rôle artfully played



WYNNE GIBSON is one of those girls who aims to be as versatile as her ideal man. Remember when Wynne said her perfect lover must be able to fight, swim, fly, command, demand, and be tender in love-making? Maybe that's why Wynne has gone from curls to an exotic headdress, to prove you can be many personalities. "Her Bodyguard" is next



Hurrell

HELEN HAYES always looks like a very good little girl—even in a black, backless gown. But as an actress her mature poise and broad knowledge of her art are unsurpassed. Her next picture is the screen version of "Another Language," in which she plays opposite Robert Montgomery as a misunderstood daughter-in-law



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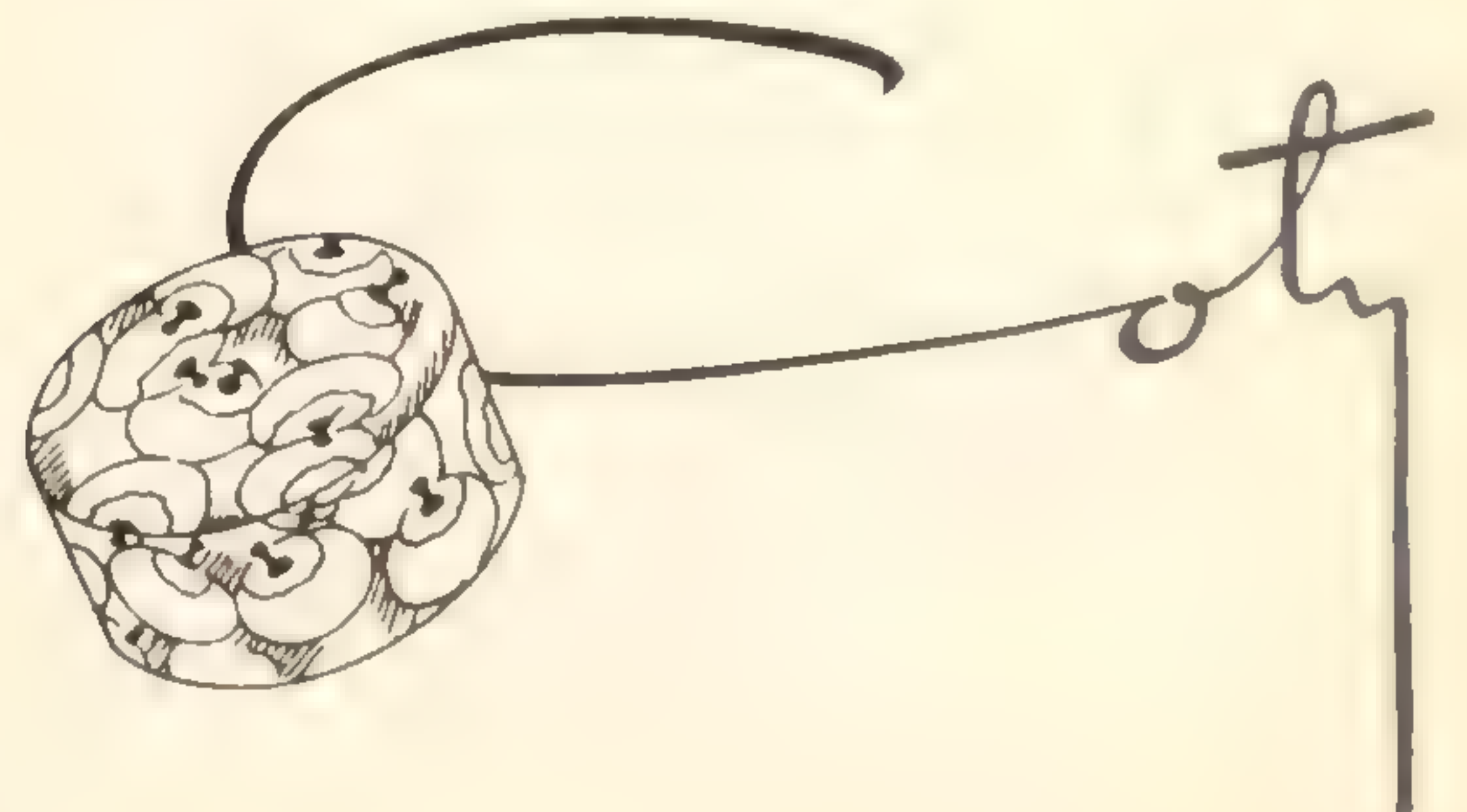
that makes them *prettier and more natural looking*. Coty gives you these qualities!

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Whether or not *you* are keenly interested in the *details* of Coty Face Powder perfection—its accurate skin tones; its fresh fragrances; its silk-sifted texture; its acknowledged purity—we don’t know.

We do know that a great many exquisitely lovely women find Coty Face Powder the best flattery they can buy for their faces. *Quality* governs its every process and ingredient. That is why Coty Powder can be advertised so consistently to the smart readers of this magazine.





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PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

MARY PICKFORD is still a great personality. When the news of her separation from Douglas Fairbanks broke, the press of the nation devoted more space to the story than would have been accorded to any other couple on the screen. And it was Mary that chiefly made this big news.

The reason is simple. No history of motion pictures could be written without allotting considerable space to Miss Pickford's career. And, conversely, her biography would be a history of the evolution of the art of motion pictures.

FOR twenty-four years she has appeared almost continuously before screen audiences. Her curls and petite innocence made her a tremendous favorite with the public, and a fortune for herself.

She was the first star. Her fame and prestige and popularity at the time she married Fairbanks in 1920 have never been equalled. No other picture star has ever achieved her eminence. She possessed the love of the world as well as received its adulation.

Instead of her divorce from Owen Moore and her marriage to Douglas Fairbanks ruining her career, as intimate friends feared at the time, the world chose to regard the new matrimonial alliance as a great romance of the screen, and amiably recognized the new husband as a consort royal sitting beside the throne of Queen Mary. And the couple became the social arbiters of the world of the motion picture.

BUT as a star Doug began to overshadow Mary. Such magnificent pictures as "Robin Hood," "The Thief of Bagdad," "The Black Pirate" rewarded him greatly in reputation and in money.

The joint popularity of this couple was irresistible. In their stately home, Pickfair, they lavishly entertained earls and counts and even princes of the royal blood.

THOSE who know this couple intimately maintain that it was this social position that eventually undermined their marital happiness. Mary, they assert, kept the cool and steady head. She realized that their joint eminence had been constructed on the work of a lifetime. And only by continuing that work with unflagging energy could that eminence endure.

Doug preferred to relax, to play and to see the world. In a nutshell, as one friend puts it, "Wealth and fame shattered this romance." And the trend of the argument seems to be, let Doug shoulder the blame.

HOWEVER that may be, the separation has come, and Pickfair—symbol of a departed glory—is for sale.

Doug, at this moment, is scouring foreign lands. Mary, brave trouser since she was four years old, is reported concentrating her mind and her energies upon new picture production plans.

And whether we have seen the climax in the personal lives of these two famous people remains yet to be revealed.

FOR some time Mary's screen future has been uncertain. Perhaps she has adhered too rigidly to the tradition of "America's Sweetheart."

A mature woman, it is only five years since she was shorn of her famous curls. She selected more "grown-up" rôles, but still she seemed to play them with something of the naïveté that charmed earlier and less sophisticated audiences.

"TAMING of the Shrew" tested the box-office drawing power of Doug as well as Mary, for, as you will recall, both starred in that picture. The crowds came, but were not quite satisfied.

If Mary and Doug had appeared thus jointly on the screen two years earlier, it would have created a tremendous sensation. The garbled screen version of Shakespeare's play suddenly assumed the importance of a test of the co-stars' popularity—something that had not been anticipated. Mary was neither her old, sweet, ingenuous self, nor the shrewd *Katherine*. And Doug fell short of the super-hero of "Robin Hood" or "The Thief of Bagdad."

MARY, performing in "Coquette" a few months before, is said to have made the biggest box-office success of any of her pictures.

That fact is significant. Instead of wandering afield in such dubious ventures as "Secrets," perhaps Mary

could well consider some such rôle as that of *Norma Besant* in "Coquette." The curious fact is that "Coquette" was not really a very important picture. It was Mary's personality and acting that carried it.

I believe that if she will forget, on the one hand, her earlier rôles and, on the other, will cease experimenting, it is quite possible she may re-establish herself as one of the foremost actresses of the screen.

In any event, the whole world wishes Mary the very best of luck.

THE year after Doug and Mary were united in wedlock witnessed the spectacular fall of another star. Fatty Arbuckle was involved, in 1921, in that terrible scandal that destroyed his picture career.

After nearly twelve years of retirement from the screen, a more tolerant public permitted him to try to make a comeback. The removal of the ban permitted him only a glimpse of a new screen future. Fate played its trump card—death.

I believe that, through his disappointments and sufferings, Fatty's score was wiped clean years ago. But death removes all further argument. Arbuckle, before his downfall, had lightened the hearts of millions by his clownings on the silver screen. May he be dealt with kindly beyond the Great Divide.

THERE'S something reminiscent of the old days of the motion picture business, before sound and bankers and other bugaboos laid cold hands upon it, in Buster Keaton making that picture in Florida.

And Mickey Neilan in directing him!

And Sally O'Neil in being a member of the company!

Right away one thinks of Mabel Normand, Norman Kerry, Blanche Sweet, Roscoe Arbuckle, Lew Cody, Mack Sennett, Charlie Chaplin, Mildred Harris, the three Moores, Hoffman's, the Alexandria Hotel.

Maybe Southern California has all the facilities for making pictures, including the climate, but with such a nucleus as Neilan, Keaton and O'Neil, what fun for Florida!

OVERHEARD in an ice cream parlor on the boulevard, one warm evening.

Two couples, all dressed up and on their way, trying to decide on the movie.

"Well," said wife No. 1, "shall we see 'King Kong' or George Arliss?"

"Oh," said the other lady, "let's see Arliss, by all means. There's no comparison!"

FURRINERS" certainly make life complicated for American producers! They had to cut out all the parts of "Cavalcade" which might be resented by the Irish—such as Queen Victoria's funeral procession—before the movie could be released in Dublin.

Then for London audiences Al Jolson's movie had to have its name changed to "Hallelujah, I'm a Tramp," because "bum" is a naughty word in England.

VINCE BARNETT, professional ribber, can't take it!

Barnett, playing a rôle in "Paddy, the Next Best Thing," was sicked onto D. Phillips, hairdressing expert at Fox Studios, by some co-workers for a little first class ribbing.

He walked into Phillips' department where that young man was making up Mary McCormic, the opera star.

"Stop working on that girl!" Barnett ordered.

"Get out!" said Phillips.

"Stop working on that dame and make my hair up!" Barnett insisted. "The director wants you to fix my hair up with little curls."

Barnett removed his hat. (He hasn't a hair on his head.)

"Get out!" roared Phillips.

"Make my hair up now or you'll get fired," warned Barnett, and Phillips, in a rage, not having the least idea who he was, threw Barnett out of the office.

Now Barnett is being ribbed so unmercifully that he keeps out of sight. He simply can't take it.

THE drop of the dollar abroad has been a splendid thing for all American motion picture companies. It is a queer little magician called Foreign Exchange that has done the trick.

As the American dollar in Europe slid the bannisters other currencies went up in ratio. And American picture producers turned those currencies into American dollars and made a nice profit, beyond their expectations.

THELMA TODD and Sally Eilers, coming over from their picture-making in England, have a story to tell about that. Thelma's contract was in pounds. Sally's was in dollars. Thelma profited by the stipulation, Sally lost.

WILL ROGERS is superstitious and will not participate in the first scene of any picture. Bad luck, Will thinks. Director John Ford was all ready to shoot the opening sequence of "Doctor Bull," with Will.

"Let's go," said Ford, "knock 'em over."

"Just a minute," said Will shyly. "Isn't this the very first shot?"

"Right," said Ford.

"Then count me out," grinned Will.

So Director Ford sent out an S. O. S. and a new opening was written.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY.

YOU may never before have realized it—yet you are in a Beauty Contest every day you live. Each new acquaintance—each well-loved friend—judges your charm, your looks. And a person's entire opinion of you may depend upon the condition of your skin.

Can soap affect your beauty? Indeed it can! And if your skin lacks the soft, clear freshness that invites compliments and praise—do think about changing your beauty soap!

Use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. For Camay is made to order for the feminine skin. Its lather is so

Clever Girls use this Soap—Camay— to Help them in their Daily Beauty Contests

gentle that even the most delicate skin responds. From the very first cake you use, your complexion becomes lovelier.

THE "GOOD TASTE TREND" IS ALL TO CAMAY

Wide-awake girls by the thousands are changing their old soap habits. They're going modern—they're

taking up Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women.

You'd expect a soap of Camay's exquisite quality to be high-priced. It isn't—Camay sells at a low 1933 price. Check *that* up—a surprise is in store for you! Get a supply of Camay today, and see how much it can improve your skin!



She has a flair for clothes. Her conversation sparkles. She's the type of girl everyone admires. And her claim to beauty—her ally in life's Beauty Contest—is her radiantly lovely skin.

Camay is pure, creamy-white, mild enough for the delicate skin. Its lather is profuse, yet gentle. Beautifully wrapped in green and yellow, protected in Cellophane. Use Camay on your face and hands, and in your bath!



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CAMAY the Soap of Beautiful Women . . .

So Comes the End of the



Here is one of the few recent photos of Mary and Doug showing some of the oldtime joy in meeting after separation. Both appear very happy and look—how their hands clasp! But that pile of baggage is mutely symbolic of Doug's spirit—the roving spirit that can't stay home long at a time

THE story of the Fairbanks-Pickford smash-up is, I think, not that it happened. Friends had been predicting this would occur ever since Doug had his first taste of hob-nobbing with Kings and Counts.

The real story is Mary Pickford's love for Douglas Fairbanks. And, in a sense, is an epic. For it is a real life drama; the rise to the heights of international fame and tremendous wealth of a little Cinderella girl who once thought such things belonged only in Grimms' Fairy Tales. Mary has worked and fought all her life for what she's wanted. Today, she has everything life can offer—except happiness.

The story cuts back to those days of the early flickers when Mary first entered pictures. Those early days, even with the struggle and the poverty, Mary said recently, were some of the happiest she has ever known. There were dreams, yet unfulfilled, dreams which took plenty of courage to make come true. Long, hard, terrifying days in the studio under blazing studio lights, days of fear that she wouldn't make good, and then she'd be thrown back into the despair from which she was gradually emerging.

Mary had married Owen Moore during those first studio days. Together they worked, Mary sending her money to her mother who became her business advisor and manager later.

And life seemed sweet to her as she plodded along, rolling up her box-office score and with it a commensurate number of hard-earned dollars.

By the time the war burst upon us in 1917, Mary was, by far, the most popular motion picture actress. Norma Talmadge and Gloria Swanson were in the limelight, too. And other stars many of us wouldn't even know today, had their names in lights.



RAINBOW TRAIL!

By Agnes Foster

But Mary had already been christened "Sweetheart of America" by Sid Grauman, who thought up the phrase to use in his San Francisco movie house when one of Mary's pictures was shown there.

Douglas Fairbanks, once reported engaged to Geraldine Farrar, the opera star, when Doug was a struggling actor on the New York stage, came at this time into Mary Pickford's life. It was one of those rare attractions which sometimes happen—out of the nowhere the spark for each other had been kindled—and it flamed itself into a romance on which Mary's entire future hung because of pre-war public resentment against the stigma of divorce.

SHE met Doug, contrary to other stories, at a first night showing at a New York theater. That was in 1916. Douglas had done some picture work. But he was by no means in the star spot Mary had earned for herself.

When they returned to Hollywood, they began to see each other more and more frequently. And how could they help it? For Doug began to make his pictures on the old Lasky lot—over at the extreme northwest corner, he established his offices and dressing-rooms. Mary had long been "queen" of the lot—her famous bungalow dressing-room was located at the extreme northeast corner.

Mary's home was then at the corner of Sunset and Western, opposite the spot where the Fox studio now stands. Doug lived in the house upon the Boulevard that was later purchased by Norma Talmadge.

The tremendous attraction between these two, so much



In those faraway, early days of her career, Mary and Owen Moore (her first husband) share a pensive mood together. The break between them came in 1918, when Mary and Doug turned to each other. (At left) An airshot of the famous "Pickfair," for long the home of this couple



In 1918, Mary and Doug threw themselves wholeheartedly into the Liberty Loan Campaign. Her appearance in New York City during the drive aroused tremendous enthusiasm. Her romance with Fairbanks added, of course, to the sensation. And below is Mary Pickford as she lives in the memories of millions—"America's Sweetheart"

in the public eye, could not be kept a secret very long. Gossip flew. In order to allay the talk, a great many publicity pictures of Mary and her husband, Owen Moore, were taken at her home. But outside of rumors, there was no definite story until April, 1918.

The break came during the great Liberty Loan Campaign. Mary and Doug and Charlie Chaplin went to Washington on the same train. Mary's mother accompanied them, but all Hollywood was agog at the idea of their leaving together, but nothing had yet appeared in print.

IN the preliminary stages, they often discussed their romance with close friends—the effect it would have on their respective careers.

Then they reached the point where they decided no matter what happened, as private individuals, they had a right to happiness. But their advisors insisted they did not have that right.

Mary's mother was most insistent of all. She had visions of the great name Mary had built, all she stood for, crumbling to dust in the breath of scandal. She did not like Fairbanks.

In Washington, they stayed at the New Willard Hotel, in adjoining suites. All concerned were terribly perturbed. They envisioned the end of Mary's career.

But little Mary, terribly in love for the first time—her marriage to Owen Moore had taken place when she was little more than a child—was too happy to listen. Appearances meant nothing, if she could but be with Douglas.

Mary was to progress on to New York—Doug was to go to Baltimore. But he insisted on having the schedule changed to include him.

The celebration, the day they arrived in the metropolis, was one of the greatest in history. A mass of humanity surged about the old Sub-Treasury Building, to get even a fleeting glimpse of "America's Sweetheart." That celebration verified her right to the title as nothing else ever had.

AND that night the story broke in all the New York papers.

It happened that Beth Sully Fairbanks was living in New York with her young son, Douglas Junior. She sent word to Doug that she wanted him to come to her apartment that evening to talk things over. He refused. Mrs. Fairbanks went to the hotel where Fairbanks was staying. Doug refused to see her.

All the papers were full of it—and were very nice to both Doug and Mary. This was the first time their names were even linked outside of unsupported rumors. Mary was, as well as Douglas, now determined to go through with it, whether it ruined them or not.

Frances Marion, Mary's best friend, tried her best to [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]





OTTO D.

A WISTFUL beauty in the old-fashioned garden of her new Hollywood home, is Janet Gaynor. A perfect setting for her schoolgirl beauty. This lovely arbor spells butterflies, cool shadows and romance. Tea-time hour draws near and Janet, looking very pretty in a flowered setting, awaits her guests

The Barnstorming

When Lionel, John and the queenly Ethel traveled in a wagon and made one-night stands

By Ruth Rankin

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

ONE midsummer evening in July, quite a few years ago, a family group sat around the supper table in a large, homely farmhouse in Westchester County, New York. They were the Barrymores, the Drows and the Davenports; it was a gathering of the clan, at Mother Davenport's farmhouse. There was serious business afoot—mighty serious business. One large family they actually were, for Lionel Barrymore and Sidney Drew and Harry Davenport had married the three Rankin sisters.

To be exact, the group was discussing a subject which is even more popular now than it was then. Already illustrious names in the theater, the Barrymores, the Drows and the Davenports were broke. Their winter salaries, with the season just over, were already improvidently scattered to the winds, and being broke, they were animatedly discussing ways and means to keep on eating until Broadway grew bright with theater lights again.

It was as bad as that for the Barrymores, the Drows and the Davenports.

Incidentally, they were about to add an intensely colorful page to theatrical history, especially insofar as that history concerned themselves, but of course they didn't know that then. Few people, very few people indeed, know it even now, for it is a page which has never been printed anywhere. This particular page was not included even in John Barrymore's own recently published memoirs.

THE wolf had to be kept from before the door somehow, but how? Suggestions were made and shoulders were shrugged. And finally it was Lionel—Lionel, so far the least distinguished of them all, the hard luck guy of the family—who offered the immediate solution.

"Let's go barnstorming," he suggested. "Let's tour the small towns in a play of our own, and fool the wolf by taking the door right away from in front of his nose. We're supposed to be actors, aren't we—then, let's act!"

Thus it was, one bright morning a few weeks later, that an old fringe-top surrey, drawn by a team of

dejected-looking plough horses, creaked down the lane from the Davenport farm. There was nothing remarkable about that, of course—except that the surrey, one of the anciently high-boxed, three-seated variety antiquated even at the time, groaned beneath quite a remarkable load. For, in addition to the Barrymores—Ethel, Lionel and Jack—there were Sidney Drew and his wife, Harry Davenport and his wife, the two Davenport children, Arthur and Katie, and young S. Rankin Drew, the last-named destined to be the first American actor killed in the War. In addition to all this human freight, the women sitting on the men's laps and the children on *their* laps, there were loaded upon the little shay several heavy, cumbersome theatrical trunks and a healthy stack of home-made scenery.

How they ever got that load into one surrey was little short of a miracle; how it ever stayed there was a greater miracle. As the heavy-hooved old plough horses plodded along, pulling



BARRYMORES



At the farm the family faced the problem of a summer with no money. Ethel is seated at the extreme left. The three other women are the Rankin sisters. Lionel, standing, suggests the barnstorming trip. John listens, sword in hand. Sidney Drew is in the right foreground . . . It was John who most often used the Barrymore code message, "Help, Cassius, or I sink," a cry for aid. . . . But the family's loyalty and ingenuity were never better tested than through the days of playing nightly in old barns to farm audiences

their creaking, jammed-in, tied-down load that lovely morning, the troupe had with them the result of weeks of intensive toil, the equal of which could never have been even approached, much less obtained, by any impresario in the world. They had put their heads together and written a play. Strangely enough it was Lionel, then the least of these, who did the stage directing and rehearsed the others in their lines. Between rehearsals the women sewed feverishly on the costumes and the men knocked together and painted the scenery, and even the kids were cast as "chatter" and "offstage noises." At last all was ready, and thus the Davenports, the Drews and the Three Great Barrymores started out on their one and only barnstorming tour. Also, this was the only time when all three played together until their joint appearance, at tremendous expense and with many fanfares of trumpets, in "Rasputin and the Empress."

But in those days they weren't yet the Three Great Barrymores. True,

Ethel had already become well-known in the theater, and John, flitting from the stage to journalism and back again, was beginning to twinkle a bit with that spectacular, scintillant personality of his. Lionel—well, Lionel, the plugger, was plugging away as best he could but apparently getting nowhere.

So they started out, and their avowed goal was all the towns, hamlets and villages between Westchester and Atlantic City—Atlantic City, no less. In those days such a pilgrimage was unheard of for a barnstorming troupe. But then, the Barrymores have done quite unheard of things since, too. Quite unheard of things, to say the least.

Lionel was the manager of the troupe, the handy man and charioteer. He was the guy who drove and looked after the horses, sold tickets and paid the bills, and saw to all the details in general. In the play he had the smallest part—so far, he was not supposed to rank with either his sister or his brother as an actor. They were the stars of the show, with Lionel merely filling in.

SO Lionel drove, while John, characteristically, swedged himself in between the scenery and went to sleep. The surrey's first stop was at the home of the nearest neighbor, whom they assured that during their absence the "hired man" would deliver his milk. The neighbor, by the way, was a great friend of all the troupe and a young man whose name has since been long and loud in literary circles—Richard Harding Davis.

The barnstorming tour went through as scheduled. There were days and nights of high adventure, days when even the three Barrymores all in one cast and flanked by the Davenports and the Drews, scarcely knew where the next meal or the next bed was coming from. In the main it was a huge success, however,

with the most famous cast on record holding the customers breathless with home-made melodrama at which any of them would certainly elevate most supercilious noses now.

From town to town they went, stopping at every village and hamlet where a barn was available for their efforts. Perhaps you can imagine the regal John and the orchid-showered Ethel sweeping off their own makeshift stages and



helping to shift their own scenery between the acts. Then, the performance over, they all struggled to load their stage effects and personal belongings back on the old surrey, huddled themselves into it in the darkness, and moved on to the next stand.

They did that all summer—without the advantage of advance billing, even; that's how lavish the Barrymore "super-productions" were in those days. But they got to Atlantic City just the same. By that time Broadway managers were casting their winter shows, and Ethel and John, of course, found parts. With Lionel, the backbone of the barnstorming tour, it was a far different matter.

Since that tour all three Barrymores have achieved separate and distinct careers.

IT was easy for Ethel and John to achieve the heights. Ethel has remained true to the theater, becoming a national toast and leaving her beloved "boards" only for two pictures—one a silent film, made long ago, in which she flopped, and the recent "Rasputin and the Empress," from which, when finished, she fled back to Broadway with harsh words for Hollywood upon her lips; and Jack has eschewed the theater these years past for the lucrative shadow stage. It was Lionel who had by far the hardest road to hew, even though it was from John that the family most often got the regular code telegram:

"Help, Cassius, or I sink."
—which when decoded, meant simply: "Send money so I can pay my hotel bill and get out of here."

Jack, leaping here and there, sent that family form telegram often; whenever any of the clan was in trouble the cry for succor came to the others, and it was never ignored. Lionel, less spectacular and more stable, sent it less frequently of all, and his need was often the greatest. Lionel had not yet found the place where he was to fit—was not to find it for many years yet.

AFTER the barnstorming tour Ethel and Jack, together with the Drews and the Davenports, went back to New York to live their gay, improvident, shallow life. In the winters, when they all had jobs and substantial pay checks, the whole clan would take an entire floor at Reisenweber's café-hotel. It was not such a conservative hostelry as Sherry's or Delmonico's, and they found it more to their taste. There also lived "Diamond" Jim Brady and Anna Held.

Here Kitty Blanchard, the adored mother of the Rankin girls, held forth in state with her innumerable bird-cages and dogs. She was a grand old actress of the old school, the wife of McKee Rankin, the famous actor-manager, who spoiled her grandchildren in everything and smoked huge black cigars. She lived at Reisenweber's with the rest of the clan, but she steadfastly refused to eat any food from the café. Her every meal had to be sent several blocks from Delmonico's, kept warm on the way in a hansom cab.

The Barrymores, the Drews and the Davenports all called her "Nimmy." She was a grandmother of the kids and Lionel's mother-in-law.

Instead of going back to New York with the others, Lionel decided that he wanted to become an artist, and not an actor. Lionel had played small parts in McKee Rankin's stock company and other minor rôles in various cities and towns; but now he felt his true medium was the brush and easel. A meeting of the tribe was called and, since success had come early to Ethel and Jack and they were always flush in winter, just as they were always broke in summer, it was decided to send Lionel and his wife to Paris to study.

LIONEL seized the opportunity avidly, and together with his wife sailed for France. There the two of them lived in one room of a cheap *pension* and permitted themselves only the barest necessities. Doris did her own washing in a wash-basin set on a trunk; she was careful, however, not to injure her hands, which were often called the most exquisite hands on the continent.

Lionel, his artist soul awakened by their beauty, loved to draw those hands.

They stayed in Paris for two years — years during which feast, as always with the Barrymore clan, alternated with famine. But clever as he was at the easel—his etchings are famous in the film colony and elsewhere now—an artist's career was not for Lionel. Summer succeeded the second winter, and with the rest of the tribe broke and back on the farm, he had to give it up.

He and his wife returned to the United States and to a long period of difficulty and discouragement. He went from one small part to another, with often a heart-breaking interval between, and then, like a straw being whirled about in a stream and having no idea where he was headed, he went to Hollywood.

IN those days Lionel Barrymore—and he was the first of the clan to appear in a picture — was a veritable mountain of a man. He was huge in breadth and width without being tall; at that time he weighed over two hundred and fifty pounds. Hollywood was pretty obvious in those days, and for

Lionel Barrymore the obvious rôle was that of the roly-poly comedian.

The scripts in those times were sketchy, consisting in Lionel's case mostly of bumps and falls. It was considered funny to have him thrown out of a door and land jack-knifed in a garbage can, and undoubtedly it *was* funny because he was so fat. He made faces, extricated himself by the seat of his pants, and that sort of thing. Yes, indeed—Lionel Barrymore!

With roly-poly comedians he alternated the serio-comic villains which you all remember [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]



In a tiny studio above the narrow streets of Paris, Lionel tried to paint, and his wife, Doris, did their laundry in a wash-bowl. Then Hollywood beckoned

It Wasn't the Baby's FAULT!

Poor Slim Summerville! He has been pestered without let-up since he adopted Elliott

*By Jack
Jamison*

"Maybe if I tell one magazine they will quit hounding me," says Slim Summerville—and he chooses PHOTOPLAY.—Editor.

DO YOU remember, a while back, it seemed just about every star in Hollywood was adopting a baby? They all got their names in the papers. And there it ended—for them.

About the same time, Slim Summerville adopted a baby boy. That Slim did *not* do it for publicity's sake is proved by the fact that *no* pictures, *no* stories about his baby appeared anywhere at any time with his sanction. He kept the adoption absolutely secret.

Only four people in all Hollywood knew about it, and those four were personal friends. . . . But there it has *not* ended, for Slim! From the very day he took the boy, he has been subjected to endless, cruel, bitter and senseless persecution.

One of the four personal friends asked Slim, at the time, why he was doing it.

"Well, why would anyone adopt a baby?" replied Slim. "Because Mrs. Summerville and I want one, that's all. We've been married about ten years, and we haven't had a baby of our own.

"I never felt, before now, that I was financially able to adopt a child, or I wouldn't have waited this long. Don't think I'm saying I'm rich. You know I'm not. But it isn't fair to a child to adopt him unless you can take care of his future a little—have enough to give him an education, and things like that. Now I've got some money saved up, so my wife and I talked it over, and we agreed now's the time to do it, that's all."

Anybody who knows Slim well, knows he was telling the truth when he said that. Slim couldn't tell a lie to his worst enemy—or, if he could, and did, he'd stay awake every night for a year worrying about it. It would certainly seem, so far as any decent-minded person is concerned, that Slim's adopting little Elliott from the orphanage was a matter strictly between himself, his conscience, and God. If a man has fine, honest, generous reasons for doing a thing, we let him alone.



You just can't have any secrets in Hollywood 'cause you're watched too closely. That's why Slim Summerville decided to tell about Elliott

Slim has not been given a moment's peace since the day he did it! He has been hounded, ridiculed, insulted, imposed upon, and even threatened.

It began with a piece of thoughtlessness on the part of a newspaper writer. So zealous was Slim to keep any news of the adoption from getting out that he made it a point to ask everyone who came to his house—friends, acquaintances, and business associates alike—to promise, word of honor, not to tell that they had seen the baby in his house. The newspaper writer promised, word of honor, not to tell. And broke the promise instantly by revealing the whole thing in a newspaper announcement!

That started it. Because, immediately, the three hundred other newspaper and magazine writers in Hollywood began to deluge Slim with phone calls—sore because they had been scooped. "Why did you tell one person and not the rest of us?" "Didn't I do you a favor once, Slim?" "What's the idea of leaving me out?" "Next time [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

"I KNOW WOMEN



Never were eyes richer in expression than Greta Garbo's. They account for her great fascination



The drooping lids of Marlene Dietrich suggest vast emotional experience. Irresistible to men



The shrewd, kindly Marie Dressler looks upon the world for which she has nothing but good will

THE woman who is in love, yet wishes to conceal her emotion, daren't permit the man she loves to search her eyes. She knows but too well they will reveal her inmost feelings. Blushing may be a lost art, but even the sophisticated woman of the world had better wear smoked glasses if she wishes, for any reason, to conceal her tenderness for a man.

Cecil B. De Mille goes so far as to pick screen actresses through what might be called "the eye test," because he believes it reveals her true nature and the quality of her intelligence.

Her quality of round-eyed innocence won for Judith Allen the leading rôle in De Mille's forthcoming film of modern youth, "This Day and Age." Scores of other lovely girls prayerfully tried for the part, but apparently there was that behind their gaze which De Mille considered alien to the character of the girl in his story.

"Judith's eyes," he says, "suggest innocence mostly, although in them also is a touch of sophistication and slumbering passion. They are blue, clear and unafraid,

Says Cecil B. De Mille, in this strikingly unusual interpretation of women's souls

By Hilary Lynn

thus fulfilling the 'Diana' requirements for my new picture. By her alert expression, I judged this girl in our first interview as having intelligence and mental equipment. Her eyes are round, the quality I desired above all others for the heroine in my production—for she *must* have a virginal appearance. Their clear coloring suggests frankness, eagerness and curiosity—all attributes of the modern generation."

As a contrast to the wide-open, tremulously young and naïve eyes of Judith Allen are the eyes of Garbo and Dietrich. Eyes of sophistication.

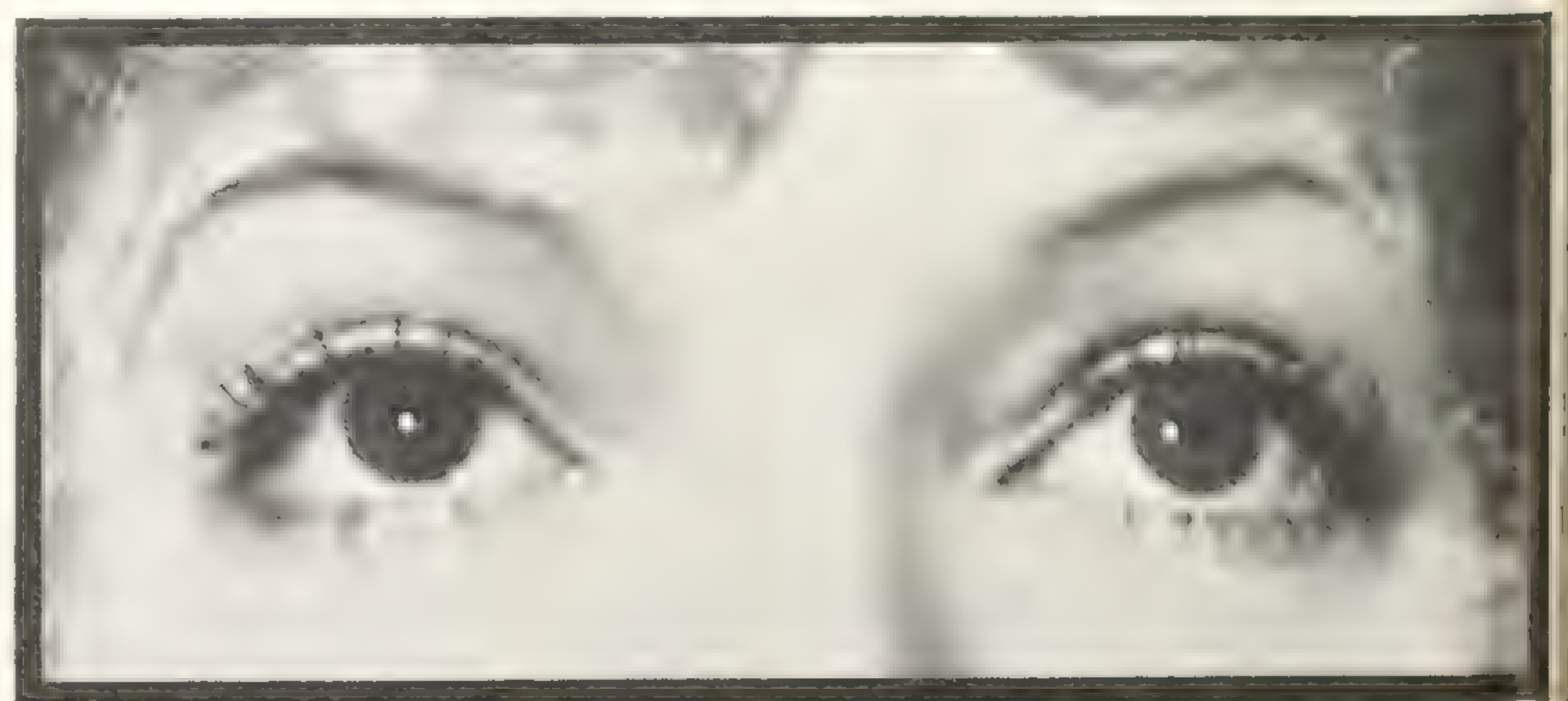
They are long and full. Their heavy lids seem weighted down by the fullness of their experiences. They seem to say: "Do not search too avidly. For we, like the sphinx, will never tell our secret. We have *lived*, we have *known*, we have *suffered* much that's buried deep in our souls."

Of Greta, De Mille says: "Her eyes reveal unfathomable wells of feeling, a great capacity for suffering, and an unswerving loyalty to her emotions."

Of Marlene: "The essence of winsome womanhood, sure of her charm and appeal is revealed in her well-



What an eagerness for life in these eyes! Joan Crawford can take good or bad without whining



Helen Hayes' expression is the epitome of womanly tenderness that the poets sing about

BY THEIR EYES"

poised gaze; hers are the eyes of a woman who has learned from experience."

If the word "winsome" were but changed to "seductive"!

Of Joan Crawford: "The clear-sighted, wise eyes of our modern girl—the girl who is sure of herself and eager for life, ready to take the knocks and abide by and profit by her mistakes, without whining."

Eyes like these are too direct and searching in their gaze ever to have successfully suggested poor, world-weary, hounded *Sadie Thompson*. These long, full, wide-stretched eyes, consciously searching, consciously desiring tempestuous living, seem to swim in a burning liquid that increases their lustre and clarity. And that very brightness seems to accentuate that "eager for life" look which is also an expression of passion and intensity.

As for that grand old lady who once nearly stole a picture from Garbo, and, like the wind and the sun, has seen so many come and go—De Mille breaks into something very like eulogy when he speaks of her: "Marie Dressler has the intelligent eyes of one who has sympathy with and knowledge of human suffering—not hers alone, but that of all humanity. There is intelligence and understanding in every expression of those eyes which have seen and understood much."

Deep-set and overhung by horizontal brows, *Tugboat Annie's* eyes seem to burn with a bright flame, very penetrating, very steady—illuminating everything it sees! They are reflective eyes, too—and tolerant eyes.

Of Helen Hayes: "Delicacy, charm, constancy and sentiment are seen in these eyes, whose technique is so deft and facile that she shows refinement of feeling and emotion in every shade of expression."

I told Mr. De Mille I saw something even more in



Starry, innocent eyes. Yet Claudette Colbert played the wicked empress in "Sign of the Cross"



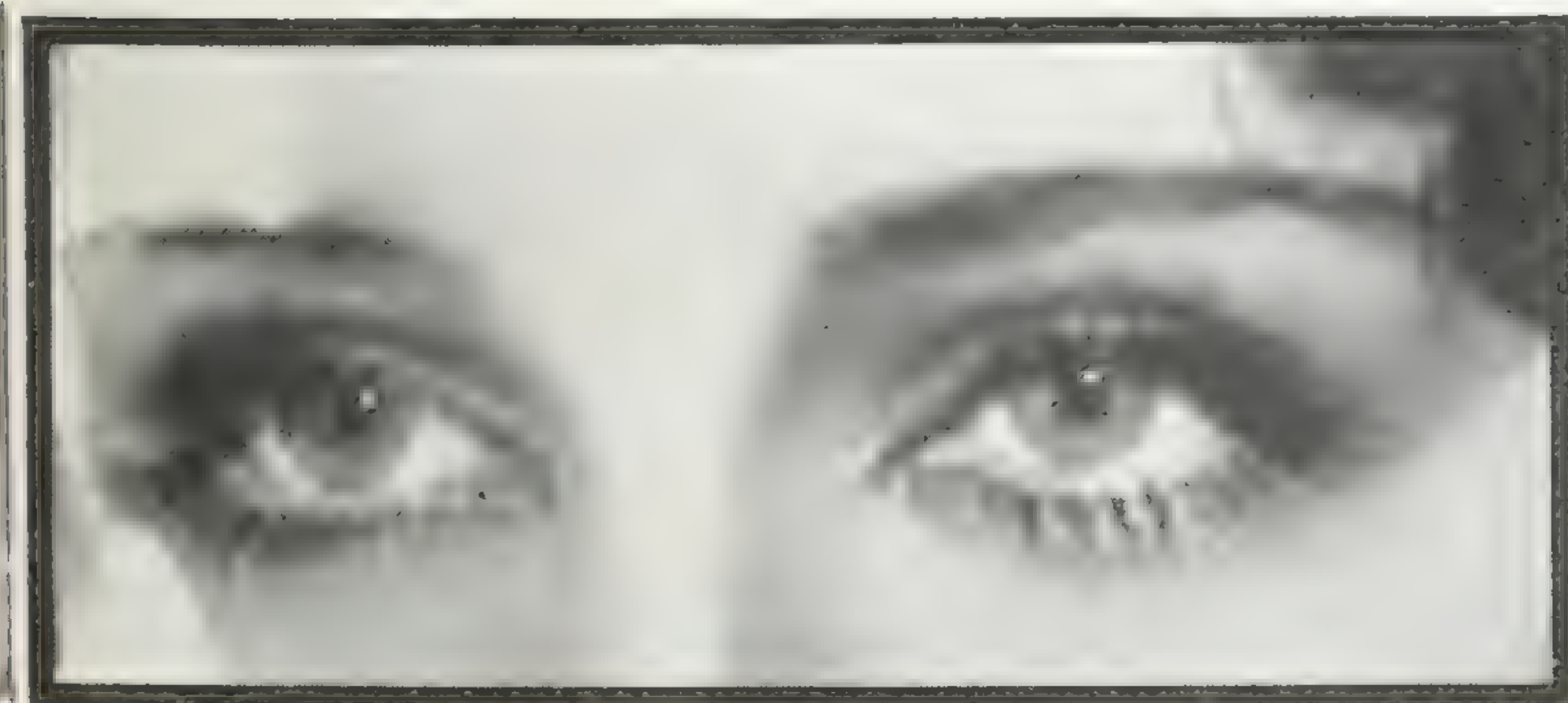
Miriam Hopkins has many moods and her gaze is not an easy one to interpret because of that



Innocent, scarce as yet touched by life, Judith Allen's eyes suggest deep slumbering passion



Guided always by what she feels is right, Ann Harding's eyes are two clear pools of sincerity



Balance and judgment behind these eyes, a will to succeed. Norma Shearer is true to herself

those highly expressive and wonderfully warm eyes. Beyond the constancy and the delicacy, there was the courage for a great renunciation and the strength to bear anguish for the sake of an ideal.

What do you see behind Norma Shearer's sparkling glance? De Mille translates it simply as bespeaking "Sophistication, clear thinking, good judgment and balance."

Yes, that's correct! Recall what careful thinking, what conscious planning, what power of will Norma Shearer employed to get where she is today, and to make a supreme success of living. So few unusual natural physical advantages to begin with! Norma Shearer did it all with her mind.

Again, in his analysis of Ann Harding, De Mille lit the mark.

"In the eyes of Ann Harding, you will find the independence of the intelligent young woman who looks life straight in the eye and acts accordingly. She is very honest, and she is too level- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

"Smilin' Through"

The PHOTOPLAY Magazine
Gold Medal as the best
picture of the year 1932



A GAIN the public has spoken—and with a landslide vote it has named Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Smilin' Through" as 1932's best picture.

So the thirteenth annual award of the supreme distinction in cinemaland—the Tiffany designed Gold Medal given by PHOTOPLAY Magazine each year in accordance with public vote—goes to this poignant tale of love triumphant through suffering.

No choice could have been happier. Only one film in scores manages to attain a touch of completely absorbing appeal, the kind that gets right down to the heart roots. "Smilin' Through" was brimming over with it, and deserved to win on that one count alone.

But its right to this honor does not rest on this, important though that quality may be. "Smilin' Through" was notable for superb casting, and inspired performances by everyone concerned, while Sidney Franklin's direction was splendid in its fine taste, its excellent tempo, and its complete absorption in the spirit of the story. "Smilin' Through" was, in short, perfect on every count by which excellence in the cinema is tested: and its selection is ample vindication for all who have faith that the American public has discerning taste and fine judgment when it comes to recognizing merit in films.

The leading acting honors go naturally to Norma Shearer, because she had the central spot in the story



What bitter-sweet beauty in Norma Shearer's scenes as the bride-to-be of 1868—and Fredric March's hopeless love! Small wonder. "Smilin' Through" won!

Wins!

—first as *Moonyeen Clare*, fiancée of Leslie Howard, shot on her wedding day by a jealous lover, then as Leslie's niece *Kathleen*, hopelessly in love with the son of the slayer. Other notable performances of the rôle have been seen—first by Jane Cowl in the stage play, which held the boards in New York from December 30, 1919, to May 28, 1920, and later by Norma Talmadge in the silent film version; but it must be said that Miss Shearer's performance yielded nothing to either of these.

Equally good in their rôles were her two co-leads, Fredric March and Leslie Howard. The March artistry and charming good taste never showed to better advantage than here, first as the jealous murderer, and second as the boy whose life happiness promises to be ruined when embittered Leslie refuses to countenance the match. And anyone knowing Leslie Howard's work



Another magnificent feat—Norma Shearer and Fredric March convincing as modern lovers, after playing 1868 ones! It was such achievements, added to plot merit, that made this film so fine



"Growing old gracefully," is one of the most difficult feats in films. But Leslie Howard did so, as we here see—and rolled up further stellar honors

Superb players rarely get far without superb direction—so no small share of credit must go to Director Sidney Franklin, for splendid timing of scenes and feeling



need not be told that his portrayal of *John Carteret* would be masterly.

Discussion of the cast cannot fairly be closed without a tribute to the supporting players. O. P. Heggie, as *Carteret's* doctor friend and advisor, achieved a rarely fine piece of character drawing, while Ralph Forbes as Norma's suitor, Beryl Mercer as *Mrs. Crouch*, David Torrence as the gardener, Margaret Seddon as *Ellen*, and Forrester Harvey as the orderly, acquitted themselves excellently.

Now for the "people behind the play"—the writers and technicians whom we do not see, but whose efforts contribute so much! Heading the staff was, as we have said, Director Sidney Franklin, and the basic material was the original stage play by Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin. From this the screen play was prepared by Ernest Vajda and Claudine West, with dialogue by Donald Ogden Stewart and James Bernard Fagan. Lee Garmes presided at the camera, while Margaret Booth was film editor.

THE PHOTOPLAY Medal, which will go to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures, Inc., for producing "Smilin' Through," is in thorough keeping with the distinction it conveys. It is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights, and it is two-and-one-half inches in diameter. It was designed and executed by Tiffany and Company of New York.

So "Smilin' Through" joins its distinguished predecessors of the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal family. And what a distinguished list that is, commencing with "Humoresque" in 1920! Then come "Tol'able David," "Robin Hood," "The Covered Wagon," "Abraham Lincoln," "The Big Parade," "Beau Geste," "7th Heaven," "Four Sons," "Disraeli," "All Quiet on the Western Front," and "Cimarron!" Truly American taste picks well, when it chooses [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]

Mama Loves Papa—



When Charlie gets intense, the girl giggles. But Mary Boland, playing in "Mama Loves Papa," seems to take his kisses seriously, and Charles, himself, sneaking out of a lady's boudoir looks *very* solemn indeed

"HOLD your face a little further away from that sandwich. Tilt your head a little more in the direction of the coffee cup. Not so sadly. There—that's right. Now hold it—So!"

Click went the camera.

"Come in," said Charlie, as I stood hesitantly at the door of his suite. "Don't be afraid—I was having my picture taken."

"I suppose my public yearns to see me in my more intimate moments," Charlie added, apologetically, his mouth full of club sandwich, when I had edged in. "You look like a nice girl," he said. "Have a bite of sandwich."

"Thank you. I'm afraid I must keep my mind on the interview."

"Ah, yes, the interview. From how I drink coffee to my inner dream life—all in the same hour. What horrid details would you like?"

Efficient—just like that. Now it was my turn to bang one at him.

"Er-ah—it is rumored in Hollywood, Mr. Ruggles, that you have no female troubles at all—"

"For about four weeks," mourns Charlie Ruggles. "Then I'm back to comic relief!"

By Hilary
Lynn

"No *what?*" he exploded sharply, pushing the club sandwich and coffee away, and half starting from his chair. There was a hunted look in his round, blue eyes.

It was terribly embarrassing. But I had my professional duties to perform—even though they were making me feel somewhat like a Peeping Tom.

"I mean," I continued, with downcast eyes, "is there no *mama* to love *papa*? You know, like the title of your last picture?"

"Oh, it's that, is it?" he said, blowing his nose vigorously and wiping away a tear. "Well, since you've practically extracted my secret from me already—I may as well tell *all*."

"This love business works out for me in a very funny way. In my pictures, especially the ones in which I've been teaming lately with Mary Boland—*mama loves papa* too much. She can't leave him alone. After him from morning till night—with talk, talk, talk, and nag, nag, nag!"

"You remember how she kept after him in 'If I Had A Million'? Always trying to improve him—making his life practically unbearable? In my screen life, there's too much *mama* for *papa*!"

"In my private life—well, that's another matter. *Mama never loves papa enough*. Or if she loves him enough—she never loves him *long enough*! They love me and leave me—usually after four weeks!"

Charlie sat lost in morose thought, and I thought, 'twas ever thus! The comic [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]





PHIL DOR

LILIAN HARVEY is a very entrancing young lady, and she looks particularly glamorous gowned in starry spangles. The English girl who twinkled so brightly on the German screen is in love—with Willy Fritsch, German star. "My Weakness"—nothing to do with Willy—is Lilian's latest



JANET GAYNOR and Warner Baxter, co-stars of "Paddy, the Next Best Thing." No wonder they smile. Any man would like to play the rôle of a rich adventurer, and Janet always clicks as the poor little girl who patiently awaits her lover's return. The setting is romantic, too: an old Irish fishing village

MADGE EVANS twinkled very brightly years ago as a child star, and with her grown-up return to the movie firmament her sparkle hasn't dimmed a bit. Madge has the formula which guarantees fine acting in either screen or stage career. Her forthcoming feature is screen version of "Dinner at Eight"





KATHARINE HEPBURN and her director, Lowell Sherman, pause between scenes of "The Morning Glory" to talk things over. No, it isn't a hobo picture. Those clothes the star is wearing are the renowned Hepburn raiment. There are rumors that Hepburn plans to return to the stage when she finishes "Little Women."



CAROLE LOMBARD decided to be an actress when she was chosen Queen of the May in grammar school. She's been going steadily upward ever since: from lanky tomboy of school days, to Sennett bathing beauty who really could swim, to leading lady of Hollywood's latest real divorce scenario.



MIMI JORDAN was called "cold," "distant" by Hollywood. The girl who had lived in a glass cage was beautiful but inhuman, they said. So she changed her name from Miriam to Mimi, bobbed her hair, and proceeded to show Hollywood just how very "human" an English girl can be

She Lived In A GLASS CAGE

Those who were
curious paid a
shilling to stare
at beautiful
Mimi Jordan

By James Marion

A TRIM blonde girl hurries through the thick London fog, late for work. Close behind her a man follows, noting her trim ankles, the firm lines of her figure, her soft yellow hair.

Inside her purse is a registration card. She is Miriam Jordan (the card asserts). She is a secretary; she earns three pounds (about thirteen dollars) weekly. She is single; five feet, four inches; a natural blonde with green eyes. She has seven sisters and one brother.

Furthermore, if you must know the truth, she is blamed tired of her job. Her tailor-made suit is quite shiny towards the South-rear. She has no other suit; she must save two pounds at the rate of one-quarter-sterling per week before she may purchase another.

But look! The man stops her. The nerve of him!

"Pardon me, ma'am (polite, the masher!). Are you interested in competing in a beauty contest for the title *Miss England*?"

"What must I do?" (This girl is no fool!)

The man gives her a card. "Visit this address tomorrow," he says. "Miss England will be chosen at ten o'clock."

"Maybe," Miriam answers.

She walks on. The man stares after her. He swallows—perhaps it was his heart. Never mind him; follow the girl. Good Lord! She has disappeared! Somewhere in the London fog; but where?

Well, she is lost to us, therefore she must relate the balance of her story:

"I went to the address next morning, principally because I wanted a day off from typing," Miss Jordan continued the tale. "Scores of beautiful girls were there. I stared at them and wondered why I was called."

"A group of men began looking us over. After what seemed to be years they reached me. In spite of my short dress that hardly covered my knees, they ordered, 'Lift your skirt.' I was as self-conscious as a movie ingénue pulling on her first pair of long pants, but I 'lifted.' The men said, 'Come back this afternoon.'"

"On my return I found only twenty-five girls. Fifteen were

soon eliminated; I was among the ten who remained. We were offered jobs. 'Five pounds a week,' said the men. For that sum we were to be exhibited to the public as typical beauties. I signed a contract and immediately felt like Sarah Bernhardt.

"We girls were given titles, such as *Helen of Troy*, *Cleopatra* and *Wife of Henry Eighth*. I was *Miss England of 1926*. The theater was a huge, barn-like building without chairs. The girls were seated in glass cages arranged in a circle. People paid a shilling (twenty-five cents) to enter and peer at us.

"I felt like a cross between a monkey and a gold fish, and a bit donkeyish, too.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

Cinderella's magic key to happiness was a glass slipper; Mimi Jordan's was a glass cage. Once an underpaid London typist, Mimi found her magician to be a studio scout. Hollywood and fame in the movies became her dazzling goal



Cal York

Announcing-



Cosmo-Sileo

After leaving "Berkeley Square" of picture props, Leslie Howard entrained for the real spot in dear old London. With him are Mrs. Howard and his daughter, Leslie. He'll return for "British Agent" at Warners



MARY PICKFORD still loves Douglas but she has had no illusions about him for a long time. She probably realized they eventually must part when they divided their community property eight years ago.

At that time Douglas assumed sole ownership and maintenance of Pickfair.

Since then he has spent \$250,000 in remodeling the place. The remodeling, by the way, has gone on for years. So many changes have been made that the house and grounds bear scarcely any resemblance to the original.

In addition the upkeep of the place has averaged \$100,000 a year for the past three years. For several years prior to that period the cost was very little less.

Douglas has wanted to sell Pickfair for several years. It has never been publicly offered for sale, but various real estate agents have had it on their lists.

THE one thing that finally forced Mary to her decision was a cablegram received early in July.



Keystone

Only Hollywood could think up this floating rubber couch designed for comfort if not for speed. Sharon Lynne's Welsh terrier, Klaus, likes nothing better than to have her push him around the swimming pool

Fatty's gone. But not forgotten by his millions of followers to whom he handed many a hearty laugh. Addie McPhail, his widow, was married to him just a year when Arbuckle died after celebrating their anniversary

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!



Wan, beeg kiss for Johnny was Lupe's greeting the day she arrived, from New York with baby niece Joan. The Velez tamale ragged Weissmuller for stepping around Hollywood with this star and that one while she worked

Ray Jones

Janet can toss a mean medicine ball when in the mood — just like she tosses off those appealing pictures with a sure fire ring at the box-office. Since her divorce from Lydell Peck, *La* Gaynor comes out to play

Mozelle Brittone was once casting girl at Columbia studio—so she cast herself as Alan Dinehart's bride and signed the contract for life, living happily ever after as they do in movies. A close-up of the wedded couple



She received one that morning from Douglas in which he told her how much he loved her. At the same time, another cablegram was received by one of his business associates which Mary also read. It was described as "positively brutal."

Its full contents have not been revealed, but in a part of it Fairbanks is reported to have declared that if Mary wanted to continue to reside at Pickfair she would have to pay for its upkeep.

Mary is going right ahead with her plans for a picture and at the same time is trying to organize another unit for United Artists.

If her plans carry through, the new unit will be composed of Frances Marion, the scenarist, George Hill, the director, perhaps Richard Barthelmess and some others.

GOOD news for Muni fans! Paul Muni has returned to Warners to work on "The World Changes," which is described as an "American Cavalcade."

The Stars Have Good "Stand-ins"



Wide World

Only the personality is different—that's what Georgie Raft's pals say whenever they see him with Mack Grey, his stand-in. Their clothes are practically identical so lights can be fixed for Raft



Wide World

You might think these girls were the Blondell sisters and Crawford, but they're not. The Blondellish Jean Blair at left is Joan's stand-in. Iris Lancaster, with arched eyebrows, poses as another Joan—Miss Crawford. The girls stand like dressmakers' models while lights and spaces are carefully adjusted before the star walks on the set

HOOT GIBSON'S fame as a horseman in pictures may be just a memory if predictions about his condition come true.

Hoot was badly injured when his plane crashed during the National Air Races at Los Angeles, suffering three broken ribs and injuries to his spine.

And it is feared he may never be able to ride 'em like he used to.

The accident occurred almost simultaneously with the return of his wife, Sally Eilers, from Europe where she and Thelma Todd had gone for a vacation.

FATTY ARBUCKLE is gone. Gone West. But not to Hollywood as he had planned. He died in New York of a heart attack and his remains were cremated. For twelve years he sought a comeback in pictures, after the accidental death of Virginia Rappe during a gay house party which Arbuckle gave for some of his friends.

And then, on the very eve of his new deal, with eight options for future Arbuckle pictures, Fatty quietly lay down and passed away, Addie McPhail, his bride of a year, sitting by his side.

FATTY must have died happy for he had at last proved to himself that he was still Fatty Arbuckle, the comedian who ranked next to



Acme

Maybe propinquity is responsible for this wonder, for these girls are not really twins but have been close chums since babyhood. One is Helen Vinson (left) and her friend, Celeste Ford, doubles for her in pictures. Both are of same weight, height and nearly the same coloring

Chaplin only a brief twelve years ago. Warners gave him a chance, after what seemed an endless search for just an opportunity, after the public turned against him twelve years ago.

Fatty worked forty-seven out of fifty-two weeks last year in vaudeville to convince producers that he could still make 'em laugh. Then came his new deal in pictures. He was a sensation in these Vitaphone shorts and Sam Sax, production chief at the Brooklyn studio, felt certain Arbuckle would reclaim his appeal in a big way.

He must have died happy; it's given to so few fallen stars ever to know they *could* come back, if only Fate had let them live.

LUPE VELEZ had her little adopted daughter on the M-G-M lot for a visit and introduced her to a friend. The little girl reached out her hand and suddenly Lupe let her have a mild kick. "For Gossake, hold in your stomach when you say, 'How do you do.' Like a lady," Lupe corrected.

WHEN Carole Lombard and Bill Powell, after two years of marriage, separated for good, Carole gave up her rôle in "The Worst Woman in Paris," and went to Reno to establish residence.

You Didn't Know Them *WHEN*—



Back in 1922, Adolphe Menjou and the beloved Wally Reid acted thus together in "Clarence," before Menjou became the suave lover of "A Woman of Paris." Wally was then internationally famous, but Adolphe, the bright young man from Pittsburgh, Penna., had still the heights to climb. And how that lad did go aloft



UFA

"The jools, the jools," she gasps. Honestly, this is Marlene Dietrich emoting pantingly in German films before the Von Sternberg discovery. Our villain is Harry Piel, of the German stage

Carole's closest friend, Arline Judge, has this to say:

"I have never heard a cross word passed between Bill and Carole and I never saw two people try so hard to conceal their unhappiness from everyone.

"Carole never once mentioned their troubles, but somehow we knew it was inevitable. They simply didn't have the same ideas about things and that's all there was to it."

So another Hollywood romance and marriage hits the rocks.

IT sounds incredible, but if either Rowland Brown or Peggy Hopkins Joyce had not told it, no one could have imagined it.

I mean the other night when Rowland took Peggy for a drive and they had an argument and Peggy walked home.

That is—she walked to the nearest telephone and summoned a cab.

THAT perennial fight between Constance Bennett and Lil Tashman has broken out again.

Asked to name the ten best-dressed women in the world, Connie put Lil's name on her list.

But Lil, unable to forget an incident of five years ago, not only omitted Connie's name from her selection but pointedly refused to include it.



UFA

Here's Lillian Harvey making a tempting pass with her lips at Henry Garat in German flickers. Not at all like the smooth mannered lover in "Adorable." Henry seems more amused at Lil than inspired, but this may have been poor direction. They've both gone far since

AND don't you be surprised if Charles Feldman, the attorney, and Raquel Torres, whose engagement was announced so long ago that some have forgotten it, break out with the news of a very quiet wedding.

IS it Marlene Dietrich's artistry as an actress or Rouben Mamoulian's ability as a director Greta Garbo is interested in?

Having visited Paramount Studios one day in order to see the rushes of Dietrich's "The Song of Songs," Greta also attended a sneak preview of the more or less finished production at a Pasadena theater.

She entered the darkened house after the picture had started and left just before the finish.

Apparently none of the other spectators was aware of the great Garbo's furtive interest.

GARBO is more than interested in movies these days. She spends days visiting the new stages that have been built in her absence and inspecting the new equipment. Many an electrician has had the thrill of explaining the mechanism of new lights, etc., to an interested Garbo.

Two whole stages are being set aside for her new film and Garbo herself spends many hours wandering about them.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

White Woman *in the* Jungle

Where reptiles are
pets and instinct
is the love code

*By Virginia
Maxwell*



Lori Bara found the animals responsive to kindness, she says. They treat you just as you treat them—that's how she made so many friends, including a pet monkey

"THE far-off, haunting beat of tom toms; the pungent aroma of wild tropical verdure wafting down to the rhythmic sea—that was my first impression of Pulua Kusu, the jungle island in the Malay Straits where my husband and I were to make our home for many months."

Lori Bara speaking. She is the author of the picture "Samarang." Ward Wing, her husband, was its director. They were assigned by B. F. Zeidman, producer, to this little island to make the picture with native talent.

I wondered how any white woman, gently reared, accustomed to the niceties of life, set down suddenly in the midst of this primitive environment, would feel in a similar position. How



"Native girls are more carefully guarded than in civilized countries," says Miss Bara. "They flee in terror at the sight of a man and must be coaxed gently to come near"

would she make a home? How would she protect herself from the savages? How would she survive the ordeal of being thrown into the new world where reptiles were said to be house pets and instinct the surviving code of love?



"The day a native boy rescued us from poison snakes, our hunt was not in vain. We captured this baby elephant to pose in a close-up, and he didn't like it one bit. When we were finished we let him go—to run back into his native haunt

"It meant so much to both of us," Lori Bara told me, "that we simply *had* to make good. No obstacle could be too great for us. There could be no such word as failure.

"So we polished up our courage and started out. The island loomed before us late one sultry afternoon just as the orange, tropical sun was setting; a primitive, terrifying jungle infested with wild animals and natives who'd never seen a movie camera before.

"Far off, we could hear the beat of those drums when we came ashore. I'd always believed it a forerunner of trouble, the natives' way of announcing danger ahead.

" 'Mem! Mem!' a native boy yelled, as we made our way toward a little place we located through our Captain, until we should begin our jaunt into the jungle.

" 'Mem', we discovered, was the signal to other natives that a white woman was coming . . . 'Mem' being Malay for 'white woman.' "

"We awakened early next morning in a sizzling, tropical heat. The air was heavy with moisture. Ward had spoken the night before to the interpreter we engaged on the beach, explaining that we'd come to make a motion picture and asking him to round up for us some of the native talent. We expected to find our quarters literally swamped with ambitious actors and actresses! We were used to that in Hollywood. But here, where life was very simple and any sort of work was just so much pleasure wasted, no one showed up. The interpreter shook his head dolefully and explained, in broken English, that people did not care to work here. They had food and huts, so why bother

with money? A veritable paradise for loafing. But not so good for our venture."

After a few days when word had been passed around that this small group from Hollywood wanted people to do things before a camera, Ward Wing realized he would have to scout around himself and dig up his talent. He started out one morning to visit every native hut in the place in the hope of finding a "star."

"It was strange to see the timidity of the women of this island," Lori Bara continued. "The huts were very crude, with bamboo covered windows and no doors. Sometimes the hut had only one wall, a sort of shield from the sun behind which a whole family lived, quietly and contentedly.

"First, the older man would come out and look at us carefully. We could see the women fleeing to the rear of the hut, terrified to be seen by strangers. When the grandfather had looked us over, the young husband would come out. If we convinced him, he would bring out the grandmother, then the mother might appear. And finally, after very much explaining and infinite patience, the young daughter would be brought out by her

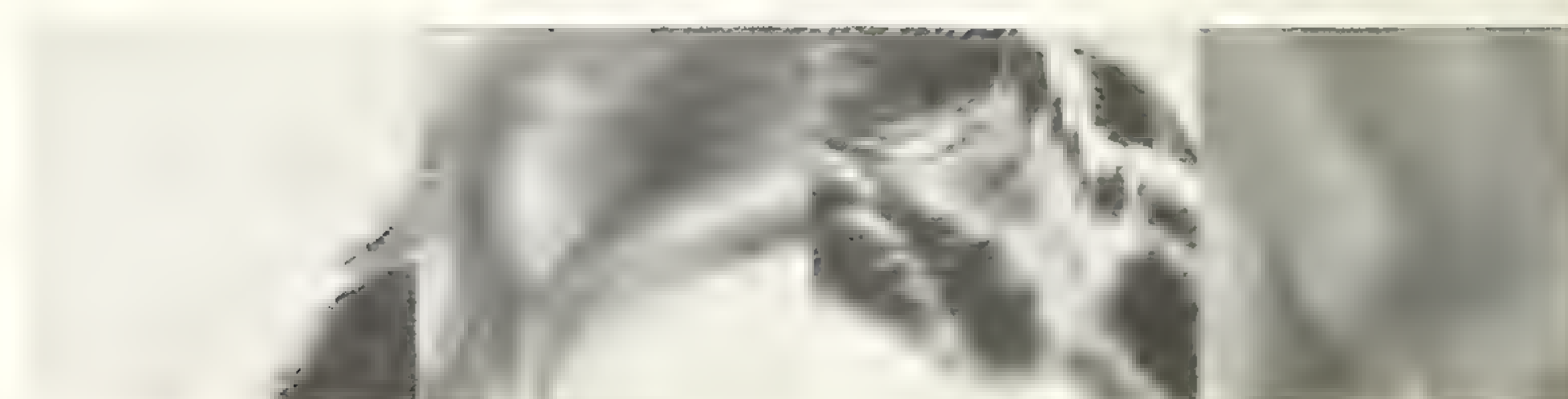
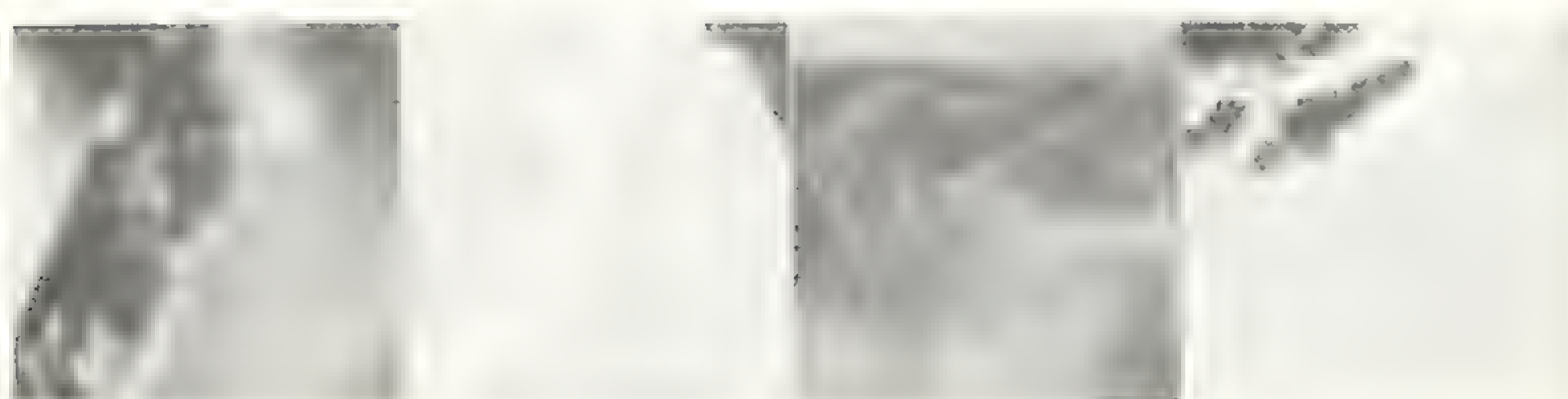
father. She would keep her eyes cast down, and look at her father before answering any question our interpreter put to her.

"I found out that day there is one international passport to any country and to any race of people. It is a smile. A pleasant, natural, good-natured smile. Natives understand this friendliness and they are quick to respond to any of the lighter emotions.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]



Ward Wing, director (left), and his author wife, Lori Bara (sister of Theda Bara), pose with Ahmang, pearl diver, and Sai-Yu, the girl they discovered. As the picture progressed Ahmang and Sai-Yu became fast friends. She was a child of the jungle, unaccustomed to any sort of artificiality



\$1,50000 *in* Prizes

HERE'S the third and last set of "Movie Muddles" in PHOTOPLAY's big prize contest that began in the July issue. So now you can complete your entries, and have a try at your share of those \$1,500 prizes.

If you haven't started, it's not too late. Use the "Muddles" in the July and August numbers of PHOTOPLAY, in addition to this set. The rules, on the opposite page, are simple and easy to understand. So if you haven't started, you can begin right now. \$1,500 prize money is worth sharing in, especially with a first prize of \$500! Besides, it's grand fun!

WHAT "MOVIE MUDDLES" ARE

Across the tops of these two pages you will find sixteen strips, each divided into four parts; and each part shows a portion of a face. You are to weave eight of these strips together until you have one complete face, every part matching; then to do the same with the remaining eight strips.

But when you have completed the weaving, two of the parts on each strip will be hidden; and the strips can be rewoven so these hidden parts form another face. So altogether this month's "Muddle" will yield four complete pictures, when all the solutions have been found. Another "Muddle" printed last month in

our August issue, and the first, printed in July, complete the three "Muddles" in the contest.

Do not send in solutions until you have finished all three sets. Be sure to read contest rules on opposite page before you begin work.

HOW YOU COMPETE FOR A PRIZE

To compete for a share in the \$1,500 prizes, you first find all four of the pictures which can be obtained from each "Muddle," and identify each person shown. Then assemble each "Muddle" to show two of the four faces. Then beneath each picture you name the person shown, and a picture in which that person has appeared. You also name the two other persons whose pictures could have been made with that "Muddle," and motion pictures in which

they have appeared. Then send your completed entry, mounted on paper or cardboard, to PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., in time to reach them by midnight of September 20, 1933.

That's simple, isn't it, as well as good fun? While neatness of arrangement will be considered in selecting the winners, elaborate presentations will have no better chance than plain, simple ones.

HINTS FOR WORKING "MOVIE MUDDLES"

Herewith we give two sketches to suggest how you work out a "Muddle." For instance, if you think the eyes on strips A and B in Fig. 1 belong in one face, cross the strips as shown. Then, if you think the part of a nose on strip C belongs with the two eyes, place it as shown; and continue weaving in other strips, matching the features, until you have a completed picture, such as shown in Fig. 2. (But take note: While the strips in Fig. 2 are shown somewhat apart, so you can see the "weave," in your entry they should fit neatly and correctly together. And these sketches, of course, are just suggestions as to how to proceed.) Start now to play this new, fascinating game!

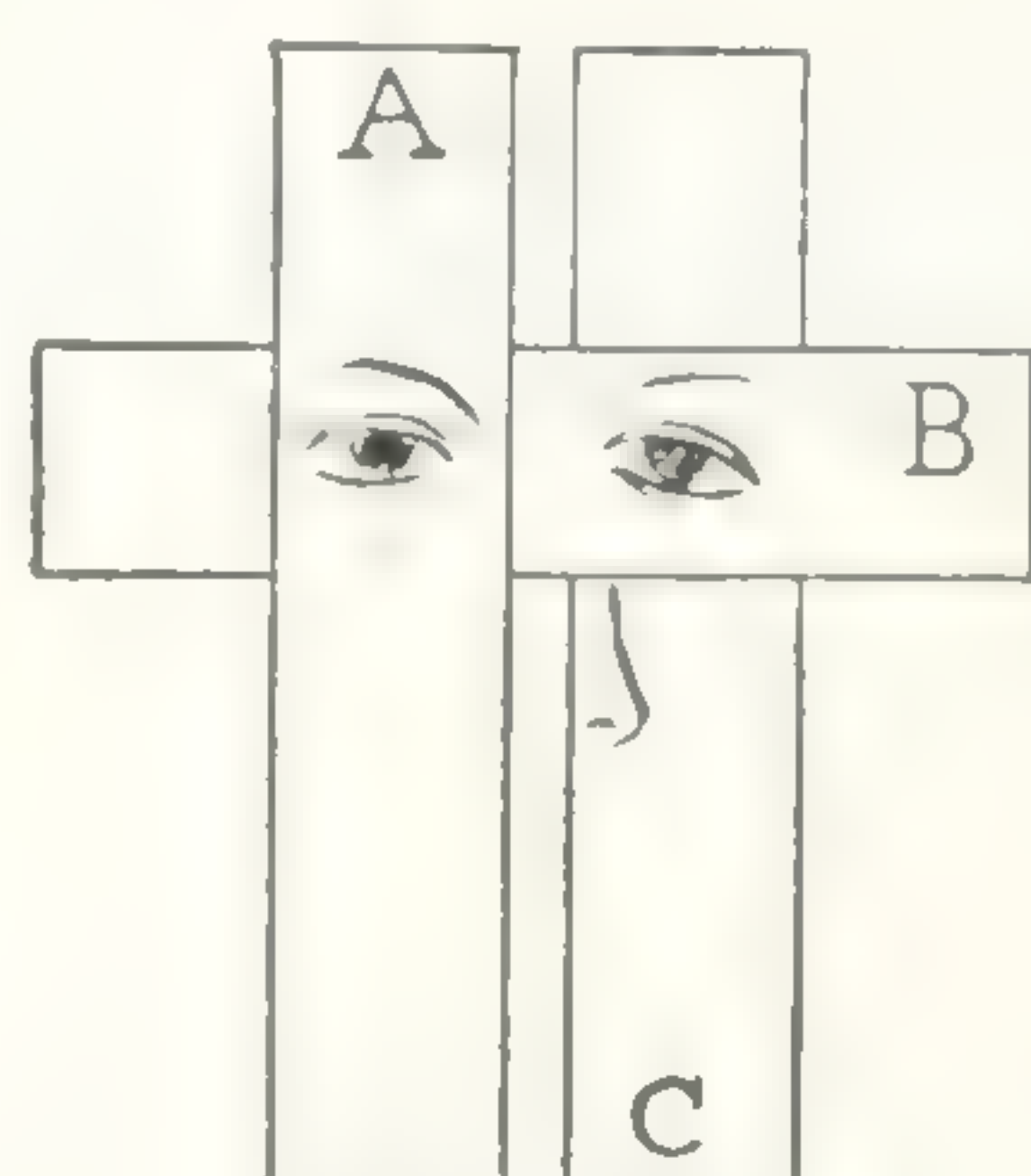


FIG. 1

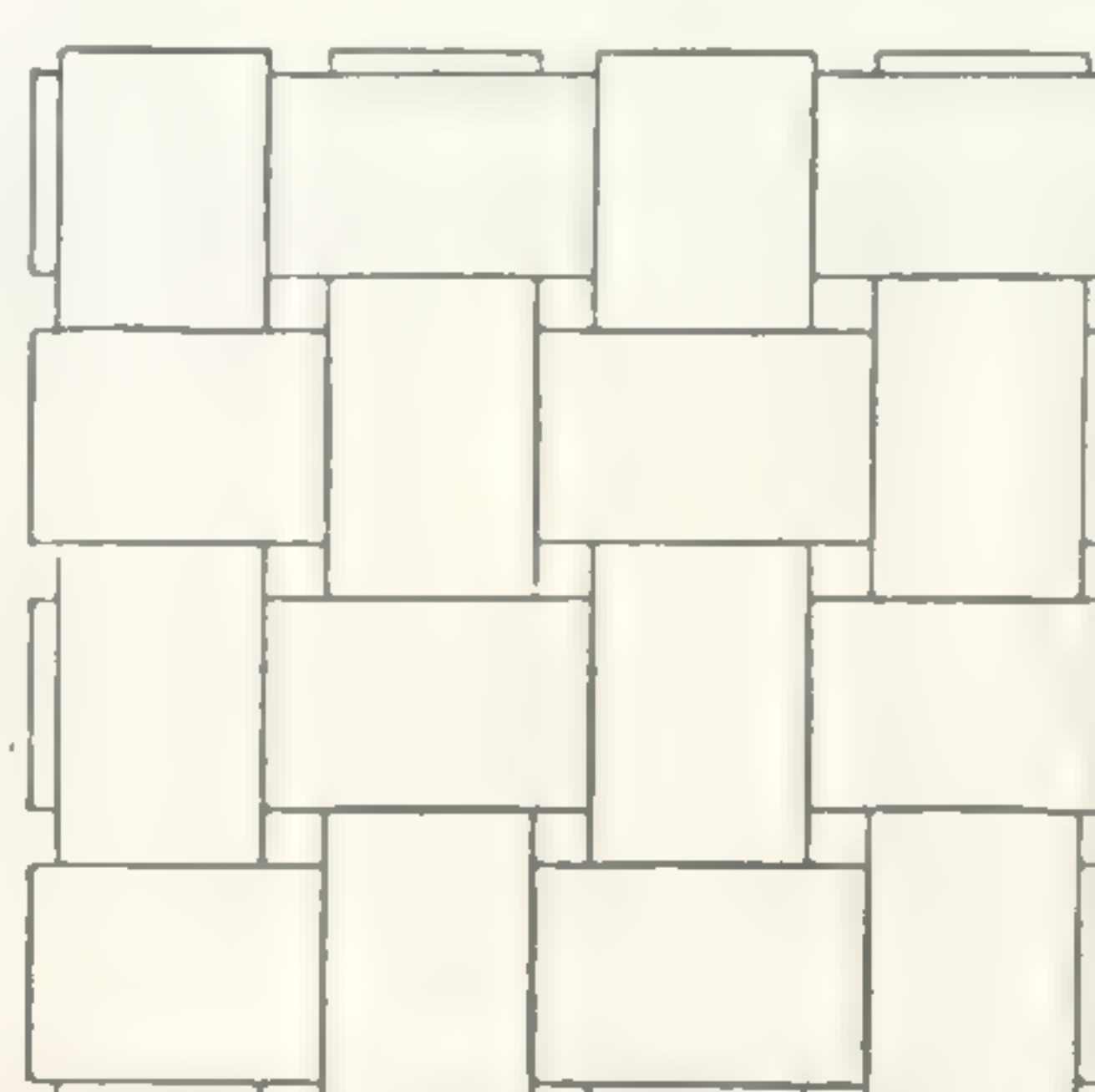
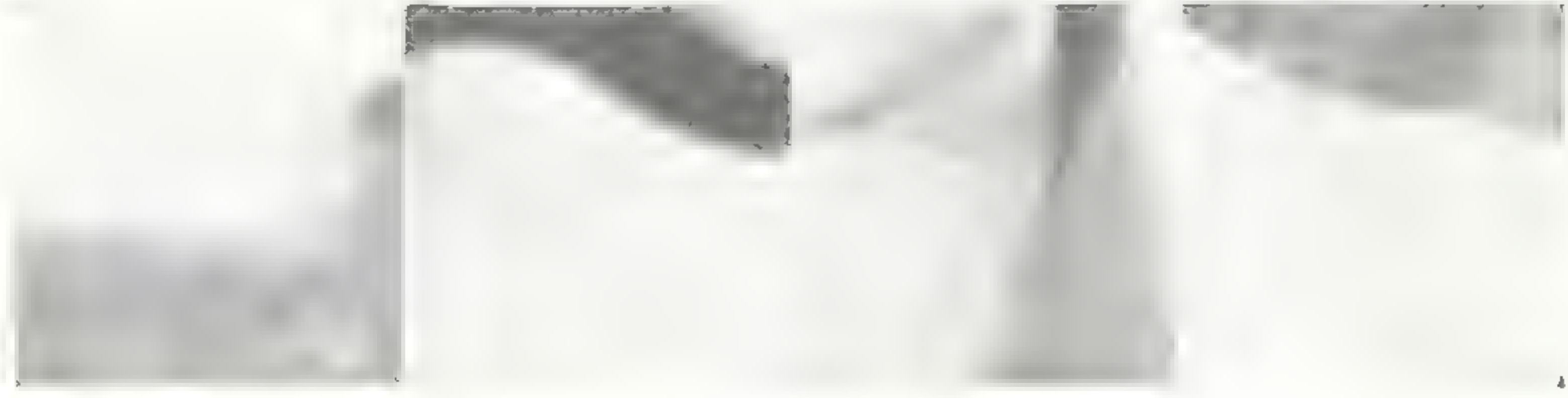
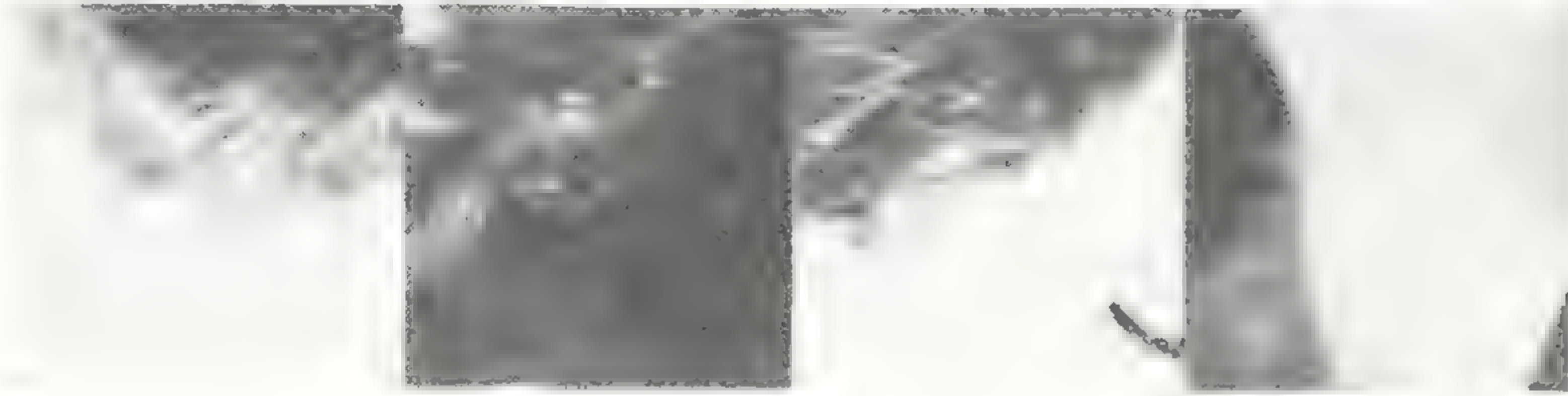


FIG. 2



for Movie Muddles

1. Eighty-four cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:

First Prize.....	\$500.00
Second Prize.....	250.00
Third Prize.....	100.00
Fourth Prize.....	50.00
Forty Prizes of \$10 each.....	400.00
Forty Prizes of \$5 each.....	200.00

2. In three issues (the July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing "Movie Muddles" of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Four pictures, each divided into sixteen parts, with the parts arranged upon sixteen strips, will appear in each issue; and the strips will constitute the "Muddle" for that issue.

3. The parts will be so arranged that eight strips, properly selected and properly interwoven, will present a picture of one actor or actress, while the remaining eight, properly interwoven, will present a picture of another actor or actress; but it will also be possible by a different interweaving, to obtain the pictures of two other actors, actresses, or of an actor and actress, as the case may be, with the sixteen strips.

4. Correct solution of the "Muddle" presented in each issue consists of two correctly interwoven pictures, together with the

correct names of the two persons shown, the correct names of the two other persons whose pictures could have been obtained by a different interweaving, and, with each of the four names of persons, the correct name of a motion picture in which that person has appeared.

5. Each of the three "Muddles," or their drawn duplicates, when completed, must have the required names written, lettered, or typewritten below the two pictures obtained from assembling each month's "Muddle."

6. \$1,500 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and most neatly arranged solutions of the three "Muddles" presented during the contest.

7. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the third "Muddle" has appeared in the September issue. Solutions must be submitted in complete sets of three "Muddles," accompanied by the required names and information, as stated above. All solutions should be sent to PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address are written on, or attached to, your entry, and that it carries sufficient postage.

8. Aside from accuracy in solving the "Muddles" and giving the required

names, neatness and simplicity in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. Pictures must be mounted on paper or cardboard. Elaborate presentation of entries is not desired.

9. You need not be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. You may copy or trace the strips from the originals in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE may be examined for this purpose at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free.

10. The judges will be a committee of members selected by PHOTOPLAY. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

11. In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.

12. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions should be in by that time. No responsibility for mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. It will be impossible to return any of the entries.

The prize winners will be announced in the January, 1934, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

They Conquered



"I snapped out of it when I had to earn my own living," says Robert Montgomery. Once shy and sensitive, he developed his nerve and poise by laughing at himself

YOU go to Hollywood determined to succeed—to begin where you can and work to the top. You ask for a start—tell them you're good. "Oh, yeah?" says Hollywood. "We've heard that before. You show us."

"That's just what I want—a chance to show you."

"A chance? Well, that's your problem, not ours. You find a chance—then maybe we'll talk."

Not exactly a place for a modest violet, would you say, at that point?

Or perhaps you have a stage reputation, a chance already provided.

Then you face the chance of being given rôles about as suited to you as Palm Beach suits would be in an Arctic explorer's wardrobe; the likelihood that something may happen to make your appearance a first-class fizzle through no fault of your own. Again your spot is not one calling for shrinking modesty, a retiring disposition, inability or unwillingness to speak up for yourself.

No, after you have everything it takes in personality and ability to wow them on the screen, you've got to have one thing more. You've got to *know* you're right, and be willing to say so. Self-confidence, in other

How great stars fought down the doubts that would have ruined all chances for a career

*By Adele
Whitely Fletcher*



As a child Sylvia Sidney suffered the tortures of timidity. She says her shyness left her when she first openly rebelled and refused to eat buttered bread at boarding school



To see Claudette Colbert conversing gaily with hubby, Norman Foster, one would never guess that she was once awkward and self-conscious in the presence of men. But it is true

Self-Consciousness

words—and in great big chunks, at that.

Yet many of today's greatest stars had a modesty, an unwillingness to push themselves forward, that would have done credit to monastery or nunnery, when they started. How they overcame it—and they did, or we wouldn't be seeing them today—is worth the telling.

PAUGE Claudette Colbert for the first testimony.

"It was when I began going to grown-up parties that I had my terrible time," Claudette explains. "I had been brought up according to the French idea. Always chaperoned, I had had very few contacts with boys my own age. Then suddenly I found myself in the hail-fellow-well-met society of New York City.

"I watched other girls being casual and gay and natural with the boys and wished with all my heart that I could be like them. And I suffered—with that blind young suffering we've all experienced at one time or another—because I was different, because I was inadequate."

If I hadn't heard all of this from Claudette herself I wouldn't be inclined to believe it. For I know no one more popular with men than Claudette, no one who possesses a nicer spirit of gaiety.

But to get back to Claudette's lack of self-confidence and the way she overcame it.



Fredric March, once the unhappy victim of an inferiority complex but now the possessor of unshakable poise, enjoys a rapid-fire conversation with Charlie Ruggles and Brian Aherne



Clark Gable developed stage fright after he was made a star. Was terribly shy about meeting people. Then he bolstered up his ego by perfecting his game of golf. It's sound psychology



Gary isn't shy any more—not even when he's with another man's wife. But it's okay. The lady is Mrs. Zeppo Marx, and Zeppo's just around the corner

"I stood it as long as I could," Claudette told me with sympathy in her voice for the "unhappy sixteen" she had been. "Then I decided that some way, somehow I was going to change. I determined I, too, would be popular and gay.

"Thank goodness, I had enough sense to realize exactly where my difficulty lay and not to increase it by growing careless and indifferent about my appearance. To have done this would have been to indulge in social suicide.

"Even when we were poorest I was always well dressed. My mother has a magic with materials and a needle. But it was up to me to see that my dresses were fresh and pressed, that my hair was brushed and smooth and evenly parted, that my heels weren't run down, that my stocking seams were straight, and that my nails were well-kept.

"My real problem, of course, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ LADY FOR A DAY—Columbia

A STORY about an old apple seller's love for the daughter who believes her a society dowager.

May Robson as *Apple Annie* gives an unforgettable performance. Her drunk scene with the social chatter is an all-time classic; Warren William, Guy Kibbee, Ned Sparks and Glenda Farrell as the smart cracking lowlives who play fairy godmother are grand. Jean Parker is the romantic interest.

Highbrows may call this hokey but it's the kind of hoke that makes the movies and the world go round. You'll scream with delight when all the riffraff prepare to impersonate quality folks at the reception, you'll thrill with suspense when the real guests arrive, and you'll breathe the breath of living drama with *Annie* in her final triumph.



★ BERKELEY SQUARE—Fox

A COSTUME picture, but it's a criss-cross between eighteenth century London and up-to-the-minute modern life. Leslie Howard, through the agency of an old diary, finds himself in Berkeley Square, London. But his ideas do not go back with him. His modern sophisticated questions amaze the good folk of that bygone day. Only one person understands him. And the part is played exquisitely by Heather Angel, as Leslie Howard discharges his difficult rôle. Heather sympathizes, loves, and finally sends Leslie back to our own times. In "Berkeley Square" you will find beauty, laughter, romance and tragedy, all delicately interwoven.

Irene Browne, Valerie Taylor and Alan Mowbray are in the cast. A film as subtly haunting as "Smilin' Through."

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ VOLTAIRE—Warners

IT ranks right up beside "Disraeli," this last Arliss picture under the Warner banner.

George Arliss is at his best in this colorful characterization of *Voltaire*, the great poet-philosopher of France, who so clearly sensed a revolution fermenting among down-trodden people. We see him, sometimes a petulant exasperating old man, sometimes a meddler in the affairs of his country and the confidante of *Madame Pompadour*, the "boudoir-ruler" of France—and always we are conscious of *Voltaire*, the inspired patriot, who loved France more than he loved life.

The picture centers around an episode which preceded and indirectly fired the country to revolt. Arliss, unable to make the misguided *Louis XV* realize the error of his ways, writes and presents a play based on an injustice of the King. Disregarding the pleas of *Pompadour*, *Louis* heeds his evil advisor, *Count de Sarnac* (Alan Mowbray) and is about to fling *Voltaire* in the Bastille—when a clever ruse of *Voltaire's* saves him and brings about *de Sarnac's* downfall.

Doris Kenyon is an exquisite *Pompadour*, and Reginald Owen offers a superb interpretation of a weak and vain King. Entire cast up to the Arliss standard, but most of the film footage goes to the star.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

VOLTAIRE
LADY FOR A DAY
MAMA LOVES PAPA

DOUBLE HARNESS
BERKELEY SQUARE
STORM AT DAYBREAK
HOLD YOUR MAN

The Best Performances of the Month

George Arliss in "Voltaire"
Reginald Owen in "Voltaire"
Ann Harding in "Double Harness"
William Powell in "Double Harness"
May Robson in "Lady for a Day"
Heather Angel in "Berkeley Square"
Leslie Howard in "Berkeley Square"
Charles Ruggles in "Mama Loves Papa"
Walter Huston in "Storm at Daybreak"
Jean Harlow in "Hold Your Man"
Spencer Tracy in "The Power and the Glory"
Richard Dix in "No Marriage Ties"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 118



★ DOUBLE HARNESS—RKO-Radio

IF this isn't the best current picture released, it will do handsomely until the best one comes along!

A brand-new team, Ann Harding and William Powell, get together. And how they troupe in this grand story, superbly directed!

Ann (with a voice like temple gongs) is the oldest and unmarried daughter, who sees her younger, selfish, capricious sister getting all that's worth while in life. Ann calmly decides that marriage is woman's business, to be treated as such. So Bill Powell, polo player and expert at dodging ties, is deliberately selected as the victim—and he's snared, in a moment of desperation, by a subterfuge.

The loss to polo is a big gain to business, with Ann at the helm; but the marriage is a "name only," slated for divorce, until Bill realizes that no matter how she got him, the result is what counts. And there's no need to tell you how well two such players as Ann Harding and Bill Powell can put over material like that.

Dialogue, situations and performances are so deft and expert that it looks like a new plot—and who cares if it isn't! Lucille Browne is irritatingly convincing as the spoiled sister; Reginald Owen does a classic butler, Lilian Bond an attractively determined "other woman." The dinner party is a riot.



★ MAMA LOVES PAPA—Paramount

AS gay a little number as ever tickled your funny bone. Simple in theme and unpretentious in production, this homey little slice of entertainment creeps right into your heart and stays there.

Charlie Ruggles, as a furniture salesman who suddenly finds himself park commissioner, has never been better. Mary Boland, his wife, is simply grand, while Lilyan Tashman, the tipsy society dame, is a panic. George Barbier, as Charlie's boss, is terrifying, to say the least, and Morgan Wallace, as Lil's jealous husband, add to the hilarity.

Norman McLeod is to be praised for his splendid direction from beginning to end. For here is a first class blues-chaser that will have you chuckling for days. It's not stupendous, but it's grand fun.



★ STORM AT DAYBREAK—M-G-M

INTO the quiet life of the genial and beloved mayor (Walter Huston) of a little country town in Serbia, and Kay Francis, his adored wife, comes the great tragedy of the "bomb of Sarajevo." Nils Asther, as the Hungarian officer and life-long friend of Huston, and Kay find themselves falling deeper and deeper in love. And the mayor tries to take it like a man of the world.

Archduke Ferdinand comes to town, is assassinated—and then the World War! (But there are no trench scenes.)

It's gloriously done all around—with Phillips Holmes, Eugene Pallette, Jean Parker, and others, lending powerfully effective support.

A colorful story, providing first class dramatic entertainment.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REV. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

★
**HOLD YOUR
MAN—
M-G-M**



CLARK GABLE, dodging the law, comes upon Jean Harlow in her bath—and the rough stuff starts. So much so that Clark bumbles a badger game, baited with Jean—and down swoops the law! Then woe—and a “clean” end! It’s a hand-tailored “starring vehicle,” and not sound drama—but Jean is great and Clark’s good enough. Stu Erwin, Dorothy Burgess, Muriel Kirkland and George Reed fine in support.

**COLLEGE
HUMOR—
Paramount**



SOME college graduates may see red as they watch this movie notion of college life; but the rest of us will enjoy it. Jack Oakie is the boob who comes to college, falls in love with Mary Kornman, helps fraternity brother Dick Arlen through his troubles, and in the last minute of play, wins the football game. Standard college hey-hey—but a good evening’s fun. Bing Crosby, Burns and Allen.

**THE POWER
AND THE
GLORY—
Fox**



RALPH MORGAN telling the life story of his old friend, the railroad president—played magnificently by Spencer Tracy. As garrulous old friends will, Ralph wanders about a bit in time, starting off with the news that his friend has committed suicide. Then he “goes back,” for reasons, to the day when Spencer was starting, inspired by love for his wife, Colleen Moore. (A different, deeper-natured Colleen, too.)

**NO
MARRIAGE
TIES—
RKO-Radio**



RICHARD DIX at his best—which is quite enough. Fired from his newspaper for drinking, he turns his flair for bumptious claims to advertising—and is a wow! Then, enters women trouble! Homeless waif Elizabeth Allan attaches herself to his train, as does cosmetician Doris Kenyon. Richard brags, makes good, plays both ends against the middle—and crashes. It’s excellent Dix stuff.

**GOODBYE
AGAIN—
Warners**



GOOD bedroom farce material, entrusted to players who, while not master *farceurs*, bring the laughs. Warren William writes “purple passion” tales with his tongue in his cheek, aided by secretary Joan Blondell. Old flame Genevieve Tobin, now married, appears, attaches herself as “inspiration.” Then the farce starts, abetted by dumb husband Hugh Herbert, Helen Chandler, Wallace Ford. Good fun.

**WHAT PRICE
INNOCENCE?
Columbia**



A DELICATE subject of sex knowledge to youth, well handled. Jean Parker plays the wronged girl with Willard Mack, author of the story, playing the family physician. Ignorance of facts is its theme with carefully drawn dialogue. Yet it gets nowhere, for its climax leaves unsolved the great American problem of youthful morals. Rather than for adults, as advertised, it seems more fitting for youth.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

THE SONG OF SONGS—
Paramount



A GREAT deal of unnecessary commotion about a life size nude statue of peasant lass Marlene Dietrich. She is jilted by the sculptor (Brian Aherne) who uses her as a model, marries a blustering old baron on the rebound, only to hit the downward path and be brought back by her sculptor lover. The statue is starred, with Dietrich, Aherne, Alison Skipworth, Hardie Albright and Lionel Atwill in support.

BEST OF ENEMIES—
Fox



NOT much of a screen come-back for Buddy Rogers, though he registers enthusiasm and his music adds fun. Frank Morgan and Joseph Cawthorn, proprietor of a beer garden, fought before prohibition, fought through prohibition, and fought after the return of beer. While Frank's son, Buddy Rogers, falls in love with Marian Nixon, Cawthorn's daughter. Frank Morgan's humor saves this picture from mediocrity.

I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY
—Fox



THE title means that Thursday is another day—which young Parisian dancer Elissa Landi tries to think when Victor Jory told her he was married. "Thursday"—with Warner Baxter as the man—lasts five years, while fame and riches come. Then all meet, including Victor's wife, Miriam Jordan; and Elissa isn't so sure. Sparklingly done; but more attention to character drawing would have improved the drama.

HER BODYGUARD
—Paramount



WYNNE GIBSON, as a showgirl, has to hire a bodyguard to keep her producer and her "angel" from pestering her. The bodyguard is Edmund Lowe. You can guess the rest—but it's all in fun, with a lot of the typical Lowe wise-cracking and show numbers hauled in to doll it up a bit. Johnny Hines comes through with a grand performance as the press-agent.

MARY STEVENS, M. D.—
Warners



KAY FRANCIS, a level-headed young doctor, and Lyle Talbot, a fellow physician, begin practice together. Then Lyle marries the daughter of a politician and goes crooked. Later, Kay and Lyle find they love each other and Kay goes to Europe to have a child. It dies on the way home and Kay and Lyle are united in their trouble. Kay and Lyle are splendid in rather weak material. Thelma Todd has a bit.

THE STRANGER'S RETURN—
M-G-M



A BRILLIANT preformance by Lionel Barrymore makes this worth seeing. As the hardy and cagey old *Grandfather Storr*, full of homely wit, he is grand. His city granddaughter, Miriam Hopkins, returns to the farm. Grandpa plays insane to sound out his other sponging relatives. Franchot Tone does well as the farmer who falls for Miriam.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 102]



When Doug fell ill, memories of happier days like this must have flashed before the eyes of both

Joan's Heart Still Beats For Doug

AS Joan Crawford stepped out of a dramatic scene from "Dancing Lady," a telegram was thrust in her hand. For a moment she bit her lower lip. Her hands trembled as she fumbled with the envelope. Slowly she read the contents, while the company waited in respectful silence. Turning, she walked over to her portable bungalow and closed the door.

A gentle tapping announced the presence of her director, Robert Leonard. "Anything wrong, Joanie?" he almost whispered. For the first time he was directing this star, even though they had known each other for years. The affectionate "Joanie" was the result of but two days of working in harmony.

"It's Douglas—he's worse," Joan's tearful voice came back. "This telegram from his mother says that they expect the crisis soon." Director Leonard returned to the sound stage door. "I have to leave the set for about half an hour, boys," he said. "Let Miss Crawford rest and line up for the next shot."

This was on Saturday afternoon. On the Friday night previous, Joan had returned home about eight in the evening. It had been a hard day, dance rehearsals and difficult scenes in a gymnasium.

Before she had time to remove her make-up and slip her feet into comfortable mules, the phone rang.

"It's Mr. Levee," announced the Crawford butler. "He says it's very important." Then from the manager of

Read what she did when
she learned he was ill with
pneumonia in a hospital

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Joan learned of the serious illness of her recently divorced husband. His condition was critical. It was pneumonia.

"His mother just called me," said Mike Levee, "and told me the news. She didn't call you direct, because she was afraid you would be on location and wouldn't get the message."

In the length of time it takes to get a call through to New York, Joan was talking to her ex-mother-in-law. "I'm not on location," she informed her. "Tell

Douglas I'm right here and will do anything I can to help him. Keep me posted and call me regardless of the time."

There was little sleep for Joan that night. When the telegram arrived on Saturday, she had been hard at work all day. No one knew of her great worry, until the papers broke the story. There had been telegrams every three hours with detailed reports. A huge basket of flowers with a message from Joan was the first to reach the hospital-room of the patient.

That night Joan talked to Douglas' mother again. And every other night. In between phone calls were telegrams of cheer, flowers and gifts.

But when questioned about a reported reconciliation, Joan emphatically replied:

"Nothing has changed. Things are exactly as we planned them and will continue to remain this way. We were two people in love. Then something happened to our love and we separated.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]

By Fred Arnold

Sketches
Hollywood

BRIGHT raffia makes these amusing bracelets that may be worn with any of your daytime costumes. Blue, yellow, green, Hollywood wears them in a gay array on the arm

LILYANTASHMAN wears a chic costume with some new fashion pointers. The gray wool dress has a hiplength belt—a hint that Hollywood may go long-waisted soon. Her neck piece is a blue fox stole—newer than a scarf



SAW this interesting bag while lunching at the Brown Derby the other day. Yellow perforated leather in a casual pouch shape with handle and small ornament in bamboo! Can't you imagine how smart the bamboo is?

HOLLYWOOD'S newest fad is a crystal or prystal ring with a monogram showing through from under side. Very swank with the monogram in color



HERE is the new fall walking shoe that was inspired by Marlene Dietrich's classic tailored suits. Black calf with higher cut, layer metal eyelets and perforated detail



Fur Now A Trend In Dress Sleeves

— Seymour —

HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

here sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures, now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities. . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of those representative merchants whose firm names are conveniently listed for you on Page 123.

THERE'S a wealth of fall fashion news in this costume that Helen Vinson wears in "Midnight Club." First the mink sleeves—daring and decidedly a new thought for the woolen street costume. And also, Travis Banton has given you one of the best versions of the tunic which is being revived this fall. A metal ring holds the scarf collar high about the throat and a duplicate ring fastens the belt. Helen's brown beret is an added chic detail. Note that shelf-like epaulets give a widened shoulder effect—these in the woolen fabric



EMERALD GREEN
 Ewith red fox — doesn't it sound like fall? And here it is in a swagger sheer woolen ensemble worn by Carole Lombard in "Brief Moment." Kalloch has topped a simple dress with a swagger coat that looks new because of its square back yoke and box pleats. Smart wool hat



"THREE CORNERED MOON" is the romantic title for Claudette Colbert's new picture in which you will see her wearing this charming frock. Sheer woolen with ruffling in white to give accent to the bodice and sleeves. It's a perfect first fall woolen for college or business girl—smart for anyone, in fact. Travis Banton designed it and you will enjoy wearing it on fall days

New Pictures Give The



CAROLE LOMBARD has an innate flair for smart clothes—and no one knows better how to design them for her than Travis Banton. This stunning evening gown which Carole wears in "Brief Moment," is particularly interesting for its use of fringe and for the hipline belt. Dramatic, isn't it? White crepe and long fringe to animate both skirt and shawl-like scarf, the latter being so cleverly attached to the narrow shoulder straps. Worn in a gay night club sequence

First Fall Evening Fashions — *Seymour*



SO simple—yet how much real chic is sewed into this pale pink satin gown which Carole wears in "Brief Moment." Travis Banton thought up that flattering square neckline and amusing tails in back made by wide straps



LILIAN HARVEY brought her own designer, Strassner, with her from Europe and you will see his first creations in "My Lips Betray." This is one, a black velvet evening wrap with the startling contrast of white ermine sleeves—fluted velvet epaulets



IT'S not too "schoolgirl" to be smart, yet it is just young enough to be a perfect school outfit. Strassner designed it for Lilian Harvey to wear in "My Lips Betray." The starched Eton collar in linen and the brief cape are grand toppers for the simple checked tweed frock. Slim, straight lines in skirt. This has been copied with long sleeves making it ideal for chilly days



AND another grand school number—this trim suit with a tie silk printed blouse. Bengaline, an old favorite that is being revived this fall, is the fabric. Sharon Lynne took this from her personal wardrobe so that you might have a copy of it for yours! Wide lapels and a novel double breasted closing for the jacket. Blouse collar and cuffs are worn outside the jacket

AMID tropical orchids and the eerie call of wild jungle birds—that will be the exotic setting of Dolores Del Rio's next picture, "Green Mansions." After her glamorous island scenes in "Bird of Paradise" with Joel McCrea, RKO-Radio discovered a new screen team and the Latin star was scheduled for a South American picture. "Muchas gracias, Senora," say we all

Ernest Bachrach





WE'LL give you three guesses—and bet our last sou you won't guess right, even at that. Believe it or not, this gentle man of the beard is—Jack Holt! Chivalrous, baccaneering, he-man Holt who never says die. In Columbia's "The Wrecker," Holt lives up to title, being a wrecked, human derelict who becomes the creature above. Genevieve Tobin is Jack's feminine lead

Carl De Voy

IT ALL came to a head the night the lonely little German star, lately arrived in Hollywood, and aching with longing for the familiar *gemütlichkeit* of her old surroundings, sought relief by attending a picture.

The film showed a dog—and the poor canine fell upon evil days and brutal treatment. Dorothea is passionately fond of dogs—the scene brought up all standing. Suddenly everything focused into one mad, uncontrollable impulse to flee from it all—the loneliness of this strange land, the mistreatment of the poor dog.

She stood up smack in the middle of the audience and cried out to her manager:

"Take me away—take me away from here! I can't stand that any more!"

And for most of the night, while she frenziedly flung things into trunks, bent on getting the first train and boat back to Germany, the manager had to plead and soothe, before he could persuade her to stay.

POOR "Maedchen" (if one can apply the term to the wife of an eminent Berlin publisher)! She had come to the same heart-break, the same nerve-break, as the oppressed schoolgirl she had befriended in the classic, "Maedchen in Uniform." And for much the same reason. Her loneliness, the knowledge that she was thousands of miles from everything she loved, had become more than her sensitive nature could bear.

Why, then, had she come?

Was it career? She had gotten to the top in German-made pictures, with "Maedchen" as a blazing star for her crown. In Germany, she was the Baroness von der Decken; her husband was managing director of a famous publishing house. True, a Hollywood career is professionally bigger than a German one. But is the difference in scale worth the heart-ache? Fame, after all, is empty, if it must be had among strangers. It is sweet only when one is among one's nearest and dearest friends.

Again—why did she do it?

Frankly, she does not know—though she tries to explain.

"I feel over here," said Dorothea haltingly—she has been speaking English only since her arrival, and began studying immediately as one means of killing the empty, deadly depressing time—"that I have a—what do you call it?—a wider scope of expression, a bigger screen for my art. That is why I came and why I stay. Do you see?"

The soul of the artist, seeking always to broaden itself, to give more of that indefinable something which it feels! That is the only reason why Dorothea came to Hollywood. It sustained her to sacrifice, for the time being at least—and she signed an optional contract for five years—everything which most women regard as the final achievement, and not the mere beginning, of their careers.

By Reginald Tavinor



Poor "Maedchen"!



Lonely and homesick, thousands of miles away from those she loves, Dorothea Wieck will not return to Germany where she is hailed as a great star and is the wife of a prominent man. Why?

"The thing which really persuaded me to leave Germany at all and come over," she continues, "was the part which Paramount had offered me. It is in a film called 'White Woman,' adapted from the play 'Hangman's Whip,' and I could not bring myself to sacrifice such a picture. To me, and in a different way, of course, such a sacrifice would be as great as everything else I sacrificed to come here all put together."

That completes the picture. Home, family, country, friends on one hand. A magnificent part on the other. Back in Germany, it seemed that both could be reconciled—one held, and the other grasped. They can—Dorothea will accomplish that. Only she had not foreseen the misery the effort would entail.

"I know that all I have to do to see my husband is to write to him to come over . . . [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]

How Sylvia Insured



Here's the Jean Harlow who came to Hollywood from Kansas City in 1929, seeking a career. She had beauty and distinctive hair; but was far from being the Harlow we now know. (Inset—Sylvia)

ONE Sunday afternoon I was lolling around at home trying to get a little rest when the telephone rang. I recognized the voice at the other end of the wire as Paul Bern's. "Listen, Sylvia," he said, "I want you to do a favor for me. I know a very sweet little girl and I'd like you to take her for a few treatments. You'll love her."

I told Paul how busy I was, and that I didn't see how I could possibly squeeze in another patient. But he begged me to do it and I couldn't refuse, for there never was such a kindly and lovely person as Paul Bern. I asked him the name of the girl, and he told me it was Jean Harlow.

"Will she coöperate with me and do what I tell her?" I asked, for even in Hollywood I was independent. I talked to the stars just as straight as I talk to you. I've said it before and I'm going to say it again: You girls who won't do what I tell you had better not read my articles. I know what my system can do—it can work wonders—but I've got to have coöperation. So that's how I was brought into the picture, when everyone was concerned with building up Jean Harlow as "the platinum blonde."

Well, the appointment was made for two o'clock. Fifteen minutes past two she arrived with her mother, her dog, and her mother's knitting. I was angry because she was late.

"Listen, baby," I told her, "when I say two o'clock I mean two o'clock and if you can't be on time, you needn't come."

But Jean had a cute answer for me:

THIS revealing story of how America's most famous masseuse and beauty culturist did for a star whose success started with a striking personal type of beauty, shows what expert help you now can have—thanks to Sylvia's new offer.

Through PHOTOPLAY Magazine, she'll give you her own personal advice on your problems—the advice that practically all moviedom has eagerly sought and followed. On page 84 you see some of her answers, and you can read just how easily you may get her help on similar matters that may trouble you.



Here we see Jean much nearer to what she is today, except in one particular. This was from her picture, "Goldie," done in 1931; and it's plain that a bit of whittling down near the waistline was in order. Sylvia helped Harlow on that item

Jean Harlow's Success

See Sylvia's answers to other girls on page 84, and read how you may obtain help



Nothing could show better what care and expert advice can do for girls, than comparing this picture of the Jean Harlow of today with Jean when she began. Madame Sylvia tells just how it was accomplished

"I've heard about what rough treatments you give," she said, "so I thought I'd just take off fifteen minutes from the first one."

Now let's size up what this "platinum blonde" business required of Jean—how many of the required attributes she had, and what needed to be done.

Platinum is a royal metal, so any girl wanting to use that effect must have something of a royal air. She can have vivid beauty, but if she does it must be dignified. It can't be wistfully appealing, like Janet Gaynor's, or effervescent and playful, like Clara Bow's. And like royalty's dress and appearance on formal occasions, everything must be perfect in a sort of impressive way.

JEAN was almost made to order for that, I could see. She has a beautiful body—I've seldom seen one more so. She had just one flaw—her hips were too large. But I knew that in one month's time I could take off the excess fat.

If you analyze Jean's face feature by feature, you'll find there are lots of girls more beautiful than Jean. But in this case that didn't matter. Her features are of the type that can be made imposingly beautiful in pictures. There was nothing I had to do there. And there was nothing I had to do about the hair itself—nature and Jean had taken care of that.

So aside from her hips, it came down to the one thing that's most important of all, when anyone goes in for that kind of effect. To succeed with platinum hair, or white hair, a girl must have a perfect complexion. Jean's skin was lovely, but she knew mighty well it would have to stay that way, and I knew we'd have to safeguard her on that

That's how it looked to me, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

And what a regal creature Jean is today—slender, poised, radiant! In this article Sylvia tells of some things which helped—matters that Jean had to watch, and how Sylvia's methods worked them out

More HOLLYWOOD



Will somebody please bring in a few more chairs? It's pretty close quarters on a hot night for Bayard Veiller, playwright, Helen Twelvetrees, Ernst Lubitsch, director, and Arline Judge (Mrs. Wesley Ruggles). The foursome are enjoying the kind hospitality of Emanuel Cohen, at one of his celebrated Sunday night parties where prominent members of the Hollywood film colony gather



"There's many a slip . . ." sings John Boles as Lilian Harvey presents him with a silver cup intricately engraved. At a party given at the Cocoanut Grove for the cast of "My Lips Betray," Miss Harvey presented each player with a similar cup



Here's a new slant on Gary Cooper. And the girl is Judith Allen, who came to Hollywood recently and has been going around with Gary ever since. They are sitting out a dance at Wesley Ruggles' party held at the lovely Beverly Hills Athletic Club

Good Times

The gay glamour of Flickerville is at its height in summer

Staff Photos by William Phillips



Lilian Tashman and husband Eddie Lowe make their smiling entrance at the party given by Mrs. Al Schulberg after the opening of the stage play, "Twentieth Century." A fashion item is inevitable when *La* Tashman is in the picture: note the lei of gardenias, worn with her satin crepe gown, and Lilian's famous coiffure

Joan Bennett looks as pretty as a flower garden and the silvery-blonde Glenda Farrell is stunning in black and white. The happy gentleman between them is Frank Morgan, the philandering husband in "When Ladies Meet." The three made a gay and charming trio at the theater party which Mrs. Schulberg gave



Lionel Barrymore and his wife seldom step out, and when they do it's a signal for the cameramen. Neither Lionel nor the seldom photographed Mrs. Barrymore could escape all the camera clicks at the Schulberg party

"Don't Live With Your Mother-in-law" says Irene Dunne

To Virginia Maxwell



"The average wife is so efficient," says Irene, "that her mother-in-law can't find any real faults, so she harps on little things"

IRENE DUNNE is so typically modern in her ideas, so super-1933 in her reactions to life, that she was the one perfect type to portray the modern, independent young wife in "The Silver Cord."

Most of us know by now that the theme of the picture dealt with a mother-in-law. Not a very sympathetic character in the film, to be sure. But Irene was so perfect a young wife, so typical of millions of other young wives forced, by the recent depression, to live with their mothers-in-law, that I asked her whether in real life this could be done successfully.

"No!" Irene answered. "It cannot be done successfully. It's against all laws of nature."

"But young married couples are doing it every day," we ventured. "They've got to live with the girl's folks or the man's people if they want to get by financially."

"That may be all right for a while, but as soon as the honeymoon is over, when couples begin to get right down to the rock bottom of life, trouble is bound to start. And I think it's by far preferable for young married couples to start their lives together in a furnished room if necessary than to plan to live with their in-laws for years until the young husband can earn enough to support his wife in her accustomed style."

Irene was lolling back on a long couch in her New York hotel suite; a little apartment she keeps in readiness as her permanent home whenever she has an opportunity to come East and join her husband. Hers is a sort of part-time marriage arrangement, Dr. Francis Griffin having to spend most of his

time with his dental practice and Irene spending her days in Hollywood at the RKO-Radio studios. Her husband lives with her brother Joe at a New York men's club while Irene is away.

"I think the average young wife is so efficient, so well trained from going to business, that she's pretty nearly perfect. And her mother-in-law simply can't find anything real to find fault about, so she harps on little things."

"THEN what happens? If the girl is spirited, as most independent young women are today, there is a clash. She resents the injustice of being made the goat for every little thing that goes wrong in the home—having her made to look cheap in the eyes of her young husband whose love and respect she values above everything else. So the young wife and the mother-in-law hit a snag. And either the youngsters pull out for themselves and are willing to sacrifice a few of the nicer things in order to have each other in comfort and tranquility, or the situation develops into one of those irritating triangles which break all three of them in time."

"I know there are modern mothers-in-law, too. Charming women who consider the happiness and comfort of their sons' wives as carefully as if they were in the young wives' place. But these women are exceptions to the rule; the exceptions which make them conspicuous by contrast."

"What about the young wife contributing to the happiness of such an arrangement?" I [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

PHOTOPLAY'S Hollywood Beauty Shop

Conducted
By Carolyn
Van Wyck

All the beauty
tricks of all the
stars brought to
you each month



THIS perfect summer coiffure is worn by Madge Evans in "Dinner at Eight." Its utter simplicity makes it appropriate for sports frock or dinner gown

BROAD swirls and softly up-turned ends lend interest to the back. An ideal design for permanent, finger wave or your own curls. Very easy to keep in order



MADGE EVANS' long bob employs deep waves ending in a flat roll at the neck to create this charming, youthful arrangement. This style is universally becoming, adaptable, and easy to achieve. It is called "Athletic Bob"



Holly- wood's Latest Tricks and Trends

PATRICIA PELLIS always keeps one yard of maline in her dressing table. It prevents hair disorder when changing gowns. Also, a grand way to keep curls in order while you sleep

SHIRLEY GREY introduces a simple, little device that will prevent untold lipstick damage to your frocks. It is made of waxed paper, will not smear lipstick, and is held in the teeth by a tiny tab



HERE is our little friend, Mitzi Green, rapidly growing into a young lady. Mitzi's nice hair, with its deep bang and soft waves, suggests a lovely arrangement for the younger girl. Mitzi uses some very new, junior-size bob pins to keep the sides neatly in place



FOR natural and pleasing effect, Elizabeth Young suggests rouging the true lines of the mouth for day. Save the shaping for evening. Elizabeth's new lipstick does wonders for lip beauty in tone and texture. Match lipstick and nail enamel, if you like

AN interesting study of Joan Crawford's eyes, showing her natural eyebrows. Gone are the fine lines of yesterday that generally robbed faces of interest and individuality. Try your natural brows

THE prize gadget for the month is Helen Twelvetees' mascara compact, no larger than a lipstick, complete in every detail. Cunning and small enough for your handbag. Metal, it cannot soil or crush when traveling



Late Summer Beauty Lessons



THE camera caught Adrienne Ames in one of her sweetest moments, in a wealth of rare fragrances. Notice that separate atomizing device. It may be used in any bottle. A grand gift idea

SHIRLEY GREY, ready for a plunge in the ocean, first applies a new cream that permits her to tan evenly without burn or skin injury. Also excellent for cleaning, nourishing and make-up base

(For More Beauty Tips
Turn to Page 86)



THE secrets of perfect powdering are exposed by Maureen O'Sullivan. Over a sparse application of foundation cream or lotion, gently press an abundance of powder evenly over the face



HERE is Maureen's trick that really tells — that powder brush with which all excess powder is softly removed from the skin. A baby's brush will also do. Now marvel at your beauty



Keep your clothes new looking the way Elissa Landi does —

*"I always insist
on Lux"*

"Lux protects colors and fabrics so marvelously, makes everything look so delightfully fresh and new, that I insist on it for all my washable frocks and blouses. I find that stockings washed in Lux every night wear much longer, fit far more gracefully. I have my maid wash my lingerie with Lux after every wearing, too."

Elissa Landi

Fox Films' star

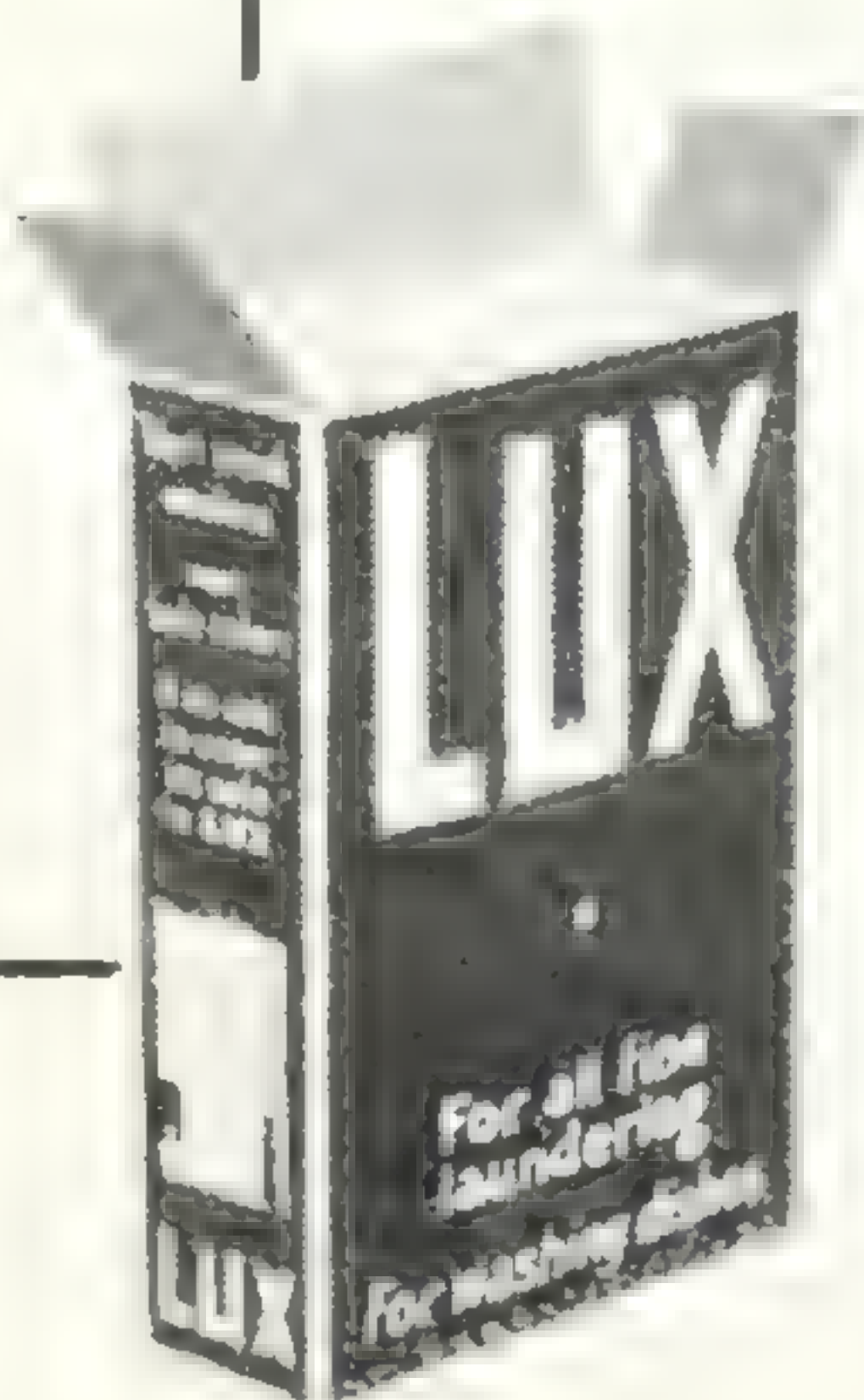


Official in all the big Hollywood studios

"All the washable costumes on the lot are Luxed because Lux is so safe," says Rita Kaufman of the Fox Studio. "It protects the colors and the materials, and keeps costumes new longer! It works such magic that I'd have to have Lux if it cost five times as much."

THOSE fascinating new weaves — wools like silk, silk like wools, cottons like anything but cotton, gay silks, soft sweaters, stockings and lingerie — keep them like new! Follow the easy method this fastidious star uses — insist on safe Lux!

There is no harmful alkali in Lux (as there often is in ordinary soaps) and none of the cake-soap rubbing that's so hard on your nice things. Lux is especially made to protect colors and fabrics. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.



*Hollywood says —
Don't trust to luck*

TRUST TO LUX



"SCIENCE HAS FOUND, MISS FARRELL, THAT THIS SOAP ACTUALLY CONTAINS PRECIOUS ELEMENTS NATURE PUTS IN SKIN ITSELF TO KEEP IT YOUTHFUL"

Scientist tells WHY this aid in keeping skin

YOUTHFUL SKIN... what a world of happiness those two words mean to a woman! Yet too often—and too soon—women see their lovely youthful complexions grow dull, rough, old-looking. WHY?

The Secret of Youthful Skin

Because, science now tells you, skin gradually loses the precious elements nature herself puts in skin to keep it young-looking...

and it's these precious elements that skin *must have* to be youthfully attractive.

But here's good news... scientists now explain you can check the loss of those precious elements. Lux Toilet Soap *actually contains* such precious elements... and is completely free from harshness, readily soluble. That is why this soap is such a wonderful aid in keeping skin young-looking, softly smooth, they declare.

Do you wonder that 686 out of the 694 important Hollywood actresses are so enthusiastic

For EVERY Type of Skin... *dry*

"THAT'S TRULY REMARKABLE,
YET I'M NOT SURPRISED. YOU
KNOW WE SCREEN STARS
HAVE PROVED FOR YEARS THAT
LUX TOILET SOAP REALLY KEEPS
OUR SKIN YOUNG LOOKING"

GLEND A FARRELL
Charming Warner Brothers' star

soap is such a wonderful *YOUTHFUL*

about this fragrant, white soap... have used it for years? And that it's been made the *official* soap in all the big film studios?

A Lovelier You

Millions of women (and men, too) have confirmed Hollywood's experience.

You, too, can have a softer, smoother, younger-looking skin with this scientific care. Get Lux Toilet Soap today—and prove it to your own satisfaction.

... oily ... "in-between" ——— **BEGIN TODAY!**

"I can well understand why
screen stars prefer it..."

says Miss Belle Dawson, of Washington, D. C. "For years I've been using Lux Toilet Soap, and the care that it has taken of my skin is a delight. My skin is always smooth and clear and it keeps young-looking."



Ask The Answer Man



"Here's looking at you!" says Helen Mack and her pet dog. Helen's new contract means better rôles for her and bigger bones for the puppy

ONE look at Helen Mack in "Sweepings" and scores of readers started asking about her. After the release of her latest picture "Melody Cruise" many more followers wrote in. Here's the low-down on the petite red-head who is the cause of all the questions.

She started this merry old game of life back in Rock Island, Ill., almost twenty years ago. Her education began in the Professional Children's School of New York. As a child she appeared on both the silent screen and the stage. She played child parts in "Zaza" with Gloria Swanson; "Under the Red Robe," "Grit" and "Little Red School House." Her stage rôles included parts in "Pomeroy's Past," "Straight Through the Door," "Yellow" and "Neighbors." She was doing a character part in "Subway Express" when the talkies claimed her. Her first talkie picture, "While Paris Sleeps," in which Victor McLaglen played the lead, didn't cause much of a rumble and for many months she just got a small part here and there. When Fox didn't renew her contract she went over to RKO-Radio and got the part in "Sweepings." Her performance in that won her a long term contract. And what a future RKO-Radio has planned for her.

Helen claims that 13 is her lucky number. She was born on November 13, 1913, and two of her birthdays have fallen on Friday the 13th. She is a home loving youngster and pals around with her mother. She is 5 feet 3½ inches tall; weighs 105 and has lovely dark brown eyes. Is of English and Hungarian descent.

URSULA ALDERTON, KOKOMO, IND.—You and your husband each win one of the arguments, so now there will be no hair-pulling. Hubby was right when he said that Jack Oakie was the stuttering reporter in "Chinatown Nights" and you were right when you said that Lucien Littlefield and not Chic Sale appeared in "No, No, Nanette." Shake hands!

HELEN HARRIS, DENBRIDGE, VA.—Actors who marry actresses usually call each other by their screen names. You see many of them have had their professional names made legal.

S. DIEFENTHAL, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Stan, I'm glad to be able to help you. Ed Brooks, a friend of mine and a stamp enthusiast, says that Tom Brown and Jean Hersholt are great stamp collectors, Jean having written a book or two on the subject. Ed, like yourself, is wondering if some of the Fan Clubs have stars

SONGS BY REQUEST

In response to numerous letters the Answer Man is listing popular songs from current pictures—

"Adorable"

My Heart's Desire
Adorable
My First Love to Last

"Gold Diggers of 1933"

Shadow Waltz
I've Gotta Sing a Torch Song
Remember My Forgotten Man
Pettin' in the Park

"Melody Cruise"

Isn't This a Night for Love
He's Not the Marrying Kind
This Is the Hour

"College Humor"

Learn to Croon
Moonstruck
Down the Old Ox-road
My Alma Mater
Play Ball

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

whose hobby is collecting stamps. If so, he, too, would like to know about it. Hey, Fan Clubs, let's get together on this and have a hobby spree!

R. E. H., DETROIT, MICH.—Sorry I cannot furnish you with the titles of the pieces played in "No Man of Her Own" and "Pick Up." It was just incidental music supplied by the studio orchestra and is not published. This is the case in a great many pictures where the background music is supplied by studio orchestras.

MRS. E. G. VENGUST, ST. JOSEPH, MO.—It was back in 1917 that "The Secret of the Storm Country," sequel to "Tess of the Storm Country," was made. Norma Talmadge and Niles Welsh played the leads. Charles Miller was the director and Joseph M. Schenck, the producer.

PHYLIS JOAN, NEW YORK CITY.—Bebe Daniels and John Boles played the leads in "Rio Rita." John is of Scotch-Irish descent. Who gets the orchid?

NANCY DUANE, TRENTON, N. J.—What do you mean by saying that Ruth Chatterton ought to get wise to herself and go in for more sophisticated pictures? Don't you like her shady lady rôles? Ruth's next picture is titled "Female."

STEWART JOHNSON, PALMYRA, MO.—Kenneth Howell was the chap who slid out of the airplane when it was doing a loop-the-loop in "The Eagle and the Hawk." Johnny Stevens was his character name in the picture.

NAIDINE GERERIN, PERU, IND.—Yes, suh! Little Una Merkel is a Southern belle. She comes from Covington, Ky. Is 5 feet, 5 inches tall; weighs 110 and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Is married to Ronald Burla, engineer. Tyrell Davis was the giggling *Haric* in "Peg O' My Heart." Geoffrey Gill is the lad who sang "Sweetheart, Darlin'" in that picture.

L. BRADDELL, WINNIPEG, MAN., CAN.—Margaret Lindsay is the young lady you have mistaken for Ruth Hall. Elissa Landi is about 26 years old. Am I right, 'Lissa?

GLEASON ROMONS, UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIF.—Ann Ross is a real Cherokee Indian, born in Sallisaw, Okla. She has black hair and brown eyes. Is 5 feet, 1½ inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Her mother was an Indian school teacher and her father a chief's son. Ann was a stenographer before she started in pictures. When not appearing before the camera she studies elocution, music and dancing. She also lectures in schools about the tribal customs of her people.

What color nails at Newport? **ALL SHADES!**

Natural goes with all costumes, but best with bright colors—red, green, purple, orange.

Rose is a lovely feminine shade. Subtle and charming with pastel pinks, lavender blues... Smart with dark green, black and brown.

Coral nails are lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues," black, dark brown. Smart also with deeper colors if not too intense.

Cardinal contrasts excitingly with black, white or any of the pastel shades. Good with gray or beige... the new blue.

Garnet, a rich wine red, smart with the new tawny shades, cinnamon brown, black, white, beige, gray or burnt orange.

Ruby (new) is such a real red red you can wear it with anything when you want to be gay.

IF NEWPORT GIRLS were alluring in the gay '90's, when they just kept their finger nails nice and clean, today they're Loreleis, positively Loreleis.

Whether it's backgammon on the beach, or tennis at the Casino, or a moonlight stroll on Hanging Rock, they're busy ensnaring everybody with their brilliantly tinted finger nails. All shades!

And just as easy for you as for these young 400's. You start out with the ten finger nails you were born with (toe nails, too, if you've been careful to keep them nice). Then apply the tint that best accents whatever color frock you're wearing. See if variety in finger nails doesn't make your summer more adventurous, my dears!



MISS KATRINA McCORMICK in a bright orange suit with *Natural* nails... MISS MARY TAYLOR in blue slacks and white turtle neck—with deep *Ruby* nails on fingers and toes... MISS LUCILE BROKAW in brown and white and a mermaidly wrap-around—with *Coral* nails. Beach clothes from Saks-Fifth Avenue.

And do be practical. Good colors are very, very hard to find, so choose Cutex.

It comes in 7 fascinating shades perfected by the World's Manicure Authority. And every shade goes on smoothly, evenly, stays on as long as you want it (but don't forget the whole point is not to be boring with one shade all the time), and never, never blotches.

You can try others, but it's a pure waste of your time. So run fast to the nearest shop and pick out all the

smart Cutex colors. They'll last you easily a whole season and more.

For the complete manicure use Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, Polish Remover, Liquid Polish, Nail White (Pencil or Cream), Cuticle Oil or Cream and the new Hand Cream.

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris



New Cutex Color Wheel giving correct shade of polish for every gown—and generous bottle of Cutex Liquid Polish—only 10c.

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. 3Q9
191 Hudson Street • New York, N. Y.
(Canada, address P.O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 10c for the new Cutex Color Wheel and generous bottle of Cutex Liquid Polish in the shade I have checked: ☐ Natural ☐ Rose ☐ Coral ☐ Cardinal ☐ Ruby

CUTEX Liquid Polish—only 35¢

How Sylvia Insured Jean Harlow's Success

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

when I first sized up Jean Harlow, and with that we went to work. Her mother sat down in a chair and began to knit, and I made Jean walk back and forth across the floor a couple of times. I saw that she had an exaggerated Mae West walk.

"You may think that's seductive," I said, "but you'll look lots nicer and get lots farther in pictures if you learn to walk with real grace, holding up your shoulders and your head."

Jean's mother looked up from her knitting and nodded her head approvingly. "That's right, Sylvia," she said. "You make Jean do what you say."

THEN we got to the hips. I began with my old faithful digging-in movement. I've told you before how that's done. With your fingers dig in under the fat and squeeze the fat cells until they're smashed down. But I gave Jean another type of treatment which works wonders with the hips and waistline, and you can do it, too, if you get a girl friend, or your mother, to help you.

Here's how it's done: Lie on a bed and relax with your arms above your head. Then have your helper put one hand under your right arm and one hand on your right thigh and stretch the trunk as much as possible without moving the position of the hands.

See how this works? It's as if your friend were trying to pull you in two, and as she does it you can just feel all those fatty tissues being broken down. Do the same thing on the other side of the body. It not only reduces you, but it puts so much pep in you that you feel like going out and licking the world.

After this I put a bath towel over Jean and with the palms of my hands slapped her good and hard to tighten up and flatten the muscles.

Jean was good and didn't squawk once.

The next day she and her mother and the dog and her mother's knitting were there on time, and I said to myself: "Aha, I put the fear of Sylvia into her." But the joke was on me. The next day she didn't show up at all. Instead, the telephone rang about eight times, eight different boy friends asking for Jean.

I'm not going to tell you what I said to her the next day when she did come. But by now you know me, so maybe you can guess.

The rest of it was insuring that nothing could hurt the marvelous complexion that has to go with platinum hair. As I said, Jean's skin was lovely; but we both knew mighty well she had to keep it that way, so I gave her my most potent complexion diet. I've never given this diet before in an article, but I'll promise every one of you girls, if you'll do exactly as I say, you can clean up acne and have a beautiful, clear complexion.

Once a month, for five days, do this: Take a quart box of raspberries or cherries and boil them, without rinsing them, in cold water over a very slow fire, with just enough water to cover them, for about an hour. Spread a double layer of cheese-cloth in a sieve and let the juice strain through this over night. Drink a glass of this juice the first thing in the morning. If you don't want to waste the berries or cherries you can make an excellent jam, out of what's left.

Two hours after you've taken the juice drink a glass of skimmed milk. Drink a glass of skimmed milk every two hours until you've had six or seven glasses. The last thing at night before you go to bed, drink a glass of grapefruit juice. When raspberries or cherries aren't in season use tomato juice instead.

I've had the most wonderful results with this complexion diet, but remember you're

to do this just five days out of every month. The rest of the time start the day with half a lemon squeezed in a glass of water, avoid heavy, greasy meats, drink plenty of tomato juice, buttermilk, fruit juice, not too much tea or coffee, eat lots of raw tomatoes, watercress, endive, lettuce, celery, raw carrots, raw cabbage and raw fruit.

Try this for a couple of months, and when you look at yourself in the mirror you won't know yourself. Your skin will be as lovely as Jean Harlow's. And, believe me, that's plenty lovely!

Of course, when I had Jean, it was before she was married to Paul Bern. You know the terrible tragedy she went through when he committed suicide. When she was coming to me she was one of the most seductive girls in town. I'm afraid the other girls resented her, because they thought she was dangerous so far as their men were concerned. Jean was always gay and full of pep, and she loved to attract attention. She did, too, with that marvelous figure, her platinum hair, and her beautiful complexion!

I'VE never seen anything like her devotion to her mother. Those two were more like sisters, although her mother always called her "Baby." It was hard for me to get Jean to take her exercises, so I used to appeal to Mrs. Bello. When she'd ask Jean to do anything Jean did it. As matter of fact, the exercises I gave her were easy. I just had her stand straight with her hands on her hips and sway her body from side to side to get her hips flexible so that I could pound off and stretch off the extra weight.

So there you are girls. Start those hip stretching exercises right away, and don't forget that grand complexion diet.

Answers by Sylvia

FOR THE "RAW-BONED" GIRL

Dear Sylvia:

I'm so big and raw-boned that clothes don't look smart on me. I wish I could do something to change my frame. What would you suggest?
B. B., Dallas, Texas

First of all I'd suggest that you look at Garbo. She has a big frame, but look what she's done with herself. She dresses right for that frame—in loose sports clothes in the daytime and simple evening dresses with long lines at night.

You can do anything you want to with your flesh—take it off or put it on—but you can't change your bones. If you're too thin and your bones stick out, put on weight; but if you're in right proportion use a little common sense, acquire a graceful walk, and make the most of yourself. It seems to me that you big, raw-boned girls would get all the courage you need from another heavy-framed woman, Garbo.

WRINKLED HANDS

My dear Madame Sylvia:

I'm a young girl and yet my hands are wrinkled. Could you tell me something to do for them?

M. R. T., Seattle, Wash.

You bet I can! You should treat your hands as carefully as you treat your face. First of all, make the skin firm with massage, and that's

MY, how the troubles come in—but how I like to see them! I know, you see, how I can make them disappear—so you'll understand why Aunt Sylvia says, the more the better. If you have a problem, I'll be glad to help if you'll just write, addressing your letter to Sylvia, care of PHOTO-PLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. For a direct answer, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope; otherwise watch these columns. No obligations whatever, of course—I'm only too glad to help.

SYLVIA

done by putting lots of cold cream on the hands and then with one hand massage the other as if you were pulling on a tight glove, working down each finger and then down the back of the wrist. It's the best exercise in the world and will smooth the wrinkles right out.

Then every night sleep in very loose kid gloves; but before you put the gloves on smear your hands with lots and lots of cold cream. You'll be amazed at how much better your hands look in a few weeks.

WHY TOMATO JUICE?

Dear Sylvia:

In one of your articles you said that a person couldn't drink too much tomato juice. I like

tomato juice very much and have been drinking about five small glasses a day. Do you think that's too much?

S. V., Portland, Ore.

That's fine. Keep right on drinking your tomato juice. And eat raw tomatoes, too. Nothing is so marvelous for the complexion as tomatoes and tomato juice. Another grand thing for the skin is a glass of hot water with half a lemon squeezed in it. Drink this every morning.

WHAT DANCING DOES

Dear Sylvia:

I've noticed that the first thing you make people do is that dancing exercise to music. What good does this do?

G. F., Fort Smith, Ark.

Why don't you try it and see what good it does? When I was treating the movie stars and charging them prices that made me blush, they never asked questions. They just did what I said.

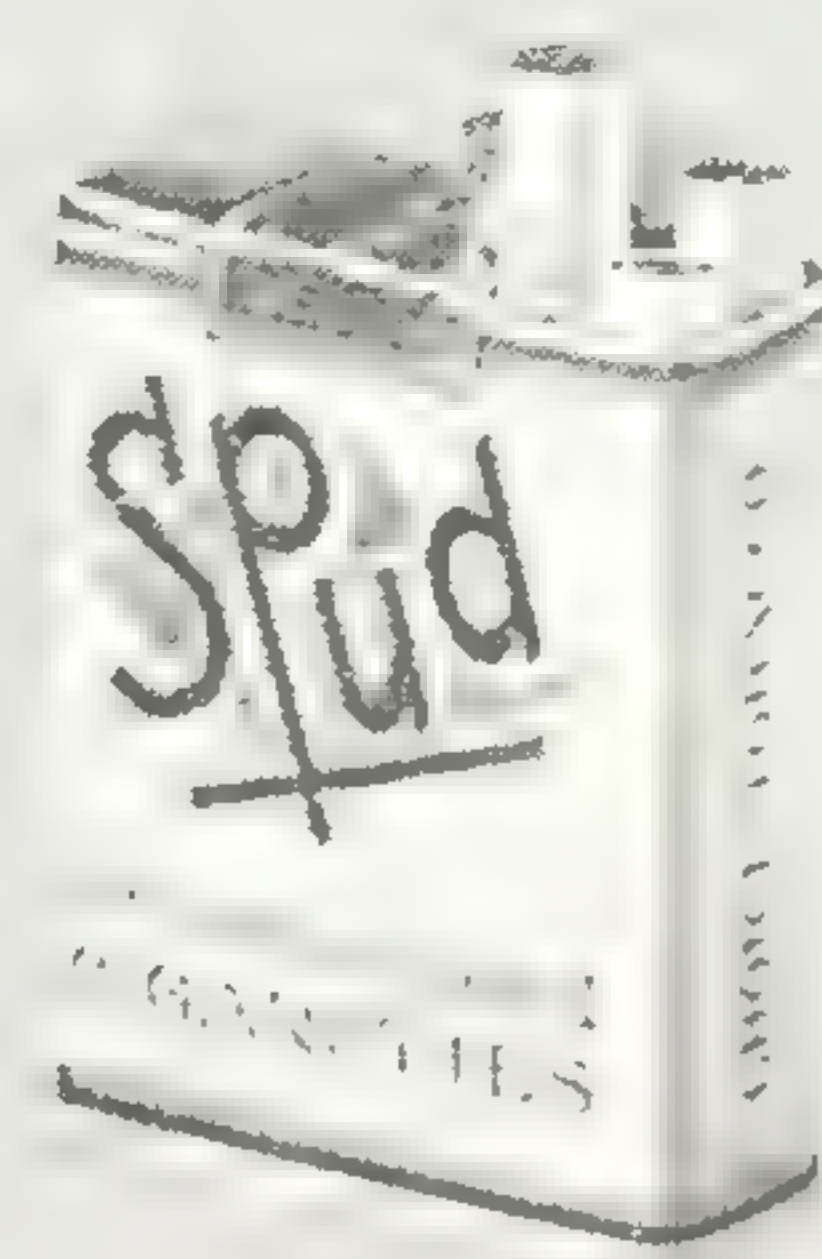
But since you're so curious I'll tell you what the dancing does. If you're not used to exercises, it makes you pliable so you can stand the strenuous routine to come. It also actually reduces the hips slightly, makes you lithe, graceful, and teaches you to walk and stand properly. Besides, it's fun. Now, come on, try it and see!

THE HUNT'S KEEN

on "la cigarette Spud"

At the hunting season, a smartly cosmopolitan crowd gathers in the châteaux of Middle Europe . . . where feudal luxury is enhanced by modern divertissements. More and more in vogue now among these connoisseurs of pleasure is "la cigarette Spud" . . . that mouth-cool, throat-smooth round of tobacco enjoyment, now one of the good-time cigarettes of Europe.

**SPUD MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES**



20 FOR 15c

(25c IN CANADA)

Grafstrom



LONG hair possesses an allure all its own. Dorothy Wilson's sophisticated bangs charmingly contradict that demure twist

ACCORDING to one of the Hollywood studio make-up departments, there are exactly thirty-eight different shades in skin tones. One of our well-known cosmetic makers more conservatively estimates that there are eight distinct skin tones among American women, each needing a special color accent in matching rouge and lipstick.

Unquestionably, one great beauty advantage of the Hollywood stars today is that they consider this matter of color harmony very important. The right colors do so much for a face; the wrong ones are impossible.

Take a valuable lesson from the stars today and coördinate your make-up. The biggest error of all, I think, is lack of harmony between cheek rouge and lipstick. These two should always be of the same family in tone, yet we often see a warm-toned lipstick used with a bluish rouge. Almost all sales girls are schooled by the manufacturers they represent to know color and to be able to combine it successfully. Whenever you are in doubt, consult your salesgirl. It will often save you errors in make-up and wasted make-up that you may not want to use because the tone on your skin is not what it appeared to be in the container.

AND in this same line of thought, one very popular brand of nail enamel is now going forth on the market with a little color chart on the package, showing you exactly the tone the polish will take on your nails. The bottle of enamel remover that is sold with it is twice the size of the polish bottle. You know how the remover always goes before the polish and you have to run out and replenish it to make a home manicure possible. This double size bottle will save both time and money.

I HAVE had many letters from readers recently asking me how movie stars hide their freckles. Both Joan Crawford and Kay Francis have freckles, our readers tell me, as indeed they have. How do they cover them? For pictures, of course the heavy screen make-up covers them. But here is a trick for almost every freckled girl, especially if her skin is not very light. Use a foundation cream sparingly, and over that apply a slightly

Timely Tips for Late Summer Loveliness

By Carolyn Van Wyck

darker powder than is generally used. This is Miss Francis' formula, and how it works! The freckles hardly peep through. And when you have added the touch of a vivid lipstick, no one will guess that you even know what a freckle is. The vivid color does a lot to detract from them.

When you are using this general scheme in make-up, apply little or no rouge. The even, warm-toned skin and bright lips are quite enough, although you need to do something

to accent the eyes, unless they are very large and colorful.

For this, we resort to a shadow. I think lipstick and shadow have done more to improve the face than any other cosmetic developments. Shadow will not only accent the color of the eyes, but it gives them a dewy freshness, depth and expressiveness that many eyes normally lack. There are a wide range of colors, but if you want a tip from one of Hollywood's best known make-up experts, the browns and blue-grays are the safest bets. These tones most nearly match natural shadows, are never too obvious, and have remarkable softening and beautifying possibilities. Use the tone that most nearly matches any natural shadow.

THERE are still many warm days ahead of us when the problem of looking and feeling fresh and sweet is indeed a big one. Offices, shopping, dancing, traveling, call upon the ingenuity of the smartest girl to offset that hot, fatigued, damp and disheartened look. Three timely suggestions are the abundant use of an Eau de Cologne or toilet water and clouds of dusting powder after the bath. This lowers body heat considerably and enables you to look, feel and smell alluringly sweet for hours after their use. The modern deodorant and non-perspirant compacts and sticks do wonders for complete immaculacy at all times.

They are so small and dainty that you may carry them in your purse, take but a moment to apply, and save your confidence and clothes under the most trying conditions.



GOOD atomizers have multi-uses, thinks Nell O'Day. Use them for perfume, toilet water, body, hair and face lotions

HARDLY anyone returns from vacation without hair and skin needing simple attentions to make them lovely again. We have worked out easy, inexpensive and effective treatments to make you your loveliest. There are also some grand new lipsticks you should know about. Please send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.



BROAD, flat waves and a Blow figure eight knot at the neck create this gracious coiffure worn by Gail Patrick. Earrings add chic



Jean Harlow
co-starring with
Clark Gable
in M-G-M's
"HOLD YOUR MAN"

Max Factor's Make-Up
Used Exclusively

Is Make-Up in Color Harmony Jean Harlow's Secret of Attraction?

Florence Vondelle Interviews
JEAN HARLOW

IN HOLLYWOOD, make-up plays an important part in the lives of the stars, and Jean Harlow is one who has captured its magic. Whether the occasion is a big scene in her picture "Hold Your Man," an evening at the Ambassador Cocoanut Grove, or a shopping tour, her make-up appears faultless, always. As we all know, color is the life and

appeal of beauty...and the accent of color by the art of make-up is the secret of emphasizing the attraction of beauty. "But color in make-up must mean color harmony," says Jean Harlow. "And, of course, Max Factor, who creates all the make-up used by stars and studios, has the perfect answer in powder, rouge and lipstick harmonized in color for each type."

★ YOU MAY NOW SHARE the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the stars of the screen by Hollywood's make-up genius. Featured by leading stores at nominal prices... Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar.

For your own individual color harmony make-up chart, fill in coupon carefully and mail to Max Factor, Hollywood.



© 1933 Max Factor



1. "To harmonize with my complexion colorings... platinum blonde hair, very fair skin and blue eyes... Max Factor's Flesh Powder is perfect. I pat it on generously, then remove surplus with the face powder brush. So soft and fine in texture, it blends naturally with the skin, creating a satin-smooth make-up that I know will cling for hours."



2. "Rouge should impart a lifelike, delicate flush of color, and I find Max Factor's Flame Rouge the correct color harmony for my type. Creamy-smooth in texture, it blends easily and clings perfectly. And here's a hint... pat it on lightly, then blend with the fingertips to gain an added softness and naturalness of coloring."



3. "Lip make-up is so important... it must be moisture-proof; it must be permanent in color; it must harmonize with your colorings and your powder and rouge. So I use Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick... Flame is my color harmony tone. I make up the upper lip first, press my lips together, then fill in the natural contour."

★ Mail for Color Harmony
Make-Up Chart ★

PURSE SIZE BOX OF
POWDER FREE

MAX FACTOR—Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California.
WITHOUT obligation, send my Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-pg. Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." I enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. Include Purse-Size Box of Powder, in my color harmony shade. Fill in the chart below with a ✓

1-9-69

NAME	COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
ADDRESS	Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDES
CITY	Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
STATE	Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTES
	Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
	Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTES
	Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
	Freckled ☐		REDHEADS
	Olive ☐		Light ☐ Dark ☐
	SKIN Dry ☐		If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
	Only ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP

Cosmetics of the Stars ★★HOLLYWOOD

Face Powder... Rouge... Lipstick... in Color Harmony

96% of All Make-Up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistic)

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

THIS is the story of a rat. The scene happened to be a close-up of a rat in a cage.

"I want him peering out of the cage with plenty of malice in his eyes," Cecil De Mille ordered. The camera was moved, the rat peering out with great interest.

"All right, turn them over," ordered De Mille and immediately the rat became bored with the whole business and decided that what he wanted was a good bath.

For thirty minutes, the rat calmly and deliberately bathed himself while De Mille fumed and raged and the overhead mounted.

AND there's that startling announcement sent out by a publicity department. It read, "She Had To Say Yes" coming to Broadway."

Well, if she'd stayed at home where she belonged she wouldn't find herself in such a predicament. Broadway always was a gay place.

"DESIGN For Living" has become desire for living, for young Fairbanks, Jr. After a gallant fight to quickly regain his health, he was notified by the Paramount Studios they could not possibly wait for him to bring his favorite author and friend's (Noel Coward) rôle to the screen.

So Doug proceeded to take things easily and rearrange his plans. As soon as he was



Keystone

Hollywood bound! After a long absence, Vilma Banky and her husband Rod La Rocque start back to the movie city to reclaim high places on the American screen. In Europe Rod and Vilma lent their talents respectively to the making of the foreign films, "S. O. S. Iceberg" and "The Rebel"



When most men smile, Nils frowns and his words of love are few. But many a well-bred lady—in a movie—has left her respectable husband for Nils Asther's fierce caress. A more romantically sinister person could not have been found to play the rôle of Geza in the "Storm At Daybreak"

strong enough he sailed to join his father in Switzerland.

October will find him back in Hollywood facing the cameras.

RICHARD ARLEN is leaving Paramount! After ten years on the same lot—a record in Hollywood—Dick's contract is up on the fifteenth of August, and he will not renew it?

Other plans are in the air—and what do you bet they concern the new Twentieth Century Company.

INTERESTING, the fact that Joan Crawford went to all the trouble to officially explain that Franchot Tone really was not with some other girl at his own birthday party; that she had been invited but, at the last moment, had to respond to a call to the studio.

"JUST to show you how utterly mad movies are," Helen Hayes laughed, "they spent hours designing a cloth coat for me in 'Another Language,' that would look like a raincoat.

"Naturally I was soaked through in twenty minutes and no one knew what to do.

"Finally I asked just why I couldn't wear a real raincoat and everyone was bowled over with the idea.

"They simply hadn't even thought of a real raincoat.

"So I'm wearing a real one now and keeping dry."

Incidentally, Helen is delighted with the chance to play in the movie "Another Lan-

guage" as she turned down the stage play and was sorry she had when it turned out to be such a hit.

MARIGEN ROGERS is pulling a Paulette Goddard—driving to her work as an extra in a \$15,000 automobile.

JIMMY DURANTE returned from his success in the "Strike Me Pink" girl show just in time to see the casting office interviewing two hundred scantily-clad girls for dancing parts.

"Boy, oh boy," cried Schnozzle, "What a lot of new faces in Hollywood this year!"

BUDDY ROGERS is the busiest man in Chicago—he broadcasts, leads his orchestra, and autographs, all at one and the same time. He has signed cards, albums, collars, hats, petticoats, everything the autograph-hunters present—by the million, it seems to him. The Indian group at the Fair has made him a member of its tribe—he was christened "Chief Silver-Note."

NOW that so much of her money is tied up in the oil ventures of her husband, Serge Mdivani, whom she sued for a divorce, Mary McCormic, grand opera singer, is turning to the movies.

She is going to play a rôle in Janet Gaynor's next picture. It seems Harry Lachman, the director, "Knew Mary when,"—they both were proteges of Mary Garden.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

Forget your Old Ideas of NAIL POLISH

... Glazo has 6 radical changes that almost force you to change your brand



25¢

50% LONGER WEAR

NEW LACQUERS OF RICHER LUSTRE

SIX PERFECT SHADES...AUTHENTIC COLOR CHART IN EACH POLISH PACKAGE

NEW METAL-SHAFT BRUSH...EXTRA-SIZE POLISH REMOVER

LARGER BOTTLES AND A NEW LOW PRICE...25¢

LET'S admit very frankly that Glazo has always been a high-priced polish... designed to appeal to the most fastidious women. And so great is its vogue that for many years it has far outsold any other polish of its price.

So it's sensational manicure news that the famous Glazo now costs even less than ordinary polishes.

But even more sensational — that Glazo presents new improvements beyond your fondest dreams of what a perfect polish should be.

A new-type lacquer, developed by Glazo, gives higher lustre... gives 50% longer wear.

Six color-perfect shades... to suit

your whims and your occasions. And the Authentic Glazo Color Chart on the package presents the one sure way to select the exact shades you wish.

The new metal-shaft brush... just can't come loose... allows shorter flattened bristles that make application far, far easier.

We have even put Glazo Polish Remover in an extra-size bottle... ample to last as long as your Polish.

The new Glazo, in its striking new package, will please you as no other polish can. Glazo Polish and the Polish Remover are now only 25c each... the twin kit, containing both the Polish and Remover, is but 40c.

The New Glazo Preparations

GLAZO LIQUID POLISH. Choice of six authentic shades. Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium, Crimson, Mandarin Red, and Colorless. 25c each.

GLAZO POLISH REMOVER. Easily removes even deepest shades of polish. Extra-size bottle, 25c.

GLAZO CUTICLE REMOVER. An improved liquid cuticle remover. Extra-size bottle, 25c.

GLAZO TWIN KIT. Contains both Liquid Polish and extra-size Polish Remover. Natural, Shell, Flame, 40c.

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GQ-93
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

I enclose 10c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check the shade of Polish preferred)...

☐ Natural ☐ Shell ☐ Flame ☐ Geranium

GLAZO The Smart MANICURE **25¢**

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

GARBO is slowly but surely shedding the chrysalis and coming right out in public. Her two close friends, Mercedes D'Acosta and Mrs. Viertel, are handling all her business affairs. She is no longer under the management of Harry Edington.

THE brother-sister fad continues in Hollywood. Joan Blondell's sister, Gloria, was screen-tested and signed by RKO-Radio, and Bill Cagney, brother of Jimmy, was also okayed for a contract by Radio.

CHARLIE RUGGLES tells about a friend of his, a theater owner, who wanted to order three "Mickey Mouse" comedies for his theater. After he got to the phone he couldn't decide whether to ask for three "Mickey Mouses" or three "Mickey Mice." He stumbled around over the order and finally ended up by shouting "Oh, rats!" and hung up.

A NICE little item for that new fall suit, girls, is the initial buckle Joan Crawford wears on the belt of her smart tweed coat in "Dancing Lady." It's made like the initial "J" and covered in leather to match the long, elbow-length leather gloves. And is it smart?

ROMANTIC rumors: Chevalier is being attentive to Jacqueline Francelle, the little French girl who came to Hollywood to play in the foreign versions of Maurice's films. . . . Joel McCrea has been going places with pretty Frances Dee. . . .

WEDDING bells have rung for:—Jim Tully and Myrtle Brady . . . Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard (still a ? mark) . . . Alexander P. Gray, Jr., and Peggy McCray, seventeen year old Oklahoma oil heiress.

FATE continues to kick George Raft's career around. Because Jack LaRue was too tall, George



"I'm the best little spooner in the whole wide world," Mae Busch boasts cooingly. And Joseph Cawthorn agrees with her heartily. Mae is dishing out for a scene in "A Divorce Courtship," a romantic head-liner comedy featuring Miss Busch teamed with Mr. Cawthorn

got his first important motion picture rôle—Paul Muni's lieutenant in "Scarface."

Because Clark Gable's legs have folded under him, George gets a rôle in "The Bowery" for which he seems to be letter-perfect.

In fact, George was the producer's first nomination for the part but Paramount would not let him go.

Gable was secured instead.

But, now Clark has gone to Alaska, hoping the sea voyage will afford some rest for his weary legs and Paramount has relented.

Raft can play the part.

THE four Marx Brothers were in a conference over their new picture, "Duck Soup," when the phone rang.

Groucho answered it.

"No," he said. "No!" Pause. "Positively not!" Pause. "No!" "No!" "No!" "No!" "No!" "No!" "No!"

He hung up.

"That was Cecil B. De Mille," he explained.

BECAUSE he nonchalantly flew across the United States in an airplane, Bruce Cabot gets a new contract at RKO-Radio.

RKO executives were aghast. The production was not half finished! Suppose their young leading man had gone into a tail spin or something!

Digging Cabot's contract out of the files, they promptly had it rewritten so that now he may fly only in airplanes of established air lines and then only between pictures.

As a further precaution, the company lawyers inserted a clause prohibiting Cabot from driving his automobile faster than legal limits.

And, when he is walking in traffic he may cross street intersections only when the signals say "go."

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Chopsticks is the only piece Jack Woody, Jr. can play so far, and his mother, Helen Twelvetees, has to hold his hand. Charles Wesley Ruggles, from a Helen Morgan vantage point, is noisily critical. And baby Richard Ralston Arlen, it seems, can sleep through most anything

"If our weight goes up . . . our salary comes down"

say CAROLE LOMBARD *and* GENE RAYMOND



Stars of Columbia's new picture, "Brief Moment," are shown enjoying the "Hollywood Lunch" between scenes. They are Carole Lombard (above) and Gene Raymond (below).



Keep fit with the "Hollywood Lunch" . . . a sandwich . . . and a glass of Borden's Richer Malted Milk

EVERYONE takes pride in keeping slim and trim . . . but screen celebrities have an *extra* reason. They fight excess fat because movie contracts set a limit to the pounds a star can gain.

So Hollywood favorites have become experts at selecting foods that build energy—provide nourishment—without increasing that *vital* waistline.

No heavy lunches!

And when lunch time rolls around, very few stars eat heavy, fattening lunches. They need energy—of course—and many of them get it in a light, nourishing lunch—the "Hollywood Lunch."

For example, here are Carole Lombard and Gene Raymond getting the energy they need, without fear of fat

—enjoying the "Hollywood Lunch"—a sandwich and a glass of malted milk!

Get the "Hollywood Lunch" habit!

If you want to keep fit—forget the heavy lunches. Instead, order a sandwich and the grandest, creamiest malted milk you ever tasted—Borden's Malted Milk!

Borden's is better!

Borden's is a finer malted milk. Richer in energy-building nourishment. Richer in vitamins A, B, and G. And every attendant serving Borden's is trained to mix the *best* malted milk!

Make tomorrow's lunch a "Hollywood Lunch!" And don't forget—for home use, Borden's Malted Milk also comes in handy glass jars.



Go to the fountain that displays the Borden diamond

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

THEY were raving about the splendid work of Baby LeRoy in "A Bedtime Story." "He was so cross one afternoon we had to use a stand-in," the director said. "But most of the time he was as good as gold."

"I see," said the listener, "just another man off the gold standard."

FRANCIS LEDERER, who kisses the hands of stars and script clerks with the same degree of grace at RKO-Radio studios, had just finished bowing over the hand of a stenographer when a friend said:

"We had another hand-kisser on this lot, Francis. He was Ivan Lebedeff. But he did it with heel-clicking formality and the air of an aristocrat."

"But I," replied Lederer, "came from the poorest family in Czecho-Slovakia."

M-G-M is still searching (desperately) for a youngster to play Jimmy Durante when a baby.

Latest reports have it that they have hired the Richfield Scout car by the month, and subsidized six orphanages.

A SCENE in "Dancing Lady" was rehearsed over and over until everyone was weary.

Finally it was shot and then, horror of horrors, they discovered Joan Crawford had on her bedroom slippers with a traveling dress.

She'd simply forgotten she had them on. Nothing to it but it must be done all over.

And speaking of "Dancing Lady," Franchot Tone wears a beret in one scene. And do they razz him?

"All ready, 'Fran-sis,'" the director calls with the accent on the "sis" and Franchot takes it all in good fun, even though he does grow red behind the ears.

ANOTHER of those thoughtful little acts of Marie Dressler is being told.

Madge Evans and Marie were enacting a scene for "Dinner At Eight." The script called for a close-up of Marie. "Here, this won't do," she said. "This scene is as much Madge's as mine. Let's rearrange this bit of business so Madge can share the close-up, too." So they sat and waited while the director arranged the scene so Madge could share in the close-up.



They've been two-someing together for quite a time now and the romantic rumors continue while Anita Louise is working at one studio and Tom Brown works on "The Forgotten Boy" on another lot. But when the day's work is done—they're together again



Hi, there, Eddie! We see you're at it again, sleuthing around back stage and living up to your famous film reputation just a guy with a yen to know life. Here he is, that Edmund Lowe picture rowdy, hat tilted at exactly the right angle, playing Casey in "Her Bodyguard"

WHEN Alan Dinehart went to marry Mozelle Brittone he didn't take any chances that a former Follies girl, who is pouting, would interfere.

While guests assembled in the living room of the Dinehart home, Alan, Mozelle, the preacher and two or three others disappeared.

A few minutes later they reappeared, shouting: "Surprise! Surprise!"

They had slipped away and been married in the garden, they announced.

But the ceremony actually took place in a rear bedroom. It was the buffet luncheon that was held in the garden.

JUDITH ALLEN (formerly Mari Colman until the great C. B. operated on her name) moved from her apartment the other day—and moved in state. Nothing less than Gary Cooper's big black Lincoln sedan (bet you didn't know he had one) transported the lady's effects to her new establishment—and Gary's driver was also the moving man

THE Bing Crosbys have been so busy having their new baby they haven't even looked over the architect's plans for their new Toluca Lake house.

The other day a friend who had stopped in to look over the place, which is well under way, remarked to Dixie what a grand idea it was to have a diet kitchen upstairs next to the baby's nursery.

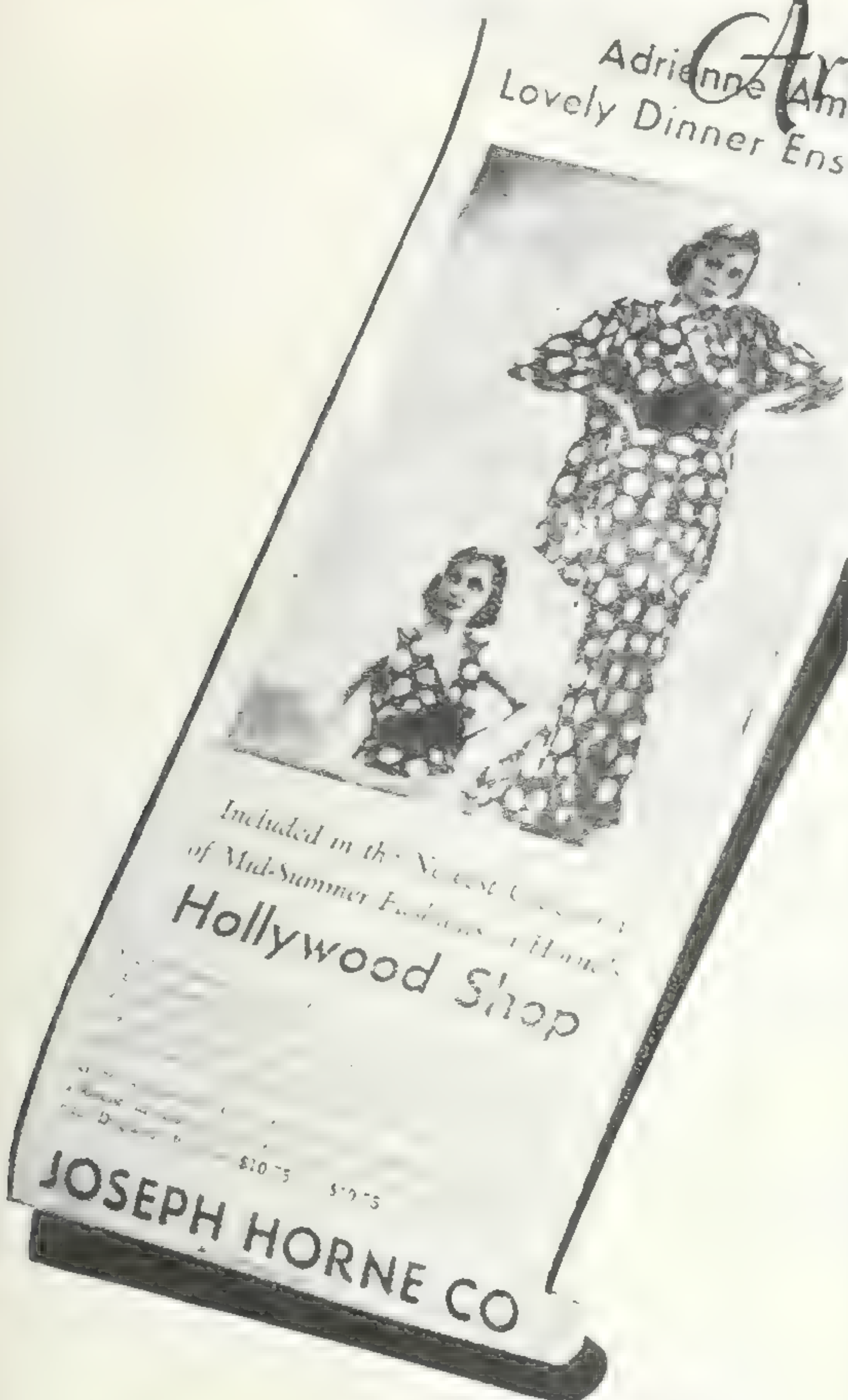
Imagine her astonishment when Dixie said, "Oh, is there one? That *will* be nice."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

In Pittsburgh . . . HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

Are Sold Exclusively by

Adrienne Ames' Lovely Dinner Ensemble



Joseph Horne Company

Look to stores famous for Fashion when you seek true reproductions of Hollywood costumes . . . exact copies of the smartest styles worn by the most fashionable stars (See Page 123) . . . "Hollywood Fashions" for September . . . selected by Seymour, stylist for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and illustrated and described in PHOTOPLAY'S fashion section (Pages 61-66) are on display in many principal cities.

YOU'LL BE THRILLED!

Claudette's Clever Frock in fine Bengo Crepe with Mousseline de Soie trim and matching fabric belt. Green; Brown; Red; Blue; Wood Smoke or Black. 11 to 17.

The secret's out! It's early fall in its smartest mode, and popular Claudette Colbert wears it in the new Paramount picture, "Three Cornered Moon!" You'll be thrilled with this unusual street costume of crepe and mousseline de soie; Claudette's frocks are always in such admirable fashion!



PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 North Michigan Avenue

Chicago, Illinois

In Association With WAKEFIELD & O'CONNOR, Inc.

If "Hollywood Fashions" are not sold in your community, send Photoplay Magazine your name and address and mention department store from which you buy ready-to-wear.





Why isn't this pretty girl dancing?

SHE'S pretty. She's a good dancer. She's lively company. She wears stunning clothes.

Yet there she is, alone. Why?

The answer is not hard to find. Because she does not understand that soap and water alone cannot protect her from the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration, she is cut off from so much pleasure.

What a pity it is! And so needless. For it's so easy to have complete protection, just by using Mum!

A light fingertipful of this snowy deodorant cream smoothed under each arm when you dress—and you're safe for the whole day or evening.

Mum is no trouble to use—takes only half a minute. And you can use it any time, even after you're dressed.

For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too—even a sensitive skin. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Another thing women use Mum for—to remove strong, stubborn odors, such as onion and fish, from their hands. Keep a jar in the kitchen for this.

Remember, Mum simply prevents the unpleasant odor of perspiration, and not the perspiration itself. Get the habit of using it daily. You can get Mum at any toilet counter, 35c and 60c. The Mum Mfg. Co., 75 West St., New York.



MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT
OF PERSPIRATION

ANOTHER WAY MUM SERVES WOMEN. Mum on sanitary napkins is a guarantee of freedom from odor. You need no longer worry about this old, old feminine problem.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

THANK goodness, Jackie Cooper is at last making a picture. Seems ages since we have seen him on the screen. He is playing Alice Brady's son in "The March of Time." And by the way, didn't you just love Alice in "When Ladies Meet"? Looks as if she will be with us for a while now, as M-G-M keeps thinking up parts for her to play.

AND we do hear that Garbo will have the most sumptuously gorgeous clothes of her entire career in the new "Queen Christina." One gown alone required a hundred yards of material, and ten women worked for eight weeks completing the seed-pearl embroidery on it.

WITH Clark Gable and Cary Grant laid up, the industry is seriously hampered. No decision has been made as to Joan Crawford's leading man for her next picture, "Dancing Lady." Bob Montgomery is in the midst of another opus, which eliminates him as a candidate.

FEVVEN'S sake—we've had "Shanghai Express," "Shanghai Bound," "Shanghai Document," "Shanghai Lady," "Shanghai Rose," "Shanghaied Love," and just plain "Shanghaied." That would seem to cover the subject—but Warners think not. Here they come with "Shanghai Orchid." What's the matter, boys? Can't you think of any other town in China?

YOU'VE heard of the tourist who came to Hollywood to witness one of its famous premiéres. He waited around for weeks but nothing happened. Finally, one night while driving around, he was attracted by search lights sweeping the skies and blue lamps throwing out a festive atmosphere. Stepping on the gas, he drove like mad to the spot. When he got there he discovered it was the home of Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay—"lit up"—for the evening.

JAMES CAGNEY is one actor who refuses to lend himself to any fake publicity. If the studio asks Mr. Cagney to pose for golf pictures, and Cagney doesn't play golf, it's no go. "It's a fake," Jimmy says, "and I don't do it." But, with anything that Jimmy honestly likes to do, or can do, he's the first to co-operate. There's no false veneer or small talk about Cagney. To every interviewer he'll truthfully unload his honest opinions. And, when it's over, he'll look up with a sheepish grin and remark:

"Guess I talked too much, didn't I?"

But, at least, it's honest talk, Jimmy.

WILLIAM GARGAN and Bruce Cabot engaged in a wild game of ping pong at a party one night and Bill lost a wad of money. "What's the matter, Bill?" someone asked him. "How come you lost?"

"Well, I don't understand that game so well," Gargan sighed. "I'm always pinging when I should be ponging."

BOB MONTGOMERY has gone Hollywood or something—you name it. He has a solid gold plate as big as a telephone book on the dashboard of his new chariot, with his full name, studio address and home address and telephone number inscribed thereon. Why Bob! Going Tom Mix on us?

THE four months old E. G. Robinson, Jr., is starting out right. Jack Dempsey has presented him with a tiny pair of autographed boxing gloves which his papa Robinson, Sr. is teaching him to use. And, so far he's been given two pipes.

RICHARD DIX makes the assertion that not one cent of his salary is spent for household expenses. His home, he insists, is self-supporting.

Proceeds from the sale of turkeys, ducks, chickens and eggs, produced on his ranch, pay all the bills, he says.

LARRY GRAY (remember him?) is back in town, now that musicals are in again, and up for several singing parts. His new heart is Pauline Sears, a Junior Leaguer. Larry is up to his old tricks again . . . he always gave the picture girls the go-by in favor of Sassiety, with a large S.

CLAUDIA MORGAN learned to smoke because Prince, her dog, loved to bark at cigarette smoke. A friend visited the Morgans some time ago and taught Prince to jump at the smoke rings. When she left, Prince was so disconsolate that Claudia learned to smoke for his benefit.

CORA SUE COLLINS takes a sun-bath every day on the roof of her apartment house.

"Do you wear a bathing suit, Cora Sue?" asked a friend.

"Bathing suit nothing!" scorned the five-year-old. "I wear a handkerchief!"

GARBO'S new dressing-room has a private stairway and separate gate. At one time it was occupied by Julia Faye, during the De Mille regime on the M-G-M lot. John Barrymore was the latest occupant, but graciously bowed out (at the request of the great Swede). Adrian, close friend of Garbo and designer of her clothes, has redecorated her suite. Dove grey and vermilion red are the colors selected by Adrian for the "resting" place of the elusive one!

IF your hair is golden, take a tip from Lilian Harvey who has started something brand-new in the way of corsages. Lilian appeared at the Cocoon Grove the other night in a simple white satin gown with a single, full blown yellow tulip at the high waist line. The effect was simply stunning, as the tulip blended in with her golden hair.

BETTER not speak to Charlie Chaplin's girl. He doesn't like it.

The other evening out at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby, Charlie was table-hopping all over the place, leaving Paulette Goddard alone most of the time. A news photographer who happened to be there shooting some pictures strolled over to Paulette's table just to ask if he could take a picture, and chatted for a moment . . . but only a moment. Charlie came flying back and put a stop to that in practically no time at all.

HAVE YOU BEEN ASLEEP

about lingerie soaps?



Something happened not long ago in the soap world. Did you sleep through it? Or have you been awake—one of the early ones to find out about the new, improved kind of soap for fine fabrics, **IVORY SNOW**?

IVORY SNOW is entirely different from old-fashioned hard, flat flakes. It is not flaked at all, but **BLOWN**. Its tiny, suds-rich *round* bits dissolve the way snow melts—quick as a wink, completely, and in **LUKEWARM WATER**!

No wonder Ivory Snow is kinder to silks and wools . . . saves colors . . . and is ideal for all the new quilted, crinkly and satiny weaves! There are *four* good reasons . . .

1. No danger of too-hot suds—because you don't need hot water at all to dissolve Ivory Snow.

2. No danger of soap spots—because Ivory Snow has no flat pieces to cling flat to fabrics and fail to rinse out. It dissolves *completely*.

3. No excuse for rubbing—(which is ruination to wools, rayons and satins!)—because Ivory Snow's rich suds gently coax out dirt and leave no soap spots to be rubbed out.

4. No harshness—because Ivory Snow is **PURE**. It is made from pure Ivory Soap, which doctors approve even for wee babies' tender skins.

You couldn't be kinder to your hands than to use Ivory Snow for dishes, too. Extravagant?—**NO!** A **BIG** package costs only 15¢.

Enough Ivory Snow in this big 15¢ package to wash your silk stockings and underwear **SAFELY** every day for more than a month!

99 4/100 % **PURE**

How a bride learned the secret of lovely hands



Her hands were softly young, white as lilies, on the day of her wedding. "How endearingly fragile and feminine they are," her proud husband thought. But soon those lovely hands . . .



. . . plunged into dishwater every day. They aged years—their rough redness embarrassed her so. "I hate to go anywhere," she said—"these hands make me look too horribly like a drudge." It was a beauty expert who . . .



. . . told her, "Gentle, soothing Lux in the dishpan will improve your hands in no time." Now she keeps her hands lovely in spite of dishwashing three times a day. Lux doesn't harm the beauty oils of the skin as harsh soaps do. Thanks to Lux, her hands are exquisite as a bride's!



for Dishes
costs less than
1¢ a day

THE other night half a dozen pals insisted that Herbert Mundin, English screen comic, be their guest at a restaurant. They insisted on pinning a large card with the word "Guest" printed on it, upon his coat lapel.

Then, one by one the hosts excused themselves, until Mundin was left. A waiter presented the bill for ten dollars.

"But I'm a guest," Mundin protested, pointing to his card.

"Sure, I know," the waiter humored him. "They told me the gent with the card was giving the party."

Mundin sadly dug out his wallet and came through.

PRETTY accurate sign of better times, when a star throws a big party on the set.

When Helen Vinson finished in "Midnight Club" with George Raft, she tossed a big beer-and-pretzel party for the cast and entire crew. Just like the old days.

ROD LaROCQUE is on his way back to Hollywood, after thirteen months in the frozen wastes of Greenland making "S. O. S. Iceberg." His wife Vilma Banky is returning with him.

THAT Eddie Sutherland-Audrey Henderson marriage, which started to cool some months ago with Eddie's long stay in New York, seems to have reached the point where the chains will fall right off.

Audrey is off to Honolulu for a protracted visit, and that seems to be that.

LORENA LAYSON, one of the youngest and prettiest of the thirteen Warner Junior Starlets, was selected by Al Green to play a sixty year old maiden aunt of Genevieve Tobin in "Red Meat."

Maybe you can think of an answer to that.

HOLLYWOOD is chuckling over the telegram received in Hollywood from the mother of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

"The autograph fans simply walked away from Will Rogers and Lee Tracy, leaving them flat," she wired. "Douglas is the only one they want."

Well, never mind Lee. Don't feel too badly about it. Hollywood still loves you and Willie. Come home and weep on our shoulders.

JACK OAKIE has a new one. Seems there was a gag campaign to "Keep Poison Oakie Out of Toluca Lake."

So Oakie happened to go swimming out there the other day, and now he says he wants a new campaign to read, "Keep Toluca Lake Out of Jack Oakie."

JUNE KNIGHT is playing in Universal's next, a big musical extravaganza . . . and June wears so little that she says her name ought to be changed from June Knight to September Morn. . . .

INTERESTING to note that Loretta Young's mother, Mrs. Belzer, always calls her daughter "Gretchen"—which is her real name. Also that Loretta, who has been in pictures so long she seems a lot older, had to go to court to have her new contract with Twentieth Century Films validated—she won't be twenty-one until January sixth.

IN Jimmie Dunn's last picture, "Hold Me Tight," a crowd of extras were working and Jimmie noticed that one of them started to leave, telling a friend that he was too ill to stick it out, though he needed the pay-check badly.

Jimmie sent the boy to his dressing-room and told him to rest, while he got into the overcoat and cap the boy was wearing and took his place in the crowd.

The director didn't notice Jimmie in the extra ranks until he saw him taking his overcoat off and the audience probably won't notice him at all, but the extra will never forget him, or the kindness that prompted Jimmie to do this for him.

LATEST chapter in the "Life and Loves of Estelle."

She and Rowland Brown, the bulky writer and director, are seen together constantly.

And this, confides Miss Taylor, is the first real romance that has come to her since the divorce from Jack Dempsey.

ZASU PITTS is *not* going to get married. She vociferously denies her rumored engagement. Says "romance hits but once"—and she had hers. ZaSu is taking her first vacation in years—out on a boat cruising around Santa Cruz.

No one in town has more right to a vacation than ZaSu, who worked in thirty-five pictures last year.

BABY LEROY is now three months older than when he worked in "A Bedtime Story," but he has lost none of his baby cuteness. The day after his new contract was signed, photographers went to his home to make photographs—and immediately feared that M'sieu Babee had developed temperament when they were declined admission. . . . Then it developed that LeRoy had the measles. When the seige was over, he visited the studio, looking like a miniature Dietrich—in dark glasses and a pair of pants!

MAE WEST is keeping up with her literary work between scenes. It is going to be a book, we hear, entitled "How to Misbehave." The finer points analyzed, no doubt, until all the old misbehavers will be revealed as mere rank amateurs.

UNA MERKEL complains that she cannot hold her man. An admiring follower wrote to her and told of his extensive study of a correspondence school course on "How To Be A Great Detective" in the usual ten easy lessons. He vowed protection to Una for the rest of her life.

The following week a letter came retracting the promise.

He had shot himself in the arm practicing the first lesson.

ADVICE to ambitious starlets—Gloria Stuart states that she is awfully glad she married before she was a screen star, and that marriage has been her salvation. . . . So it has for a lot of other picture ladies, only very few of them admit it.

FLORENCE DESMOND, who has amused all London by impersonating American film favorites behind their backs, is now imitating them to their faces. Come to Hollywood, Miss Desmond has been cast in "There's Always Tomorrow" and will have a chance to do her choice impersonations of Janet Gaynor and Greta Garbo in that picture.

DID you know by any chance that:

George Raft was a professional baseball player in the Eastern league for a year?

And became a bantam weight boxer at the age of 16?

Mae West looks smaller off the screen than on? Weighs 119 pounds and is proud of her figure? And writes all her own scripts?

Charlie Ruggles likes to buy things in a drug store because he used to work in one?

Fredric March's favorite dessert is deep dish apple pie?

Sylvia Sidney hates bread and butter because in boarding school the teacher forced her to eat it? And piled up on her plate all the bread and butter she left from the meals before? And that she has the smallest waist in Hollywood? It's 21½ inches.

Maurice Chevalier has never seen a baseball game and doesn't care for football?

A CERTAIN interviewer had looked forward for weeks to his interview with the glamorous Peggy Hopkins Joyce. He was all ready and primed for the glorious Peggy and then the day arrived. And Peggy, the enchanting, spent the entire time talking about her "tummy ache."

How easily glamour is shattered!

ONE of the most expensive items in filming Janet Gaynor's "Paddy, the Next Best Thing" is fish. The company built the Irish lighthouse set up the coast from San Francisco and forgot that the waters were filled with seals. When the filming took place, the inquisitive seals flopped right up barking and flapping in noisy applause. Studio engineers had to keep them lured away from the set by throwing tons of fish into nearby waters.

"DID you hear that Lionel Barrymore 'burp' in 'Rasputin'?" a friend said to another.

"Yep," the friend replied, "Lionel is rapidly becoming 'the burp of a nation.'"

HOLLYWOOD'S as bad as a college campus when it comes to nicknames. Sylvia Sidney answers to "Sinny" or "Brat." George Raft has been dubbed "Blacksnake." It has something to do with his eyes. Marie Dressler is called "Duchess," and Alison Skipworth is "Skippy." Jack Oakie's nickname is "Bucket." Jack named Bing Crosby "Spook," because he haunts the ether. Gracie Allen is called "Googy" by everybody but George Burns—and that's censored.

ANDY CLYDE ate so many doughnuts while making "Dora's Dunking Donuts" he had to go on a diet. In one scene he ate four. The scene was shot from four angles and retakes had to be made. Add 'em up yourself!

ZASU PITTS played in a recent comedy in which a forlorn bedraggled puss figured.

Well, Tabby appeared in an early sequence just as stringy and unhappy looking as the script demanded. But ZaSu felt so sorry for her sister-actress that she fed her and petted her and slicked her up so that on her next appearance near the end of the film about ten days later pussy was so smug and fat and sassy that she didn't live up to her part and her scenes had to be shot again with her stand-in taking the rôle.

Hollywood babes please note and stick to that diet.

DO YOU KNOW WHY
YOUR TEETH ARE NEVER
CLEAN? YOU NEVER
GET ALL THE
STAINS OFF



GIRL—You're very rude, toothbrush—telling me my teeth aren't clean.

TOOTHBRUSH—It's about time somebody told you. Those teeth of yours have lost you enough dates.

GIRL—Don't be common.

TOOTHBRUSH—Don't be childish! You do want to know why they aren't clean—don't you?

GIRL—Go ahead—be disagreeable.

TOOTHBRUSH—You'll thank me someday. Now answer me this—how would you get pie-juice off a pie-plate?

GIRL—I'd scour it off.

TOOTHBRUSH—Exactly! And how would you get gravy off a gravy-boat?

GIRL—I'd wash it off.

TOOTHBRUSH—That's TWO different cleansing actions. But the dental cream you're using has only one.

GIRL—What's that got to do with it?

TOOTHBRUSH—Good heavens, everything! The things you eat and drink put seven DIFFERENT kinds of stains on those lovely teeth of yours.

GIRL—Why doesn't my dentifrice get them all off?

TOOTHBRUSH—Because it has only one cleansing action—and all stains won't yield to any one action. It takes two! So your teeth get duller and duller. It's gradual discoloration.

GIRL—Can anything be done about it?

TOOTHBRUSH—Of course it can. Get Colgate's.

GIRL—Has Colgate's two cleansing actions?

TOOTHBRUSH—You bet it has. An emulsive action that dissolves some stains and washes them away—and a fine polishing action that gets rid of the rest of them.

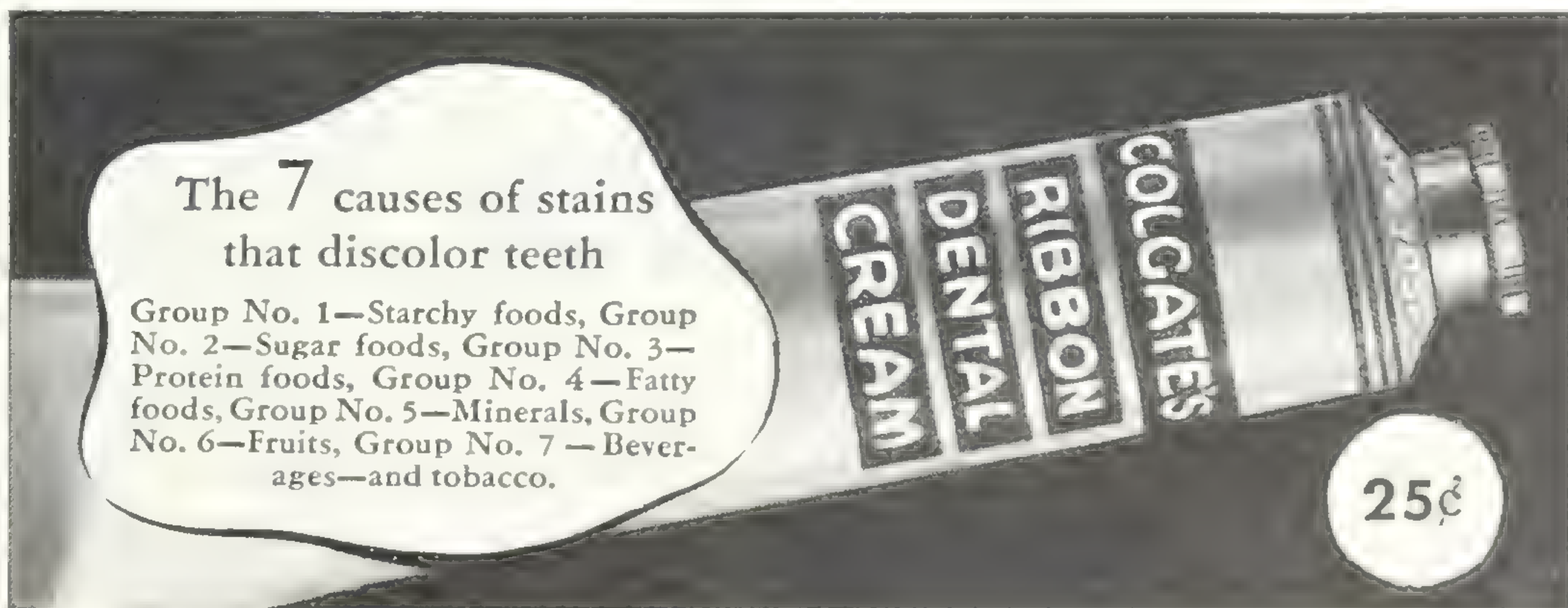
GIRL—Will I notice any difference if I use Colgate's regularly?

TOOTHBRUSH—Honestly, I think you'll discover a lustre and beauty you never knew your teeth had.

GIRL—That settles it! I'll buy a tube of Colgate's today.

The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth

Group No. 1—Starchy foods, Group No. 2—Sugar foods, Group No. 3—Protein foods, Group No. 4—Fatty foods, Group No. 5—Minerals, Group No. 6—Fruits, Group No. 7—Beverages—and tobacco.





Not until the night HER LIPS looked natural!

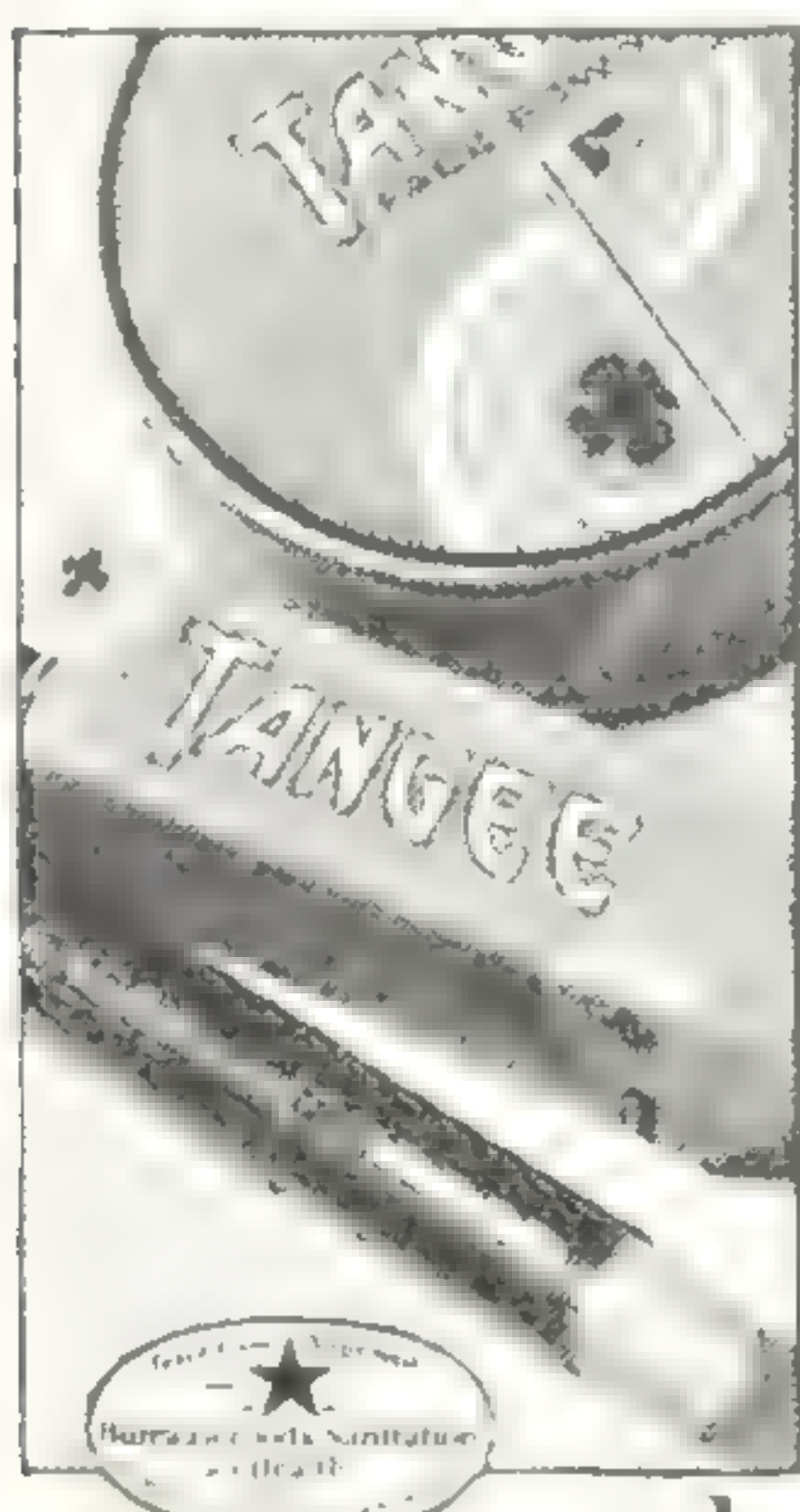
A SWEET GIRL, of course. He knew that. But he lost interest when he looked at her lips. *Unappealing, conspicuous with paint . . .* Then one night he couldn't resist. Her lips were so kissable, so naturally colorful! And she'll tell you herself . . . that was the night she tried her new lipstick, which colors the lips without painting them!

Easy To Have Alluring Lips

Use Tangee. You'll see your lips satin-smooth, alive with *natural* color . . . free forever of that painted look! Because Tangee isn't paint. It's a scientific formula made to match the natural color hidden in your own lips!

On your lips, Tangee changes to the one shade of rose best for your complexion. Sounds unbelievable. And yet you can see, it's *orange* in the stick and *rose* on your lips.

Tangee costs no more than ordinary lipsticks . . . and lasts longer. Ask for Tangee at your drug store or favorite cosmetic counter.



The New Tangee Powder Brings Soft Underglow

Try the *new* Tangee Face Powder, which produces a soft underglow that makes your skin look younger, fresher, more natural! Because Tangee Powder now contains the same magic color principle as Tangee Lipstick . . . therefore blends with your natural skin tones!

New!

SMALL SIZE 39¢
TANGEE LIPSTICK
Also in Theatrical—a deeper shade for professional use

TANGEE
World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ SPECIAL 10c OFFER! 19

The George W. Luft Co., Inc. (Enclose 10¢ stamps or coin)
417 Fifth Ave., New York
Rush Miracle Make-up Set containing miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge and Powder.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

JOAN CRAWFORD has one grand ideal. "When I get older, I want to be exactly like Louise Closser Hale," Joan says. "She's the grandest person I know."

Joan and Miss Hale became friends during the making of "Possessed," and Joan has found her famous quips and unfailing good humor a welcome relief to the blues.

Few movie devotees know Miss Hale is a brilliant writer, having many novels to her credit.

THERE is probably no young lady anywhere who is more rigidly chaperoned than little Jean Parker, in spite of the fact that she is a full-fledged picture actress. Jean is a protegee of Ida Koverman, secretary to Louis B. Mayer, who keeps a vigilant eye on her young hopeful. There is no doubt in the mind of anyone who has seen Jean's work on the screen that she has infinite promise. And Mrs. Koverman is sparing no expense or time in seeing that Jean will be excellently equipped for a starring career. Her education includes music (vocal and piano), drawing, dancing, gymnastics—and that means she has a lesson every day.

SYLVIA SIDNEY is practically the only star in Hollywood who has never gone in for pets. Sylvia has held out, resolutely, against being the slave of a puppy or even a pair of gold-fish.

One of Sylvia's admirers deplored this lack, and sent her a pair of love-birds. And now the laugh is on the sender, because the birds turned out to be sworn enemies.

They put in all their time quarreling noisily, so Sylvia has named them "Jiggs" and "Maggie."

DID you know . . .

Sylvia Sidney always wears an ancient Roman coin as a locket?

Fredric March was an extra or "supe" in the stage company "Deburau" when Lionel Atwill was the star?

Cary Grant is a professional trapeze artist and high stilt walker?

That Richard Dix refuses to make a picture unless Joe Herman, deaf and dumb boy, has a bit in it somewhere?

That Dolores Del Rio is taking swimming lessons from Johnny Weissmuller? And Hollywood hopes Lupe, who is anything but an intimate of the Mexican star, will never find out.

SUNSHINE means fun to a lot of kids but a cloudy day in Hollywood means a picnic to the orphans.

When a motion picture company is called on location and cloudy weather prevents them from going, the rather elaborate box lunches prepared for the trip are given to the orphans' home.

And you should see those kids fly to the windows each morning to watch for a cloud in the sky.

And, oh boy, when the sun fails to shine are they happy?

BUSTER CRABBE isn't afraid to get in a pool of alligators and he's willing to wrestle a caged panther, but he's scared to death of horses. When told that he had to ride a horse in "Man of the Forest," Buster objected. "Why, one of the nags might toss me right off and I'd break an arm or something. I'd rather stick to lions!"

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124]



No, this isn't a doctor listening to heart beats; it's Frances Dee giving William Gargan a little petting in "Headline Shooters." Dear, dear, the poor boy must have gone to sleep on her shoulder. Maybe it's been a hard day at the office



Ernest Bachrach

This is the "headlock" or catch-as-catch-can—quite a new technique in love-making, children. Well, if it isn't that, what would you call this new hold that William Powell tries in a scene with Ann Harding from "Double Harness"?

"I Know Women By Their Eyes"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

headed to make foolish mistakes, to act without thought.

"She is always actuated by what she earnestly believes to be the right course."

About the sparkling, mobile depths of Miriam Hopkins' eyes, De Mille says pithily: "These eyes express the effervescence and spontaneous exuberance of youth freed from the shackles of undue restraint and convention."

Alive with a hundred dancing flames, the blue-gray eyes of the li'l girl from "Gawgia" show the possibility of encompassing every known emotion. They usually belong to people whose moods are quick to come and go, and especially to those who can express their emotions easily. That may account for the power and the glory of Miriam's work in such diametrically opposite character studies as in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," in "Trouble in Paradise," in "The Story of Temple Drake."

AND what is your estimate of Claudette Colbert? Is she sweet, gentle, clinging? De Mille says: "Though she has always played parts of well-bred young ladies, her eyes said plainly that she could play the rôle of the wickedest woman in the world—*Poppaea*. There is fire, and scorn, and power in those eyes."

Certainly, no one could have been more convincingly the selfish, pleasure-loving and beautiful wife of *Nero* than nice Miss Colbert!

So, I say to perplexed males who run around in blind circles because of some capricious or vacillating woman: "Don't give up. Study her eyes!" For the eyes never fail to tell the story!

She Lived In A Glass Cage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

"In my cage I could not hear people talk, but I learned to read lips. Mashers came often and at first they embarrassed me. They made signs, most of which I was too young to understand. When *Queen of Sheba* explained them to me, I blushed and she laughed. She had been married twice, and was then a widow again. Thereafter, when men made their signs I smiled and pointed to *Queen of Sheba*.

"Lip reading was amusing but not altogether flattering. People said such things as 'I don't think she's so pretty,' or 'She looks like your cousin Penelope,' or 'Her mouth is too large.' Sometimes one would say to another, 'I wonder what she is sewing?' Whenever I read that question on lips, I lifted a pair of pink step-ins which I kept purposely near, and then I laughed at their blushes. Then their lips would frame the words, 'She is a brazen hussy.'

"I soon learned not to be uncomfortable when men stared at my unclad legs. I even managed not to blush when I lip-read their suggestive remarks to each other.

"I quickly learned to discern hen-pecked husbands by their furtive glances, bachelors by their open frankness and mashers by their meaningful winks. I had great fun flirting with hen-pecked husbands to make their wives jealous. One wife pinched her husband's ear and led him away.

"Perhaps I achieved greater amusement by watching the audiences than they got out of

Ask for the New Equalizer KOTEX

(Patent No. 1,863,333)

It gives you 20 to 30%
greater service in your
sanitary protection

NEWS! The Patented★ Equalizer...

It adds 20 to 30% greater protection. An intimate explanation of its function is given you on the direction sheet inside each package. Read it to learn how the Equalizer gives greater protection with less bulk. Learn how the cellulose keeps its downy softness.

Ends must be phantomized

Mere rounded ends are not enough. They must be flattened, embossed so that the phantom effect is certain. Kotex—and Kotex only—offers this special shaping.

And all the former advantages of Kotex are retained; softness, absorbency, disposability, phantomized ends, the fact that it can be worn on either side with equal protection—these are features you need and want. And you get them, in Kotex, today, at a lower price than ever before.

For extra safety

During certain hours—in some cases even for two days—extra precautions are necessary. At such times, use Kotex Super Size. Have a box of both on your shelf.

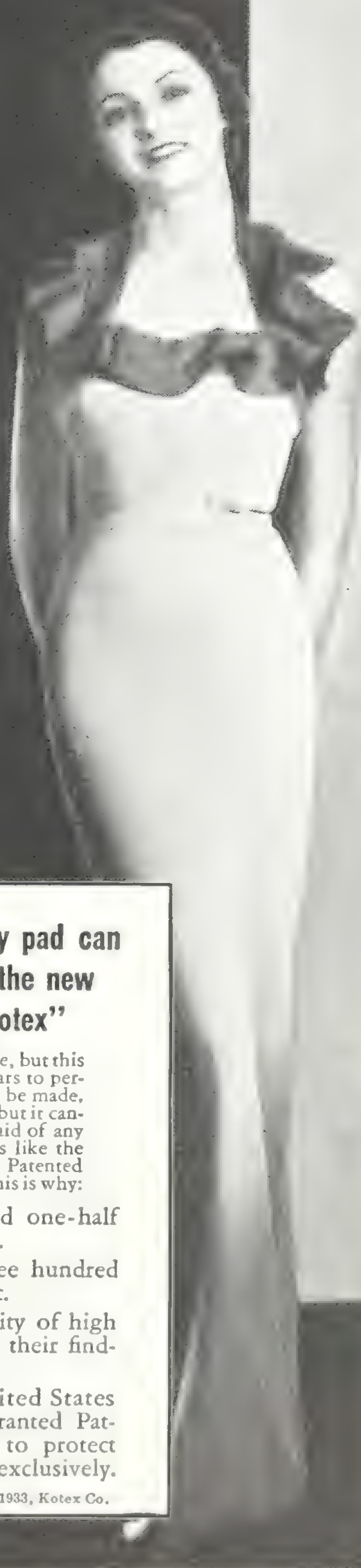
You will want to try the *Kotex narrow adjustable belt*... the final perfection in sanitary comfort. It was designed as carefully as Kotex, itself—with woman's health and comfort in mind.

Why no sanitary pad can be "just like the new Equalizer Kotex"

Yes, it looks simple, but this device took 2½ years to perfect. Imitations can be made, they will be made, but it cannot truthfully be said of any other pad that it is like the New Kotex with Patented Equalizer... and this is why:

- 1—it took two and one-half years to perfect.
- 2—a board of three hundred women tested it.
- 3—medical authority of high repute checked their findings.
- 4—★AND, the United States Government granted Patent No. 1,863,333 to protect it for use of Kotex, exclusively.

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kotex Co.



Guard your DRESSES Spare your FRIENDS

Perspiration can Cost
You Both



New dresses may be easy to buy, but new friends are hard to find. Even if you can afford to ruin good dresses with unsightly perspiration stains, don't risk offending your friends with perspiration's odors!

For underarm odor subtracts irreparably from your charm. And the dress that perspiration fades, is all too soon discarded.

Odorono Protects your Charm and Saves your Dresses

Perspiration is no problem, if you prevent it. This, Odorono—a doctor's prescription—does safely and surely. For underarm moisture *must be prevented* if you want to save both your dresses and your friends. With Odorono, perspiration and its odors will never disturb you.

Both Odorono Regular (ruby red) and Instant Odorono (colorless) now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator.

ODORONO
REGULAR



for use before retiring —gives 3 to 7 days' complete protection.

INSTANT
ODORONO

is for quick use—while dressing or at any time. 1 to 3 days' protection.

ODO·RO·NO

looking at me. Often I found myself wondering if caged monkeys do not laugh at human beings."

Miss Jordan decided that her lowly show-girl experience should not be in vain. She visited a London producer and pointed out to him the value of her publicity as Miss England. He gave her a job. This led to more important things, and she was invited to New York to take part in the stage play "Cynara."

Miriam was too beautiful to have escaped the attention of studio scouts. She soon left Broadway for Hollywood and is now under

long term contract to the Fox Film Company. Her latest picture is "I Loved You Wednesday."

But her name is no longer Miriam. It's been changed to Mimi.

In Hollywood she lives quietly in a modest apartment, and has a spaniel for companionship. She rides to and from work on street cars and doesn't own an automobile. But that's because she can't get used to the American fashion of right-hand traffic, and the only time she ever tried to drive a car in this country she tore the corner off a studio stage!

So Comes the End of the Rainbow Trail

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

reason with Mary—to make her see a great career was at stake.

There was much comment at the time that Mary's friends deeply resented Fairbanks' silence. They said he could have lied like a gentleman—he could have made vehement denials to protect Mary. He was silent. Mary was forced to carry the brunt of the whole thing.

FAIRBANKS obtained a divorce from his wife and settled half a million dollars on her. She then married a Pittsburgh broker named Evans. Most of her money was lost, through nobody's fault, as many a fortune has been, and she took her son, young Douglas, to Hollywood, and entered him in motion pictures.

Mary obtained a divorce from Owen Moore in Minden, Nevada. Moore happened to be there at the same time, so the divorce was granted without delay. The subject of collusion was brought up but later dismissed after a lot of publicity.

The marriage caused an estrangement between Mary and her mother that lasted for

some time. Mrs. Pickford was of the opinion that Doug had an eye on the future. Mary was a greater star than he—but little Mary was purely in love, and nothing else on earth mattered.

Mary consulted Doug about everything. He and his brother John Fairbanks, his business manager, were given the say-so of all her business affairs. She was never the independent business woman with her husband—always deferred to his judgment, consulted him, and abided by his decisions. And she worshipped him as if he were a god.

During their romance, Doug was intensely jealous of Mary. And strangely enough, most jealous of the man who later married her best friend.

MARY went down to San Diego where she was made honorary colonel of the 143rd Field Artillery. The chaplain of the regiment was a handsome young man named Fred Thomson.

One of the ceremonies was a football game between the 143rd and 144th regiments—and



"But I didn't come for the picture . . . just wanted to try your pool for fishing"

Fred Thomson had his leg broken in a scrimmage.

Mary and her mother went to the hospital to see him. When they returned to Hollywood, Mary sent many flowers to him. Doug was furious.

He did not understand the true situation. Mary was so happy herself that she wanted to see her best friend, Frances Marion, have a romance, too.

THE regiment came to Hollywood the following Memorial Day to parade. Mary led the procession in her little colonel's uniform. When it was over, she found Fred Thomson and introduced him to Frances Marion. They were immediately interested. When Thomson went away to war, it was with Mary's assistance and intervention in important channels, that Frances landed an important job in the A. E. F.—and was the first American woman who went into Germany during the war.

The friendship of Frances Marion and Mary has been more closely knit since those days when both were in love and making sacrifices, helping each other, to be near the men they loved. For although Frances feared Mary was endangering her career, she wanted most of all to see her happy.

Frances Marion wrote the stories for fourteen of Mary's pictures in succession.

Mary Pickford dared more than any of us will ever realize—her pinnacle in the hearts of America was imperiled—her career, the love of tried and true friends—even her mother—to be with and marry the man she loved.

She has valiantly faced the curious world these many months—curious about Doug's prolonged absences abroad. Curious because she was not with him. And no one ever heard a murmur of protest or excuse from her.

But the breaking point came—and Mary was forced to reveal her broken heart and broken home.

Mary Pickford is indeed the poor little rich girl in real life, for she has fame and millions—but with that wealth she is lonely. That was why she adopted Lottie's baby. That is why gossip may link her name with that of Buddy Rogers who has been a consoling friend during her darkest hours and who knows himself how it feels when one's world comes tumbling down around him.

But no sorrow has ever made Mary quit, and she will not, according to her intimates, give up her career now.

Instead, they declare, she is much more apt to plunge anew into production activities, to hide the ache in her heart in work as she has always done.

Heart Throb

To the average person motion pictures are an escape from the sordid and every-day happenings of life. To me they not only provide an escape from life, but they give life.

An accident in childhood left me in such a scarred condition that adventure and romance have passed me by. By going to picture shows and living through the scenes with the heroine, imagining myself in her place, I get a chance at living that life in reality and fate have denied me.

I am sure that there are thousands in the world who are in my condition and in their behalf I wish also to say, "Thank you, motion picture industry."

Dorothy Hardy,
Birmingham, Ala.



The one soap

whose color is your promise
of skin loveliness

for it's olive oil that makes Palmolive green

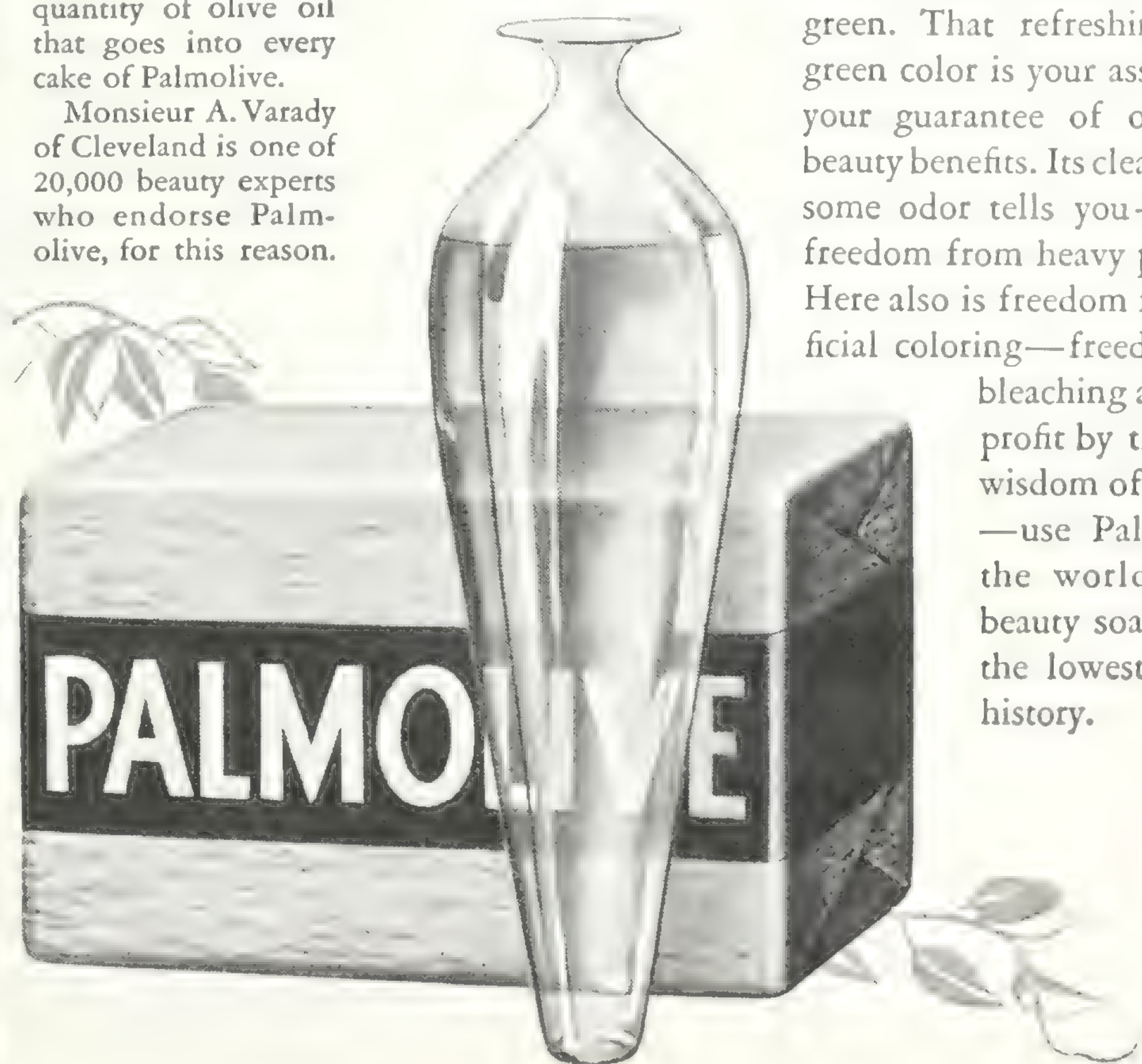
Olive Oil is the reason

Faithfully shown by the size of this container is the abundant quantity of olive oil that goes into every cake of Palmolive.

Monsieur A. Varady of Cleveland is one of 20,000 beauty experts who endorse Palmolive, for this reason.

THE greatest boon to beauty throughout the ages . . . Olive Oil—the one priceless standby of beauty specialists everywhere! Never has its equal been found—to care for and keep the lovely, delicate texture of soft, smooth skin. And *there's* your reason for Palmolive's worldwide success.

Olive oil makes Palmolive green. That refreshing olive-green color is your assurance—your guarantee of olive oil's beauty benefits. Its clean, wholesome odor tells you—here is freedom from heavy perfumes. Here also is freedom from artificial coloring—freedom from bleaching agents. So profit by the beauty wisdom of centuries—use Palmolive—the world's finest beauty soap now at the lowest price in history.





*It's fun to
be 40—
but not with gray hair!*

A grand time of life—forty! Professor Pitkin's book says life begins at that magnificent age. [Doubly magnificent, may we add, for those who keep the secret to themselves.]

No tell-tale gray hairs, mind! They have a way of spoiling all the fun. And there's no need to stand for them today. Inecto Rapid Notox recolors gray hair so beautifully, so naturally that even your best friend would never suspect it.

You see, Notox is a new, scientific way. It doesn't paint the outside of your hair as old-fashioned methods do [that's what gives hair that dull artificial look.] Instead Notox colors the hair inside the shaft—just where nature does. It leaves your hair enchantingly shiny—enticingly soft to the touch. What's more, Notox keeps its natural, even shade as perfectly as natural color. Sun it, wash it, wave it all you like!

Remember, Notox shades match even the most difficult hair colors, from palest gold to deepest black. So don't lose a single precious day. Hurry to your hairdresser—and insist on Inecto Rapid Notox. Resent a substitute. No product like Notox exists. Buy Notox at any smart shop.

● SEND FOR FREE COPY of that fascinating booklet, "Heartbreak Age." Learn how to avoid that most unhappy time. We will give you, too, the address of a convenient shop featuring Notox. Write Sales Affiliates, Dept. 64, Inecto, Inc., 33 West 46th Street, New York City.

Inecto Rapid
NOTOX

Colors hair inside where nature does

The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

THE HEADLINE SHOOTER— RKO-Radio

AT last, the newsreel boys come in for their share of glory. William Gargan, a newsreel reporter who bravely faces death to get his pictures, falls in love with Frances Dee, a newspaper columnist. Rescuing her from kidnappers, he wins her heart and the two go merrily on chasing scoops. Brand-new idea and packed with interest. Ralph Bellamy, Wallace Ford and Jack LaRue are splendid.

THE WOMAN I STOLE—Columbia

JACK HOLT, hard-boiled central figure of the Hergesheimer novel "Tampico," wants wife Fay Wray of the local manager, Don Cook. Suits Fay; but she can't understand that when bandit chief Noah Beery starts cutting up, women must stand aside while henchmen stand together to save the oil! Done in Algerian instead of Mexican locale. Pleasing, though somewhat slow.

CAPTURED!—Warners

THREE simply grand performances by Leslie Howard, Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Paul Lukas, as fellow prisoners and commandant, respectively in a German prison camp. For the rest it's hard to believe, what with the lovely wife of one prisoner being the mistress of the other, the escape returned by his own nation, the wholesale escape in the stolen squadron of bombers, and so on. Both the love interest and that pseudo-Cockney comedy get nowhere.

DON'T BET ON LOVE—Universal

A MILD little opus about a lad who can't stay away from the hosses, and a girl he can't have until he does. Lew Ayres works in his dad's plumbing shop, but his heart isn't in it. Figures out winning race combinations, decides he can't lose—and doesn't, for a while. Almost loses Ginger Rogers when she discovers they plan a honeymoon in Saratoga, because it's a race town. However, all comes out right in the end.

MAN OF THE FOREST—Paramount

THE usual Zane Grey type of Western, done with less than average audience appeal, even for open space addicts. This time the plot concerns the efforts of Noah Beery, as the very heavy villain, to cop the water rights and the girl (Verna Hillie) from heroish Randolph Scott. Randy's pet mountain lion is extremely active, and it's all pretty much mixed up.

ANN CARVER'S PROFESSION— Columbia

FAY WRAY takes off time enough from apes, octopi, and such-like, to do a pleasing, modern Portia, with Gene Raymond as chief aid and abettor. It seems they're married, in love, but while Gene gets nowhere as an architect, Fay is a wow in the law courts. So disgruntled Gene sells his talents for big money as a night-club crooner, there's a bust-up in the family, a murder scandal—and Fay defends Gene. Excellently performed.

IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE—Fox

BUT it isn't, really, for even the nuttiest squirrels will take to the tallest timber at this one. Sheerest nonsense without the sparkle necessary to animate it. Story? Well, only one man is left alive in a world of women,

and he has to be Raul Roulien, the new South American importation who is much too much for any camera. Herbert Mundin and Edna May Oliver are grand.

DISGRACED—Paramount

NOT a new idea in a carload of this type of picture. Little mannikin Helen Twelvetrees falls for rich scamp Bruce Cabot, who promises marriage, only to wed society girl Adrienne Ames. Of course Helen's papa, William Harrigan, a stern police officer, shoots Bruce, and Helen tries to take the blame, only to be tricked into confessing. Ken Murray, as the nice boy friend, is good.

DANGEROUS CROSSROADS— Columbia

THE high spot of this one is when the old engineer (Chic Sale), who is about to be relieved of his throttle forever, opens it wide to chase crooks in a high-powered car. For the rest it's what the kids used to see Saturday afternoons done all at once as a feature. For confirmed hokesters and Chic Sale followers exclusively.

THE FIDDLIN' BUCKAROO—Universal

YOU can call all the shots in this Western—and not one of 'em hits Ken Maynard. But Ken always gets his man. Villainy is pushed over the cliff and virtue reigns triumphant. Ken, "the Fiddlin' Buckaroo," cleans up the bad, bad gang and saves the girl. His horse, Tarzan, steals the picture. All right for the kiddies, but mama and papa may be bored.

ARIZONA TO BROADWAY—Fox

PROPERLY cooked and seasoned, tripe is a delectable dish—if you like tripe. But this portion lacks certain fundamental elements; so a good cast, with Joan Bennett, Jimmie Dunn, Herbert Mundin, Sammy Cohen and Merna Kennedy, is squandered on an old "cheating the cheaters" chromo. You may get a laugh out of Sammy. Better luck next time, Jimmie and Joan!

DAS LOCKENDE ZIEL (THE GOLDEN GOAL)—Richard Tauber Tonfilm Prod.

A VILLAGE tenor (Richard Tauber) rises to Berlin opera fame and makes his debut in "Martha." There is a feeling of anxiety to hurry along the story so one may once again hear Tauber sing. Which, after all, is the main reason—and a good one—for seeing this film. Lucie Englisch plays the sweet-heart left behind. English captions.

POIL DE CAROTTE (THE RED HEAD) Pathe-Natan

THE tragic story of a lonely, misunderstood child who eventually attempts to hang himself in the barn. Robert Lynen, the nicknamed red head, gives an exquisite performance as the boy, and the picture is interspersed with fine characterizations and excellent photography. Dialogue in French with English titles.

THE SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM— Universal

A MYSTERY chamber has been sealed tight for twenty years and there the youngest of three suitors for Gloria Stuart's hand (William Janney) offers to stay over-

night to prove his bravery. He disappears. The next night the next suitor (Onslow Stevens) is shot to death. The third night the third suitor (Paul Lukas) clears up the mystery. Suspense well sustained.

THE LONE AVENGER—World Wide

KEN MAYNARD does his stuff when a bunch of Arizona bandits burglarize the local bank. That he wins the girl in the end, through the paying teller's window, is to be expected. But Ken shows a few more stunts with Tarzan, his horse pal, and the youngsters won't be disappointed.

THE RETURN OF CASEY JONES—Monogram

A BORING, disjointed story of railroad work in which the plot rambles around like eggs in a basket, and finally scrambles itself into what promises to be a wreck thrill. But the wreck doesn't materialize, due to the young engineer's courage in tightening an engine bolt.

"Smilin' Through" Wins!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

to honor such pictures as these! But none of these deserve the honor more than the newcomer in the list.

And PHOTOPLAY—acting on behalf of thousands of picture-goers throughout the land—salutes Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and all who had anything to do with giving us "Smilin' Through"—and takes great pleasure in hailing it as the chosen best picture of 1932!



Wallace Beery is a tough old sea captain in "Tugboat Annie" but he meets his match when he docks 'long side the queen of the water-front. No mistake was made when they co-starred Wallace with Marie Dressler in this brawly legend of the sea

PAY ME!
says Film
this tooth is my price

Your safety rests in how you remove that film

"MY dentist has told me *film* is a dangerous enemy of teeth—the chief cause of decay, part cause of many other dental ills. But, what is *film*? Is it on my teeth in spite of daily brushing?"

Yes, very probably, if you brush with ordinary methods. Film forms on all teeth—after every meal. Film is that slippery, sticky coating formed by the *mucin* in saliva.

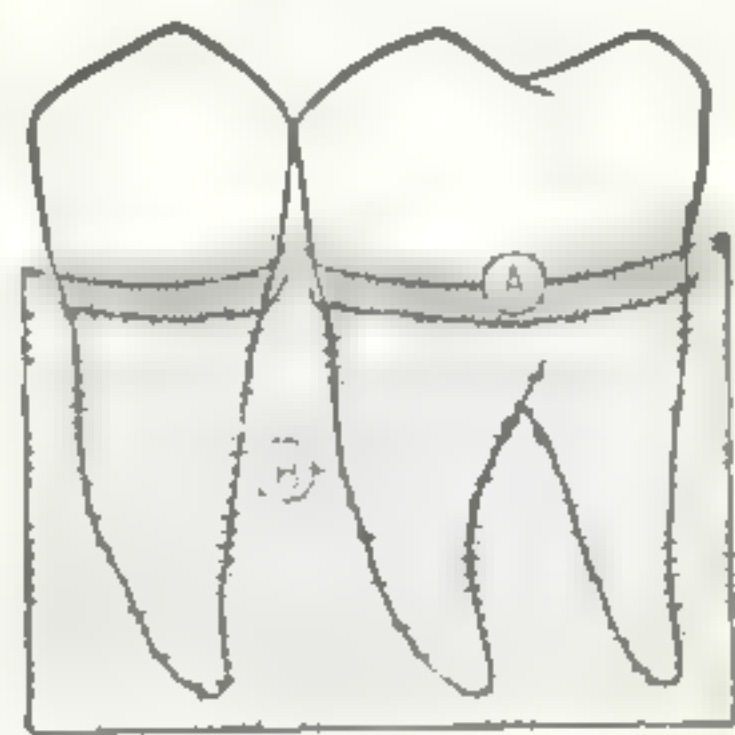
You can feel it with your tongue. It stains teeth yellow. It catches bits of food which soon decay. But that's not all! Film contains millions of tiny germs.

Some of these germs are rod-shaped, grouped in clusters. These are *decay* germs. As they live, they give off *enzymes* that produce lactic acid. This lactic acid dissolves tooth enamel just as other acids eat holes in cloth. Other germs are linked with "trench mouth"—others, still, with pyorrhea.

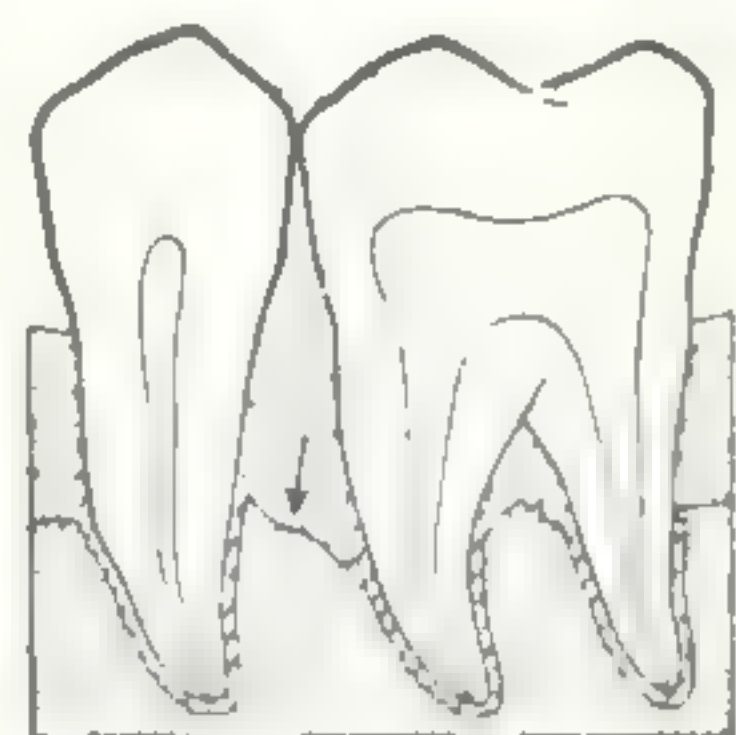
"What must I do to fight film?"

To fight film use Pepsodent instead of ordinary tooth pastes. Why? Because a tooth paste is only as good as its polishing material—not one bit better. The new polishing material in Pepsodent is one of the great discoveries of the day. Its power to remove every trace of film stain is revolutionary! It is twice as soft as polishing materials in common use. That means extra *safety*. The safe way to fight film is to use the special film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent.

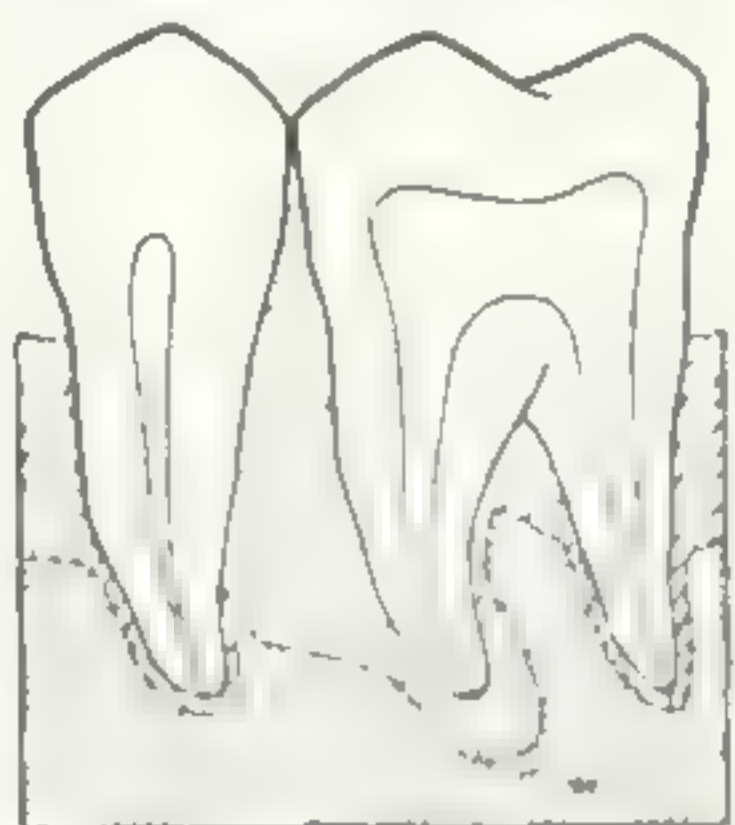
How *Film* leads to Pyorrhea!



1 A tooth on which film (A) has begun to form along the gum line. (B) is jawbone. Tooth firmly seated in socket.



2 The bacteria in film, and irritation from tartar have resulted in a "pyorrhea pocket." Bone has started to break down.



3 The pyorrhea pocket grows. Teeth are very loose.



4 Pyorrhea is spreading to other teeth. Teeth are lost.

Free—10-Day Supply

THE PEPSODENT CO.

Dept. 119, 919 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Pepsodent—is the special film-removing tooth paste



Sunday Morning Breakfast— Luncheon



'Round about eleven, any Sunday morning' you might find gathered in his sunny patio a little group eager for the tasty meal Andy Devine has planned for them. Simple dishes, but always there is that unusual touch. Strawberries, served English style, provide a most delicious forerunner to the main dish

ON Sunday morning at the hour your family or your guests have planned to assemble, why not surprise them with "Devine" scrambled eggs? Sounds simple enough, and so it is.

But Andy has a way with eggs. He uses baking powder and cooks them in a double boiler!

For half a dozen eggs, use one-half teaspoon of baking powder and one-quarter cupful of cream. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Beat well until they are thick and creamy, then turn into a double boiler in which a little butter has been melted. Have flame low, cook slowly, stir constantly. This eliminates that outside crust and raw-in-the-middle effect often encountered in this dish.

Ideal as a starter for the breakfast-luncheon are large, luscious strawberries served with stems on, placed in circle on a glass plate with mound of powdered sugar in center. A novel arrangement and certainly an aid in hurrying along the meal. For those who must have cream, serve very heavy whipping cream, unwhipped, in individual receptacles.

With the scrambled eggs, Andy serves little pig sausages, fried or grilled, and crisp bacon. Or perhaps you prefer it not so crisp, retaining more of the real bacon flavor. Before frying the bacon, dip each slice in sugar and sprinkle paprika over it. When treated in this way the bacon has to be turned constantly, as the sugar causes it to burn very easily.

If you are sure your guests like onions, you might try Andy's favorite egg dish. Chop or cut half a pound of bacon into small bits. Fry, and remove onto brown paper to drain. Chop an onion or two and fry in bacon fat. Drain off all excess fat, and

add eggs, well beaten and seasoned. Cook, stirring constantly. When done, stir in the bacon. Serve on toast spread with a little anchovy paste.

English crumpets, toasted and served very hot with lots of butter are very appropriate for just such a meal. If your baker does not have them, English muffins, split and toasted, will do quite as well.

And if, a day before your breakfast party, you have the time and the inclination, you might bake

VIRGINIA BEATEN BISCUIT

4 cups flour
1 teaspoon salt

1 tablespoon butter
 $\frac{1}{8}$ cup sweet milk

Sift together dry ingredients, work butter in thoroughly. Add milk, and knead to smooth dough. Turn onto board and beat with wooden mallet or potato masher until dough blisters. Then fold together and beat again. Repeat folding and beating until all dough is thoroughly beaten. Roll dough out to one-quarter inch thickness and cut biscuit. Bake in moderate oven fifteen or twenty minutes. It is really well worth a little time and effort to have this delectable addition to your meal.

There is always on the Devine breakfast table a cheese board containing Andy's favorite, Camembert, as well as a variety of others. Cheese on the biscuits or muffins provides a tasty snack. Some, however, prefer the usual—muffins with jelly or marmalade.

Without delicious, rich coffee, made in a glass dripper, no breakfast would be quite complete.

Mama Loves Papa—

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

with the breaking heart. Tragedy lurking gaunt and stark behind a grinning mask. At the thought, I gulped back a tear. He was obviously suffering, thanks to some thought I'd started—

"But that's not the only irony." He was pacing the softly carpeted floor of his luxurious hotel drawing-room. Overwrought, frustrated, driven by loneliness to this confession, he spoke rapidly, feverishly. "There's always the *other woman* in my pictures. Such luscious morsels of femininity as Lil Tashman, Kay Francis, Lili Damita. They make a man evermore desirous!"

"Well, those *other women* live in Hollywood the same as you do," I suggested encouragingly.

"**Q**UITE true, they do. But that only heightens the tragedy—turns the knife in the wound. Think of it—living in Hollywood, where pretty women grow in clusters like strawberries—no, that can't be right! Like (excuse me while I consult my farming manual)—ah, like gooseberries! Yes, that's it—gooseberries.

"But what happens when I think, 'Aha! Here at last! Here is one whom I shall win for my own!'

"I pay my addresses—make my court—and my lady giggles.

"I get more intense—for I can be very intense when I'm serious—and she laughs. 'Oh, Charlie, you're such a scream! Do go on—it's delicious!'

"Now, I ask you, how can a man keep his mind on making love when his girl gets a laughing jag?"

It certainly was a poser, that question—especially when backed with such a pathetic 'please help me' look from those round eyes—blue as the sea at Malibu—above that pert little mustache. Suddenly, it all seemed just too, too pathetic. When I thought of his tipsy scenes with Roland Young—and thought of his heart-break now—I could have wept like the walrus of "Alice-in-Wonderland."

Which reminded me that Charlie was scheduled to play the *Mad Hatter* in the forthcoming production of that picture. And this reminded me of another question I wanted to ask—

"Mr. Ruggles," I began—when the doorbell rang. He leaped to answer and ushered in—*another journalist*. A lady and a rival.

Like a flash all trace of suffering was erased from his smooth, sleekly-smiling face. That's that, I reflected grimly, drawing on my gloves. On the verge of another stark, uncensored revelation—and bingo, he changes his mood to suit the situation! Just my luck . . . I rose to go.

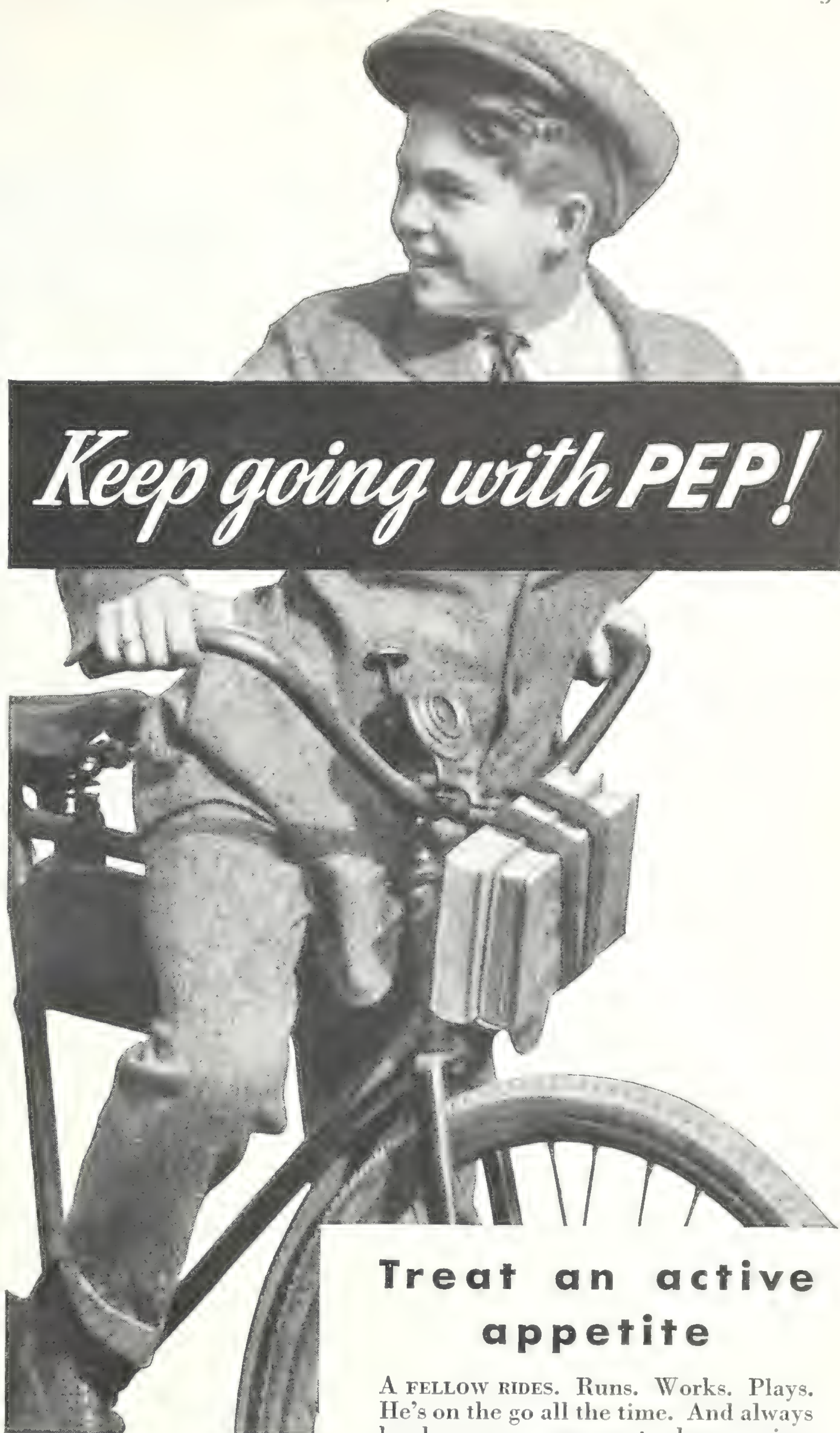
But something my rival was saying stayed my disappointed exit. "Do you like giblets in your gravy, Mr. Ruggles?" I heard her ask in a molasses-y voice.

For a fraction of a second he looked at her, as if he hadn't heard aright. Then his eyes grew dreamy again, like the Pacific at twilight. "The mood, the precious mood again!" I breathed exultantly to myself—and sat down once more.

"**G**IBLETS in my gravy," whispered Charlie, half to himself. In his voice was a soft caress. "That reminds me of my first love . . .

"We were having Thanksgiving dinner in a Chinese joint in Yackimaw, Washington. The dinner was terrible—but she was lovely. Oh, so lovely! She was a minister's daughter, and she said she loved me . . .

"You see, she had ambitions to become a second Amy MacPherson. I was doing one night vaudeville and one-horse stock stands at the time—and afterward I sometimes thought she might have wanted to learn the show business from me for her future calling. You know,



Treat an active appetite

A FELLOW RIDES. Runs. Works. Plays. He's on the go all the time. And always he has *more* energy to keep going. Kellogg's PEP is his dish.

Youngsters—and grown-ups too—enjoy PEP for its flavor. Each crunchy flake has the goodness of toasted wheat. Every bowlful—with milk or cream—adds health and energy.

Triple Value

1. Kellogg's PEP brings you the finest wheat flakes.
2. Plus *extra* bran—enough to be mildly laxative.
3. Economical—10 full ounces to the package.

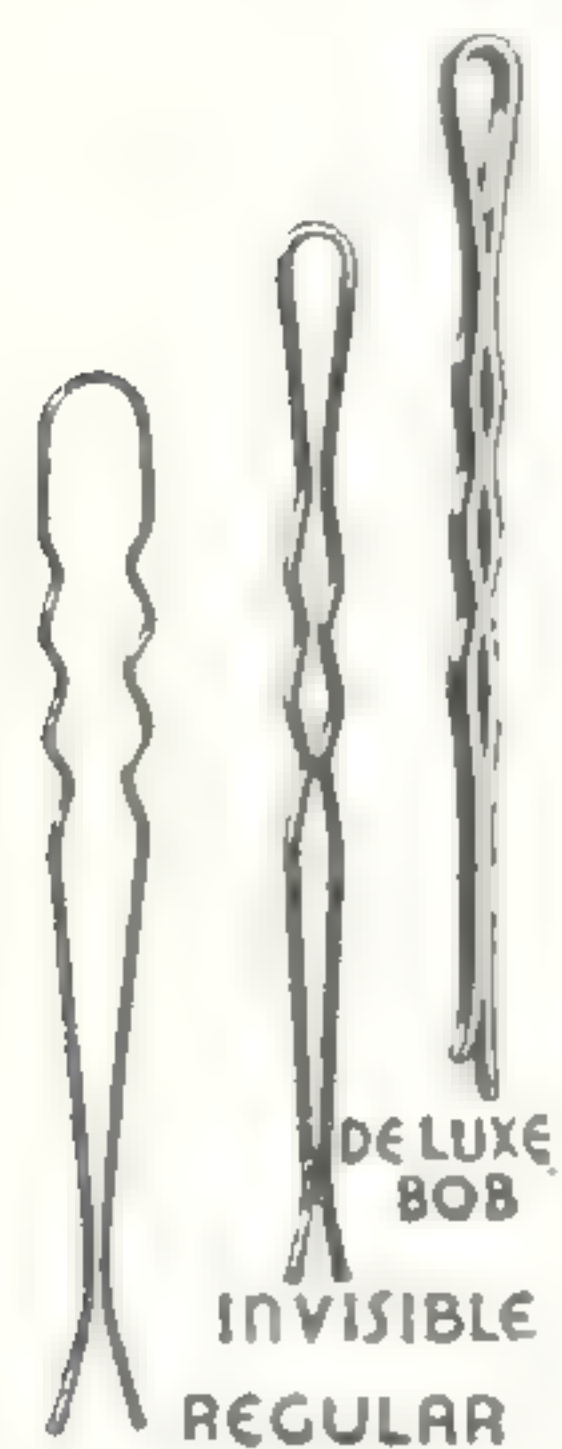
Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.





STA-RITE Wave Set-- STA-RITE Hair Pins --end hair dress problems

You'll be delighted with STA-RITE Wave Set. It's easy to use—dries quickly. Delicately fragrant, colorless and pure, it leaves your hair soft, lovely and "natural." Use it freely without fear of "wave set dandruff," it will not flake or scale. Obtainable in 15, 25 and 50 cent sizes.



New hair fashions require modern hair pins—common old fashioned pins just won't do. STA-RITE'S individualized selection offers you three styles, each created to meet a definite hair dressing need. Trust them to keep your wave in place just as you arrange it and comfort yourself with the knowledge that "Sta-Rites won't fall out." At all stores or send 25 cents for complete dressing table assortment. Please state color desired.

STA-RITE HAIR PIN CO., SHELBYVILLE, ILLINOIS
Sta-Rite Hair Pin Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Canada

STA-RITE

WAVE SET HAIR PINS



Immediate and positive germ protection. Odorless, stainless, greaseless. Requires no water or other accessories. Convenient form. Ask your druggist or send \$1 for a tube of twelve tablets mailed in plain wrapper. Money back if not satisfied.

FEMININE HYGIENE

American Drug & Chemical Co. PM-9-33
420 S. 6th St., Minneapolis, Minn.
I enclose \$1 for one dozen PAR-I-O-GEN tablets with instructions, in plain wrapper.

Name _____
Address _____

how to be dramatic and sway your audiences like a windstorm!

"But, alas, for such dreams! Romance faded when they brought on the dessert. Blueberry pie. Imagine blueberry pie on Thanksgiving. . .

"Quite properly, she gave it one withering look with those lustrous orbs and said, 'What, no pumpkin or mince? . . . Here, Charlie, you eat it. I can never manage blueberry pie. It always drips down my front!'

"Now wasn't that adorable of her?"

Once again he sighed heavily, immersed in his rich memories of the past.

"I ate her portion, too. Of course, it dripped down my front . . . And the sight of me, all blue-berryish, made her roll with laughter. 'Oh, you funny piggy-wiggy, booby Charlie!' she shrieked. 'You're such a comic relief!'

"After that," Charlie continued, "our show jumped to Butte, Montana. And my little evangelical baby jumped with it. . . . Maybe she really did love me. Will I ever know?"

"Our romance lasted four weeks to the day. They always do. I run on record schedule.

"Then she left me. . . . And it wasn't until two years ago that I heard she'd drifted back to Yackimaw, married a fat salesman, and presented him with four progeny."

SILENTLY, for a moment, he mourned the irrevocable past. Then, turning to me, he said daskly: "Look, you seem to be a smart girl. What's the meaning of this expression, 'comic relief'? That's what I'm always called. By the women whom I desire. By the studio directors who say they desire me. . . . 'Good old Charlie, he's such rare comic relief!' they shout.

"They put me in the picture—and then, when the picture's filmed, they send it to the cutting room and relieve it of its 'comic relief'. . . . So I've about come to the conclusion that this thing called 'comic relief' is what they get rid of when the scene is finished—when the fun's over. . . . Tell me," he was choking back the dry, rasping sobs, "am I right?"

I was too overcome to answer the poor fellow. Instead, I grabbed my gloves and purse, and fled.

"Don't Live With Your Mother-in-law"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

asked. "Don't you think much of the success of the plan might lie with her attitude also?"

"Yes, indeed. I had taken it for granted that the young wife would be so terribly in love with her husband she'd be willing to go more than half way to keep him happy in his mother's home. But, there again, that depends so much on the individual.

"YES, I think the fast disappearing, clinging-vine type of girl, the girl who's never had to think for herself or carve out her own destiny, might well live happily ever after with her mother-in-law. She may never really care about a home of her own if she's comfortable with her in-laws. For she would be the type to give in readily rather than stand on her own opinion about anything. She's probably a very comfortable sort of wife for a man to have around, but she's rarely interesting to him after marriage has become hum-drum.

"But don't misunderstand what I mean about depression wives. I know there have been many marriages during the past two years begun on this all-living-in-together arrangement. That's fine. It's far preferable to putting off the marriage for years. I think people should marry young and plan their lives together. It's so much more thrilling, and practical, too.

"To live with a mother-in-law for a year is

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(See page 53 for full particulars
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quite all right. But that, in my humble opinion, is about as long a time as any couple should figure on. After that, there's likely to be clashes, scenes which make the young husband very unhappy and bring about a tenseness which is about as devastating to love as anything I can think of."

I asked her if she thought a mother's jealousy was the most vital problem a young wife had to combat in this situation, and she thought about it a moment before answering.

"I honestly believe that outside of her natural impulse to rush to her son's defense rather than to his wife's when those little troubles arise, I believe mothers, as a rule, resent the young wife being able to do things which had been *her* privilege to do all her life for her son.

"Mothers are apt to think of their sons as quite perfect human beings. You know, 'Sonny can do no wrong' stuff. And his wife knows that isn't true. There is a sort of vanity mothers hold concerning their sons. This vanity is so easily wounded, so easily ruffled, that what seems to be merely a flip remark on the wife's part may be a tragic blow to his mother.

"Do you recall in 'The Silver Cord' when I said to his mother, 'The third time he asked me to marry him I refused him . . .?'"

THE director wanted Laura Hope Crews, the mother, to flare up, to get angry at Irene's words. But Irene and Miss Crews both knew a mother-in-law would be too shocked at the idea of any girl refusing *her* son to utter a sound. She would be simply knocked speechless. And when Miss Crews registered her complete soundless indignation at this point, it proved to be one of the most appreciable moments of the picture.

And that little scene, it seemed to me, most significantly summarizes the attitude of many a mother toward her in-laws, or prospective in-laws. Since her famous rôle as *Sabra* in "Cimarron," Irene Dunne has impressed the picture world with her remarkable versatility. And in private life, she is just as versatile.

She could roll up her sleeves and wash the dishes with as much ease as she could sit across a tea table and discuss Technocracy.

She could dig her pink fingers into the messy earth around summer garden vegetables, brush perspiring hair from her eyes and still look smart in any old tricky overalls. And then, again, she could put the Queen of Sheba to shame as she stood poised on a stairway, garbed in soft chiffons and furs, diamonds and doodads, ready to step gently down to greet the ritziest society in the world.

Poor "Maedchen"!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

But of course, he has his own career, managing a chain of publications, and so he can't. I know that all I have to do to see my mother is to write to her to come over—but she is getting old, now, and such a strange land might make her unhappy.

"My brother has just finished his studies to be an engineer, and now must work at his profession—so he cannot come. But," she finished, "of course, I can go to them—or I tell myself that I can. When, I don't know."

BRAVE little "Maedchen!" For all one's sorrow over her misery, it is heartening to see her brave, pathetically girlish attempts to carry herself through the crisis. From the start, she has tried to "fit in."

She took a little apartment, and hired an American woman to cook for her. Not a German cook, of whom there are legion in Hollywood, to try to furnish her with her accustomed

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But most of us, reveling in the full enjoyment of our faculties, are *not* taste-blind. We know the advantages of the tasty, tang-y flavor of College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail. Demand that product from the grocer man—the College Inn label is our promise of perfection, and your protection from tasteless, mediocre tomato juices.

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German dishes; she strove from the first to thrust all that aside.

She bought a little car, and learned to drive it. Two hours every day she gave over to her English teacher—she now speaks five languages—besides the innumerable hours she studied by herself.

She missed the gay crowds and the colorful cafés of her native land; more, much more, than she would at first admit. But she would not seek the imitation cafés here; instead, she went to the museums and art galleries, wandering around by herself.

"Every day," she says, "I sit down and write a letter to my husband, one to my mother, and another to my brother. For that time I am at home, back there with them, pouring out all the things I see and hear, all my thoughts, pouring out everything to them as I write. I fancy that they are here with me, and that I am talking with them."

Thus she battles—and thus, unless I am all wrong—she will win through, to the time when she is free to seek her beloved homeland again. But meantime, what a trial it is—and what a price it is to pay for devotion to her art!

It Wasn't the Baby's Fault!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

you want me to write anything about you, Slim, just don't bother to ask!" "Playing favorites, are you?"

Slim, in his fumbling, clumsy way, tried to explain to all of them that he had not wanted the story to get out, that he had tried his best to keep it from getting out, that he had not released it to anybody, and that the writer in question had got the story by breaking a promise.

"Well, now that it's out you'll give the rest of us the lowdown, won't you?" he was asked.

(Interest in stars adopting babies was running high, at the time, and every editor wanted a story.)

"We'll be right out with our cameramen," added the reporters. "You've got to give us the dope, now."

And Slim told them, quietly, "No."

IT took a lot of courage to say that "no." If writers get sore at a player, and refuse to mention him ever in print, it doesn't take the public long to forget him.

More than one star has been quietly shoved off the screen that way.

Slim knew quite well that he stood a chance to make an enemy of every writer in Hollywood, and he said "no" just the same, without a moment's hesitation.

"Please, fellows," he begged the reporters, "think of the kid. Give him a chance to grow up thinking Mrs. Summerville and I are his real mother and father. Why, it may break his heart, some day, if he finds out he isn't. Think of him!"

"Nuts!" said one reporter. "You're just trying to pull a Garbo, Slim. You think you'll get more publicity if you pretend you don't want any."

But Slim was *not* lying. He was not trying to get any publicity. He was doing exactly what he said he was doing—thinking of little Elliott's future, and the heart-break it might bring the child, some day, to discover that he was not the Summervilles' real son. And nobody believed Slim. No. Hollywood is a little too sure that nobody ever does things for the reason he says. Sometimes cynicism makes you a little sick. . . .

You might think Slim's making hundreds of enemies in Hollywood was enough. But as a matter of fact that was only the beginning. Things didn't really begin to happen until those writers' stories—oh, yes, they printed them!—got into the papers.

The news was read all over the country, of course. And then it started! Letters! Letters, letters, letters!

THEY are still coming in. To date Slim has received about five hundred. Three hundred odd have been requests for money. The other two hundred are from cranks.

Only about three, to date, have been nice. For example, the one from an orphan asylum down South that reads, "We note by the papers that you have adopted a child. Evidently you love children. . . . The depression is causing

us great difficulty here at the ——— Orphanage. We wonder if you might care to pay off our \$17,000 mortgage, which falls due next month."

Slim wrote a polite, kindly answer to that one. He'd be only too glad to pay off that mortgage, if he could afford it—but a few \$17,000 mortgages, here and there, wouldn't leave much to eat on the Summerville table! He tried to explain that.

BUT that letter is a rare exception. Most of them run about like the one from the Arkansas woman who demands that Slim buy her an electric range and a new car. Three hundred of those, so far! Here is a sample, to show you:

Mr. Slim Summerville,
Universal City, Calif.

Slim S—

Six years ago you and your wife and some friends was driving through Connecticut. You stopped at my auto camp for the night, and in the morning you told me you was broke. I was decent enough to leave you go away without paying, and you promised to send me the money and never sent a penny, you dirty crook. Here you are a big movie actor and you ain't paid me. I just want to tell you I think you are a * * * * *

The rest of the letter is a list of insulting words. Slim could put the man who wrote it in Federal prison for sending profanity through the mails, but he isn't doing it. Incidentally, Slim has never been in Connecticut in his life, nor has he ever stayed overnight at an auto camp.

WHY in the name of heaven, you ask, should people by the hundreds ask Slim for money just because they read he had adopted a baby? Well, it looks very much as if they said to themselves, "This guy is sucker enough to adopt a kid, so he's sucker enough to fall for any gag I can work on him." It's not pleasant to think there are people like that in the world, but there seem to be—three hundred of them, so far, anyhow.

To date, they have asked for new roofs, rent-money, automobiles, college educations (lots of those), clothes, trips to the World's Fair, washing-machines, bridge-tables, tennis rackets—why go on?

A blind man could see, from one look at the letters, that ninety per cent of them are fakes—just greedy, stupid people trying to play Slim for a sap.

Slim, who is one of the gentlest, kindest, sweetest guys in the world!

The other two hundred letters, so far, are mainly from cranks. Busy-bodies telling Slim how to bring up the baby. Diet faddists. Fresh air fiends. Exercise fiends. Cigarette

and liquor fanatics. Here's just one sample. They all read about alike.

Mr. Slim Summerville,
Universal Pictures Co.,
Universal City, Calif.

I will never go to see any more of your pictures, and I wish there was a law so I could put you in jail where you belong. The idea of you taking this innocent baby to bring up. Everybody knows actors are the scum of the earth. I hope you are struck dead by lightning. I suppose you will feed the baby whiskey in its nursing bottle.

Bad enough? You haven't heard anything! It isn't over yet by any means, this persecution. It's still going on.

Letters are still flooding in—and the latest thing is that Slim's appearance in court, to sign the formal adoption papers, was turned into an attempt to trap the baby for newspaper pictures. In California you adopt children on trial. The courts watch your treatment of them for months before they sign final papers. Slim kept the date of his court appearance secret—thought he did, anyhow. He went to court with the baby, Mrs. Summerville, and two investigators from the orphanage.

"You have thoroughly investigated Mr. Summerville's home life?" asked the judge of the investigators, from the bench.

"We have," they said.

"Is the home he is providing for the little boy satisfactory in every respect?"

"Satisfactory? It's wonderful, Your Honor!"

("Those investigators were mighty sweet," says Slim.)

"If you had a child of your own," the judge put a final question, considering gravely, "would you entrust it to Mr. Summerville?"

"We would!" chorused both investigators.

AND then a door banged open, and in from an ante-room poured a horde of grinning reporters and cameramen, making straight for the baby! They had trapped Slim. They were going to get pictures no matter what he said! How they found out the date is a mystery.

Mrs. Summerville had to snatch up little Elliott and run to the elevator, dodging cameramen as she would a pack of hounds, while gangling, lanky Slim dashed down eight flights of stairs to the street to throw them off the scent. It has been going on like this, now, since the very day Slim took the baby into his home. It is still going on, one thing after another! Slim did a fine thing, a tender thing, and a beautiful thing. He has been hounded and harried since the day he did it!

What is Hollywood going to do about it?

White Woman In The Jungle

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

"Weeks of this searching went on. Then, one evening, a native boy appeared at our hut and told our interpreter he had located a girl, far out in the wilderness beyond the heavens, he explained. We asked him to bring this girl to us next day.

"Instead of the girl, her father came. He was a tall, dignified native, straight as an arrow and with an apparent culture despite his primitive existence. Ward talked with him through our interpreter. Then he went away, saying he would think it over. Time means nothing to these people. Next year is as good as next week. They've lived quietly for centuries. There is never need for haste.

"Days later, he returned. We would have journeyed out to find him before that if our

How Mary Ellen Won the \$5,000 Beauty Contest

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native interpreter hadn't warned us that haste would mean failure. So we waited. Patiently.

"And, at last, our friend showed up, bringing with him his daughter. She is the native girl you see in the picture, a perfect type for the part and the only native girl on the island who wasn't afraid of the camera.

"She had a remarkable sense of poise, could swim and dive like a fish and appeared so natural when Ward gave her a test, that we decided to use her as our heroine.

"**BUT** it wasn't as simple as all that. Her father, strangely well educated for a native of this primitive environment, insisted that we sign a contract. Ward agreed. But when he brought the crude document down to us next day, we discovered it was written in ancient Arabic and not one of the natives could translate it. In sheer desperation, Ward signed it anyway. He paid whatever they asked. It was a small sum, very small, compared to Hollywood standards. But the old Arabic writing proved to us the secret of this man's great dignity and intelligence. He and his daughter were descendants of an old wandering tribe from the desert of Arabia, a tribe that had settled on this jungle island generations back. And even though they had married into Malay families, they had preserved their own native custom of handing down knowledge from generation to generation.

"Thus our venture began. We didn't rehearse these people very much. Ward wanted to catch them in their natural, native manner.

"We learned, just before we started into the jungle to film those wild animals, that the tom tom drums which beat the day of our arrival were, indeed, no welcome for our coming. It had been the signal that a tiger

was prowling; the natives are terrified of a tiger, for he bears an omen of bad luck which they believe follows families for many years.

"Far into the interior our little group gradually went, feeling our way carefully, watching every step for fear of the deadly pythons which wound themselves around trees, glistening like cathedral glass in the shafts of sunlight which filtered occasionally through the heavy foliage.

"The natives who accompanied us for these group scenes had an uncanny sense of danger. They would scream out and pull their hair whenever they scented an animal ahead.

"And once, when we'd gone quite a distance, a native boy saved us from stepping into a nest of poisonous snakes by actually smelling them from a distance.

"We pitched our camp that night and I had my first experience of trying to sleep on a mound of grass. I lay there dreaming of my nice, soft, inner-spring mattress back in Hollywood with its smooth sheets as I tossed about in the torrid heat all night.

"**MORNING** bathing was quite an adventure. If you saw 'Samarang', you actually saw the way native women take their baths. It was quite different from my built-in tile shower back home—this standing erect with a cloth held out in front of me with one hand while water was scooped from a barrel and thrown over the body with the other hand."

Miss Bara laughed when she told the episode of the quinine pill. One of the native boys caught a cold from diving and she offered to doctor him up. So she gave him a quinine pill from her medicine kit and while she was outside getting a cup of water, the boy bit the pill in half. He was running around like a wild bird when she returned, so bitter was



The natives take a very possessive attitude toward their women on this Malay island. They consider them as personal property and guard them accordingly. Ahmang and Sai-Yu seemed perfectly mated and their friendship grew as their work together on "Samarang" progressed

the taste. And not until she, too, took a pill, would he accept the medicine over which he prayed diligently before he put it into his mouth.

Perhaps her experience at the Malay wedding ceremony was more interesting than some other adventures. But we'll let her tell it in her own way:

"The bride must register no emotion of any kind—else she is branded a bad woman and the ceremony is off. So, in order to give her a sort of emotional third degree, her friends and relatives torment her with insults for twelve hours before she is married. She keeps her eyes cast down. And if she were to flare, to show any signs of temper, she becomes an outcast. After the insults, her relatives become derisive. They call her names. They tell her funny stories, conjure up the silliest imaginings to break her down and make her laugh. Finally, if she comes out of this ordeal, with no display of emotion whatever, she is considered a good girl and worthy of her groom."

We asked Lori Bara what kind of foods they ate, what they lived on for these many months while working on that jungle island.

"NATIVE fruits, vegetables, coconuts and many eggs. Natives eat eggs hard-boiled, set in a cup of water and cooked over bonfires. I managed to concoct some tasty dishes from the foods we could get. There is a 'saffron' rice, used by the natives only on very special occasions for it is less abundant than brown rice. It is an appetizing yellow color and cooks up fluffy. We mixed it with coconut meat and solidified it with whipped eggs and found the most delicious sort of omelet I've ever tasted.

"Then, of course, there are bananas, fresh fish and tropical fruits, all free for the taking. One can manage a delicious fruit salad on these fruits. And the natives have a myriad of ways for preparing bananas. At the wedding ceremony they had arranged a huge offering, the repast after the wedding, to be partaken of by the guests.

"It was mounted on flattened banana leaves and rose majestically into the air, a mound of boiled saffron rice, row on row alternating with native fruits. At the top of this wedding cake, rows of colored eggs (like the kind children color at Easter time) in vivid scarlet, purple, pink and yellow. Each egg was pierced by a tiny gold wire, spun by native fingers into the most fantastic earrings. And when these wires jangled in the strong sunlight, they looked like darting sunbeams.

"One of the native women brought me a gift when we became friends. I had taught her how to curl the ends of her hair and she was eternally grateful. I think she taught every girl on the island how to turn up her ends—no beauty experts required.

"But the gift! I was shocked to find a reptile coiled around in the box she had so carefully brought me. To her, it was as pretty a token as a kitten or a Pekinese puppy would be to us.

"Then I learned that these reptiles were pets down there. One trained them like a pet god. They actually did stunts if you had enough patience and courage to teach them. They were good friends, too, if you treated them right. I found, strangely enough, that all these things were true. And reptiles no longer appear to be the awesome creatures I once believed. I rather like them now, believe it or not. They are friendly and so helpless, they appreciate every little kindness you show them."

SO that was Lori Bara's experience on the jungle island—a white woman, facing the dangers of this dreaded, primitive place. And coming back with a host of native friends—so friendly, that she is writing another story about them and hopes to return there soon for more of the Malay hospitality. And, by the way, did you know that Lori Bara is the sister of the once famous movie vamp, Theda Bara?

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the job of washing dirty handkerchiefs

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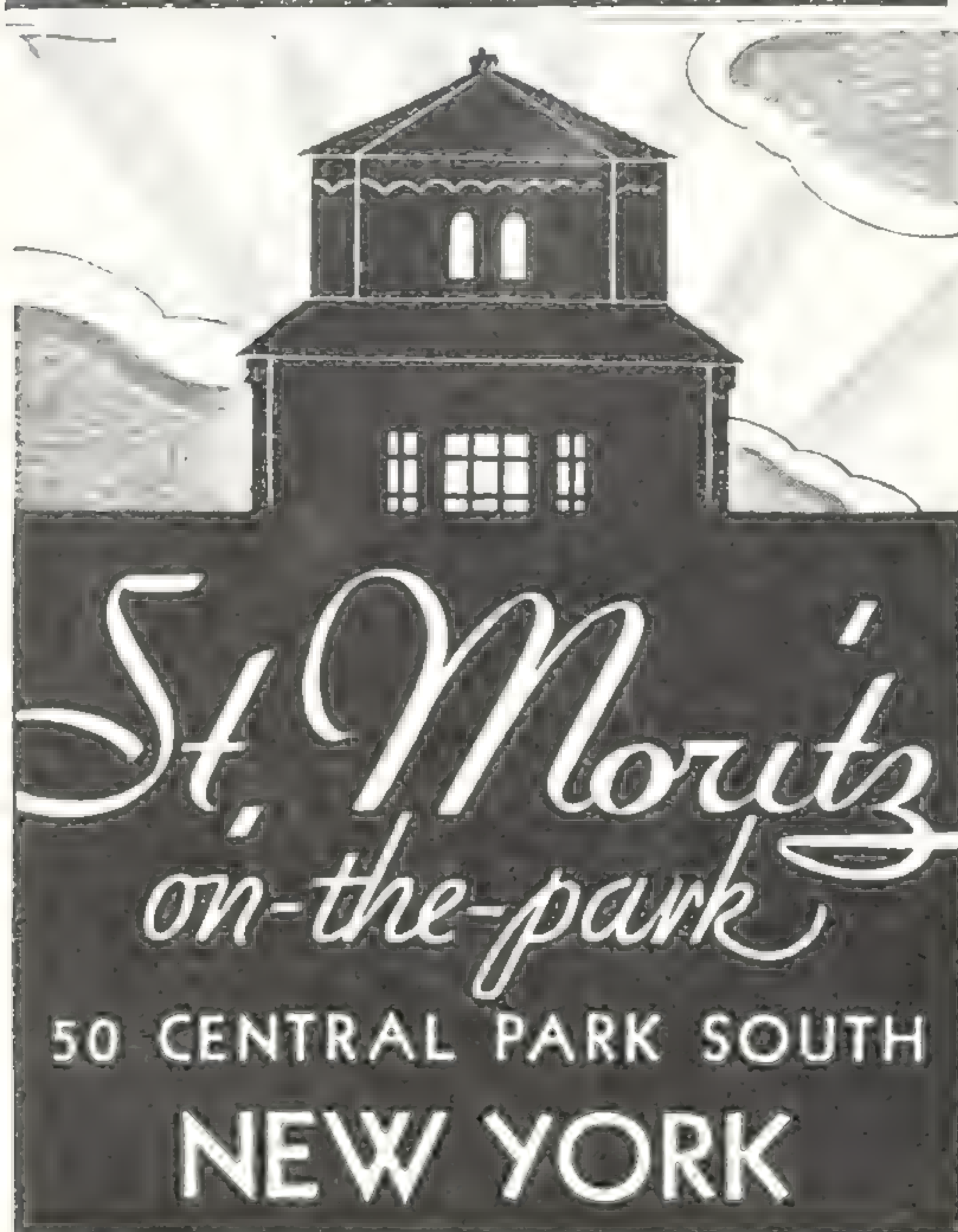
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Frances Fuller
Cary Grant
Shirley Grey
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Irene Bentley
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Tom Brown
Andy Devine
Hugh Enfield
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
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Paul Lukas
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Paul Muni
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Dick Powell
William Powell
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Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Sheila Terry
Helen Vinson
Renee Whitney
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Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave.
Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Ruth Roland, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

They Conquered Self-Consciousness

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

was to correct my manner, which was the direct result of my foreign training. And it was then, as a matter of fact, that I did my first acting. I used to watch the popular girls and notice how they gave importance and animation to trifling things they said by a challenging toss of their head and their carefree laughter.

"I absorbed the clever dialogue I read in books and heard in the theater. I don't mean I became a parrot. It was the tempo and feeling of this sort of thing that I tried to absorb and capture. Besides, I did whatever I could to develop my sense of humor so that I could laugh at myself. And, before my mirror, with the door of my room safely closed, I used to practice being casual and gay instead of French and formal.

"MOST important of all, however, before going to a party I wouldn't let myself speculate as to whether or not I was going to have a good time. I wouldn't visualize myself as a little misfit. Instead I would think of myself having a grand time.

"Then, when I arrived at the party, before that miserable feeling of inferiority had time to put lead into my joints and crush my spirit, I'd throw myself into the feeling of that party. . . .

"Appearing in amateur theatricals, any one of us would battle stage fright and its feeling of insecurity with every bit of courage and determination we possessed in order that we might give the best possible performance. Well, making personal appearances in our home, at the office, at parties, we certainly should do the same thing. If you have an unreasoning timidity, you can't afford to sit back and let it get you. You must exercise courage and initiative. You must plunge."

Claudette's timidity came, you will notice, from the fact that she didn't know how to be gay and informal and meet boys half way; that she wasn't like the other girls. Psychoanalysts tell us that such timidities always spring from an inability or an imagined inability to fit into the approved pattern. From a lack of money, family background, popularity, education, or physical attractiveness. Or the imagined or exaggerated lack of these things.

Most such troubles, incidentally, have begun by the time we are six years old. Mothers, with the best intentions in the world, often plant the seeds of the troubles which burden their children all their lives. "Mary has a frightful posture," "John isn't as bright as his brother," "Your father and I have always been poor" . . . simple, apparently unimportant remarks like these can cause untold trouble and in later years bear very bitter fruit.

It depends upon later events and the extent to which we take ourselves in hand how much they develop. However, the girl who is sensitive about being small for her age when she is five, will always have potential worries about her size, and if she grows tall will be prone to develop a feeling of inferiority on this score.

"As a man thinketh," you know, "so is he." Which is why Claudette's plan never to visualize herself as out of things but always to think of herself in the very center of the gayest group was such an excellent scheme.

IT'S difficult, I know, to realize that anyone with the assurance and poise of Fredric March could ever have had any feeling of inferiority. But Fred insists that he has.

"Confidence," he says, "assurance and a belief in yourself may be mighty difficult things to acquire, but they're worth fighting for. And once you get them you've got your troubles pretty well licked.

"When I was getting my start in the thea-

BILLY SAVES THE FAMILY REPUTATION

MY SON, BOBBY, AND LITTLE BILLY ARE GREAT CHUMS, AND I'D LOVE TO BE MORE FRIENDLY WITH BILLY'S MOTHER, ONLY. . . .

ONLY SHE'S NOT AS CAREFUL AS SHE SHOULD BE, SOMETIMES. POOR THING, THAT ONE FAULT KEEPS PEOPLE FROM —



LATER —

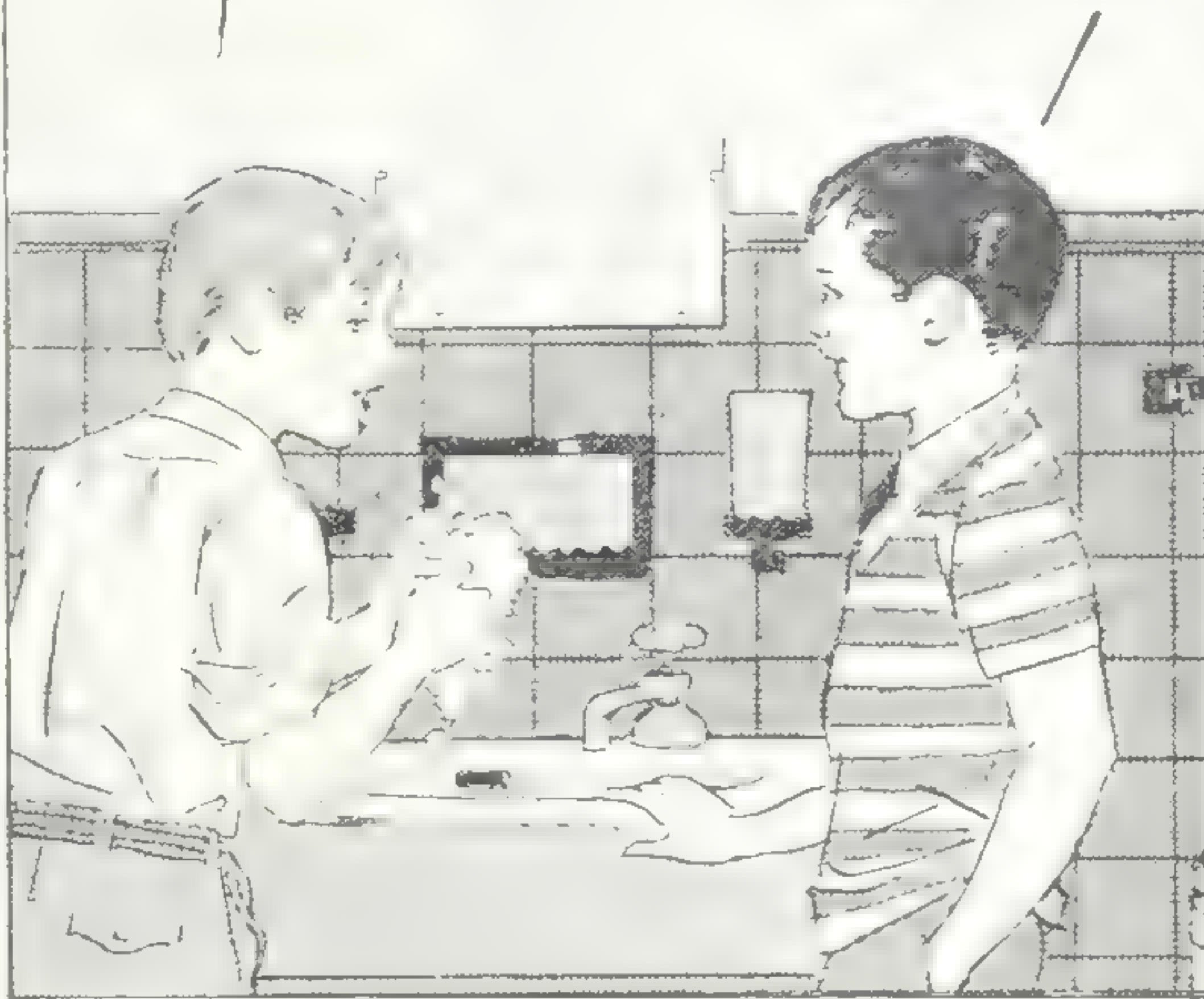
THERE'S A PIECE OF CAKE IN THE PANTRY FOR EACH OF YOU. BUT FIRST YOU MUST WASH THOSE DIRTY HANDS

MOM, CAN WE HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT?



GEE, BOBBY, THIS IS SWELL SOAP. JUST LOOK AT ALL THE LATHER AND IT SMELLS SO CLEAN

IT'S LIFEBOUY. ME AND DAD AND MOM ALWAYS USE IT. IF YOU AND YOUR MOM USE IT YOU WON'T EVER HAVE ANY "B.O."



MUMMY — BOBBY SAYS IF WE USE LIFEBOUY SOAP WE WON'T HAVE ANY "B.O." CAN'T YOU GET SOME? IT MAKES SWELL LATHER

I'LL GET SOME TODAY! YOU AND I DON'T WANT TO HAVE "B.O." DO WE?



"B.O." GONE — everybody friends!

BILLY JUST ABOUT LIVES HERE, HE COMES OVER SO OFTEN. AND I'M AFRAID I DO, TOO

YOU CAN'T RUN IN TOO OFTEN TO SUIT ME. AND WHAT GOOD TIMES WE HAVE GOING PLACES TOGETHER!



.... AND MY COMPLEXION THRIVES ON LIFEBOUY

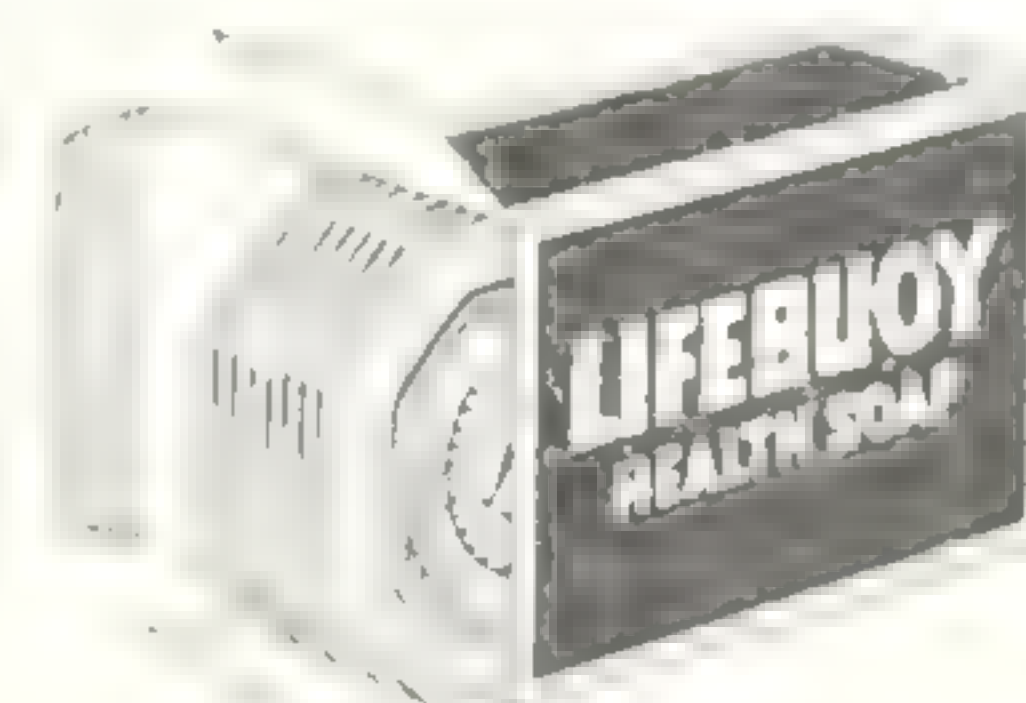


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ter," Fred March explained, "I managed to control a feeling of humility which was getting entirely too active and strong by taking stock of myself, by listing my assets. I was, I felt, fairly intelligent. I was a university graduate. I'd had a pretty good background. Considering these advantages I told myself that I had no excuse for failure, but that I would fail unless I got busy with a little intelligent application and mastered the over-sensitiveness that kept making me feel so inadequate.

"I recommend a listing of assets. It helps."

Fred March's plan sounds excellent. For the main trouble with unreasoning timidity is that it causes you to dwell, not on your assets, but on your liabilities.

FOR instance, if you allow it to make you seclusive because you are afraid to meet people and go places and to put yourself to any test, if you let it turn you cross and grouchy, or make you a bluff and a boaster, then, most certainly it menaces both your present and future happiness and well-being.

Speaking of the unfortunate reactions to this feeling of timidity reminds me of a girl who started off neck-and-neck with Clara Bow, after each had won recognition in a series of contests. But immediately this girl found herself important she tried to impress everyone with the fact that her family was one of the first and finest in America; that while Papa didn't have as much money as he had had, she never wanted for anything; that she had entered the contest solely as a lark.

However, because she wasn't what she pretended to be and because she lived in constant fear of being found out, this girl's inner worry—the force which had driven her to take such a stupid pose in the first place—increased by leaps and bounds. She became suspicious of any and all questions that were asked her. She was supercilious. And she took to belittling others, as if the less she made them the greater she would become. Needless to say, she got exactly nowhere.

Clara Bow, on the other hand, never pretended to be wealthy or a blue blood. She had no time or energy to waste trying to be something she wasn't. She was too busy making the most of her one chance to escape the poverty and obscurity she had known all her life, to get somewhere and be somebody.

To resent your feeling of humility and get out to prove to yourself and everybody else that you really aren't inferior is to turn your trouble to profit. It is, you see, never the feeling of timidity in itself that ruins your life. But your reaction to it.

There's Bob Montgomery. He's another star who, believe it or not, has experienced the demoralizing feeling of inferiority.

"Even as a child," Bob says, "I suffered tortures. Then in spite of the many advantages I enjoyed I constantly found myself standing on the sidelines of activity, watching others play the game.

"It was when my father died and I had to get out and earn my own living that I finally snapped out of it. Ejected from the sidelines, forced to get out in the middle of things, I adopted a mask of easy flippancy and apparent indifference that I might hide how greatly things mattered to me, how anxious I was to do the right thing and be esteemed.

"Gradually that mask became part of me. Acting flippant, I became flippant. Pretending to be indifferent, I really began to take things less seriously . . . and, this is important, to take myself less seriously."

AGAIN we find the old proverb "As a man thinketh" proving itself.

However, the fact that Bob Montgomery had to fight for a living was also a help, without a doubt. This didn't leave him any too much time to think about himself. And the less time persons with an over-active feeling of bashfulness have to think about themselves the better for them.

Clark Gable had his worst time when he became a star. He was very much afraid he

wouldn't seem the successful star, that he wouldn't look the part or act the part, that people meeting him would say, "Good heavens, isn't he disappointing!"

For years, you see, he had been so occupied making his way, that he hadn't had any too much time for anything else.

"Even meeting people I was miserable for a time," Clark says, "but I've overcome that now. I fortify myself with the comforting knowledge that I'm correct as possible, that I'm properly dressed for an occasion, that I'm doing whatever I'm doing to the best of my ability."

"Besides I've improved my golf game, about which I was particularly self-conscious. I went out alone and practiced and practiced until I could face a veteran foursome with confidence."

A GAIN overcoming a sense of bashfulness and self-doubt means getting out and doing something about it . . . doing whatever lies in your power to remedy your fault or lack and then proceeding to forget about it.

Sylvia Sidney and Gary Cooper both insist they gained the upper hand as far as their feeling of humility was concerned, by open rebellion.

As a child, Sylvia was overwhelmed by shyness and timidity. She had difficulty mixing with children her own age. Sent away to a girls' school, she was miserable. But it wasn't until a strict school-mistress insisted that Sylvia eat bread and butter which she loathed and which she never had eaten at home that rebellion broke out. She refused to remain in that school under any circumstances and convinced her parents that the only thing to do was to bring her home.

Gary Cooper broke loose only a year or two ago. One night, dining with friends about to hunt big game in Africa, Gary joked about going with them. He had no idea that he would do anything of the kind. He was simply talking, the way we all do sometimes. However, the very afternoon the boat on which his friends were sailing was to depart, Gary made up his mind to chuck everything and go along.

It wasn't until the ship was out of New York harbor that he radioed those who were affected by his sudden departure.

Sylvia and Gary explain that these rebellions gave them a sense of power and that this sense of power was instrumental in each case in subduing timidities that had been getting entirely too active.

Open rebellions, of course, aren't always advisable. But it is almost always possible for us to do something that will, to use the vernacular, make us feel our oats, that will instill within us a sense of our individual power and give us confidence, these things being the very things we need.

"You can't talk yourself out of a feeling of inferiority," Norma Shearer insists. "But you can jerk yourself out of one. I know. With each new accomplishment, no matter how small, you feel a new inner strength and a greater confidence in your own ability. And as this feeling builds, inevitably your feeling of inferiority will lessen."

W HICH is much the advice we get from an old Persian proverb: "Do little things now; so big things shall come to thee by and by asking to be done."

"So!" To jump from a Persian proverb to ourselves . . . Do you return home from parties to reflect painfully upon the mistakes and blunders you have made or that you are afraid you've made? Are you likely to feel that uncomplimentary and unkind remarks are aimed at you? Do you find yourself antagonistic towards people without real cause? Are you prone to belittle others? Are you dateless more often than you like to admit?

If so, what these stars have done to wear down similar feelings in themselves may be of help to you.

most of all through the Summer months

Every skin must beware of
Dryness



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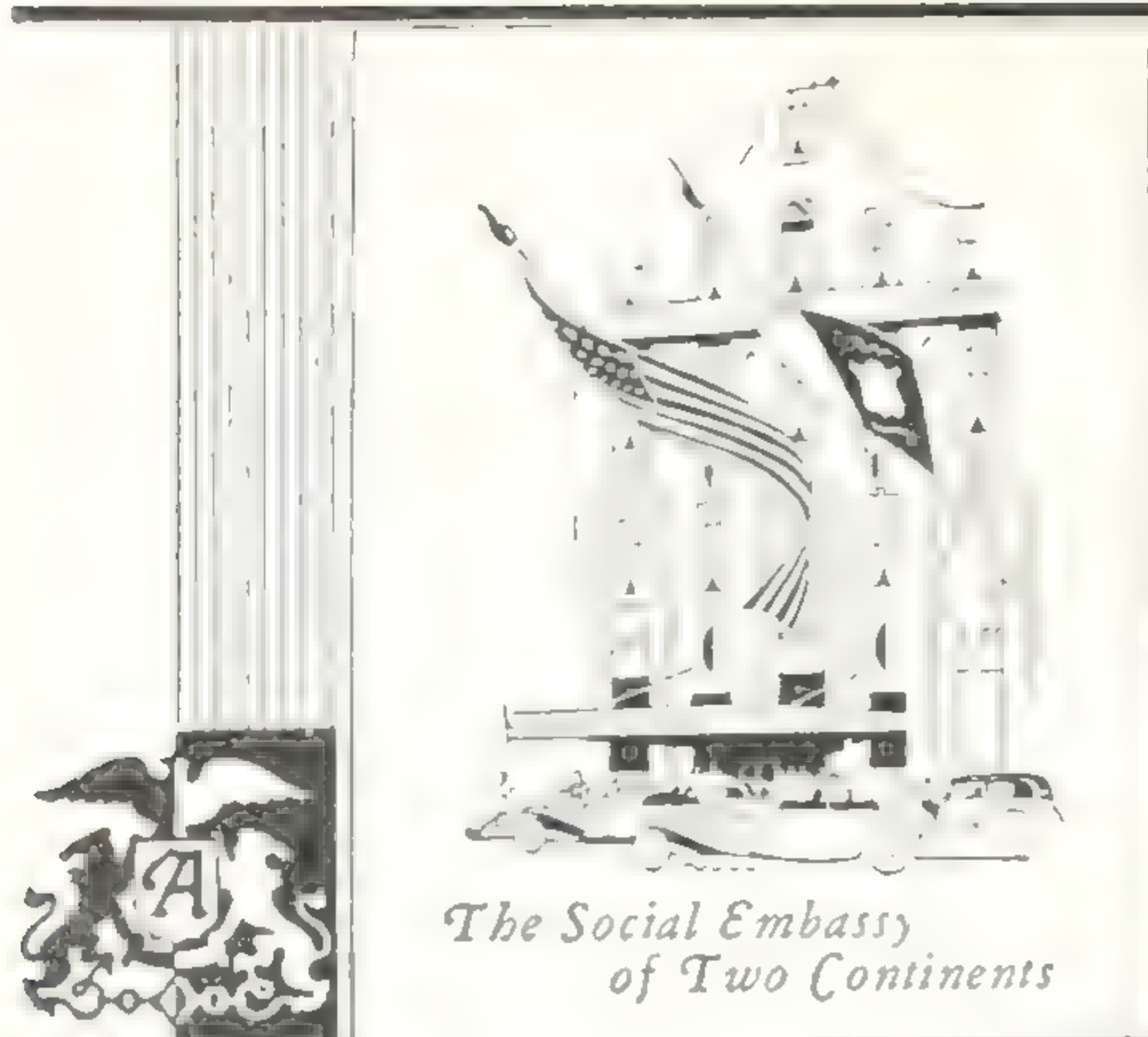
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Movie Fan Clubs Have Association

MOVIE fans everywhere will be interested in the announcement of the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs, an association fostering the development of legitimate fan clubs and one that will encourage the healthy growth of those already existing which measure up to the requirements for membership in the association. For the fan desiring to join a club the association will provide a dependable source of information making it possible to become a member of a strictly legitimate fan club.

To the true blue movie fan, a club of this sort is most interesting. Here you can interchange opinions on films and stars, have a cozy club of friends with one thought in common where you can give vent to your feelings, collecting photos of your favorites—these are but a few of the actual delights of a movie fan club.

Thousands of fans hold membership in clubs today, clubs which are not operated for profit. The group behind the club is more interested in the progress of their favorite star. In many cities the clubs hold monthly meetings and take group trips regularly to the movies, especially when a star makes a personal appearance at the local theater. Officers are elected and the meetings conducted much the same as in any other club, but with a spirit found only in movie fan clubs.

Through the cooperation of the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs the first annual Movie Fan Clubs convention was recently held in Chicago. During the convention delegates visited the Palmolive Building, home of the famous Lindbergh Beacon and the spacious offices of PHOTOPLAY; the N. B. C. Studios and A Century of Progress, with a luncheon at Ye Olde Town Tavern, and a theater party at the RKO-Palace where Jack Pepper, Dan Russo and Adelaide Hall dedicated their respective programs to the conventioners.

The fan clubs represented at the convention were:

John Boles Club
Clara Bow Club
Sue Carol Club
Jackie Cooper Club
Joan Crawford Club
Dolores Del Rio Club
Fifi Dorsay Club
Billie Dove Club
Johnny Downs Club
Jean Harlow Club
Jackie Heller Club
Ivan Lebedeff Club
Joel McCrea Club
Movie Fans Friendship Club
Ruth Roland Club
Peggy Shannon Club
Norma Shearer Club
Barbara Stanwyck Club
The Boosters Club

Since the formation of the association charters have been issued to many clubs and many other clubs have applications pending. Those to whom charters have been given follow:

The Herald Cinema Critics Club
J. H. Bloss, President,
514 Scott Avenue,
Syracuse, N. Y.

The Billie Dove Fan Club
Lenore A. Heidorn, President,
5737 S. Artesian Ave.,
Chicago, Illinois.

The Sue Carol Fan Club,
Walter Dreffin, President,
951 North Drake Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

The Ramon Novarro Fan Club (Canada)
Ethel Musgrove, Secretary-Treasurer,
6384 Elgin Street,
Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

The Joan Crawford Fan Club,
Marian L. Dommer, President,
9717—81st Street,
Ozone Park, N. Y.

The Movie Fans Friendship Club,
Chaw Mank, President,
226 E. Mill Street,
Staunton, Illinois.

The Foto Fans,
Etheline Thornburg, President,
816—15th Avenue, So.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Jackie Cooper,
Anna Glance, President,
7856 Bennett Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Elissa Landi,
Blanche Inscho, President,
214 Clinton Street,
Findlay, Ohio.

The Norma Shearer Club,
Hans Faxdahl, President,
1947 Broadway,
New York, N. Y.

Barbara Stanwyck Buddies,
Bonnie Bergstrom, President,
6805 South Artesian Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Joel McCrea Fan Club,
Helen Moltz, President,
Route No. 3,
Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

Gaynor-Farrell-Gable,
Ruth Fiffer, President,
5300 Pensacola Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

The Johnny Downs Fan Club,
Ruth E. Keast, President,
4411 South Artesian Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

The Legion,
Mrs. Eva White,
602 South Main Street,
Bangor, Pennsylvania.

The Screen Fan's Club,
Albert S. Kirk, President,
66 Milwaukee Avenue,
Bethel, Conn.

The Jean Harlow Club,
Dorothy Suter, Secretary,
2404 Ohio Avenue,
Youngstown, Ohio.

Nils Asther Club,
Marion L. Hesse, President,
154 Elm Street,
Elizabeth, N. J.

The Minna Gombell Fan Club,
Helen L. Burkett, Secy.-Treas.,
405 Center Street,
Boswell, Penna.

Joan Crawford Fan Club,
Gertrude B. Perkel, Pres.-Treas.,
973 Fox Street,
Bronx, New York.

Dorothy Jordan Fan Club,
Carl E. Leiler, President,
819 West Center Street,
Decatur, Illinois.

The Booster Club,
Pat Ide, Secretary,
811 Burke Avenue,
Harvey, N. D.

The Clara Bow Club (Canada),
Mr. Arthur Hill, Treasurer,
5250 Esplanade Avenue,
Montreal, Que., Canada.

PHOTOPLAY in sponsoring the association, feels that these clubs are performing a worthwhile task. Watch for new members of the Association next month.

Joan's Heart Still Beats For Doug

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

"The inevitable result of separation is divorce, naturally. We are still the finest of friends and Douglas is one of the sweetest persons I have ever known.

"There is nothing I wouldn't do to help him. If he needs me I'll go to him. Nothing could keep me away if I knew my presence there would mean his recovery. Our friendship is much too fine and understanding for either of us to ever risk a chance of losing it."

On the third day of his sickness, Douglas' mother wired the crisis was expected that night. It was a difficult eight hours that Joan put in on the set. Unfortunately, or maybe fortunately for her, the scenes were light and the dialogue humorous. She was forced to keep up a gay exterior, in spite of her inner feelings.

At nine-thirty that night, the call came in from New York. The crisis had passed. Though weak and still seriously ill, Douglas was out of danger.

THE minute Douglas was able to send a message, his first thought was of Joan. It was a struggle for the nurse to keep him from calling her direct. They finally allowed him to write his own message, which his mother read over the phone.

"No matter how sick I am, please do not delay your picture and come to me," were his words. "I know how important your work is and how necessary it is for your picture to be finished on time. Much as I would love to see you, I could not bear to have you do this for me."

"When Douglas returns, I'll always be within phone reach if he needs me," says Joan. "We're going to continue our beautiful friendship and I shall do everything in my power to see that he takes good care of himself and that this illness is not repeated."

In blasé Hollywood, it's rather nice to know that sincere understanding and genuine loyalty can replace a lost love.



It's not Abraham Lincoln. No, it's Lionel Barrymore made up as a patriarchal farmer eighty-five years old, for "Stranger's Return." Miriam Hopkins and Mr. Barrymore are co-starred, and that combination of talent promises some very fine acting





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Read how thousands are gaining 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported beeryeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron.

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EASY WAY
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Fast!**

NOW fill out that skinny, unattractive figure so quick you'll be amazed!

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Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

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This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured, imported *beer yeast*, the richest yeast known, which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ANN CARVER'S PROFESSION"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Robert Riskin. Directed by Eddie Buzzell. The cast: Ann Carver, Fay Wray; Bill Graham, Gene Raymond; Carole Rogers, Claire Dodd; Ken, Arthur Pierson; Judge Bingham, Claude Gillingwater; Jim Thompson, Frank Albertson; Baker, Frank Conroy; Tessie, Jessie Ralph; Simmons, Robert Barrat; Harrison, Edward Keane; Irma, Diane Bori.

"ARIZONA TO BROADWAY"—Fox.—From the screen play by William Conselman and Henry Johnson. Directed by James Tinling. The cast: Smiley, James Dunn; Lynn, Joan Bennett; Kingfish, Herbert Mundin; Morris, Sammy Cohen; Wayne, Theodore Von Eltz; Flo, Merna Kennedy; Sandburg, Earle Foxe; Ambrose, David Wengren; Tommy, J. Carrol Naish; Pete, Max Wagner; "Ned Flynn," Walter Catlett; "Jimmy Dante," Jerry Lester.

"BERKELEY SQUARE"—Fox.—From the play by John L. Balderston. Screen play by Sonya Levien and John L. Balderston. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: Peter Standish, Leslie Howard; Helen Pettigrew, Heather Angel; Kate Pettigrew, Valerie Taylor; Lady Ann Pettigrew, Irene Browne; Mrs. Barwick, Beryl Mercer; Tom Pettigrew, Colin Keith-Johnston; Major Clinton, Alan Mowbray; Duchess of Devonshire, Juliette Compton; Marjorie Frant, Betty Lawford; Mr. Throsble, Ferdinand Gottschalk; John Quincy Adams, Samuel Hinds; Sir Joshua Reynolds, Olaf Hytten; Lord Stanley, David Torrence.

"BEST OF ENEMIES"—Fox.—From the story by Sam Mintz. Directed by Rian James. The cast: Jimmie Hartman, Buddy Rogers; Lena Schneider, Marian Nixon; William H. Hartman, Frank Morgan; Gus Schneider, Joseph Cawthorn; The Blonde, Greta Nissen; Emil, Arno Frey; August, William Lawrence; Professor Herman, Anders Von Haden.

"CAPTURED!"—WARNERS.—From the novel "Fellow Prisoners" by Sir Philip Gibbs. Screen play by Edward Chodorov. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: Allison, Leslie Howard; Digby, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Monica, Margaret Lindsay; Haversham, Philip Faversham; Ahrlieh, Paul Lukas; Commandant, Robert Barrat; Martin, William LeMaire; Adjutant, Frank Reicher; Cooky, Arthur Hohl; Elsa, Joyce Coad; Elsa's lover, Reginald Pasch; Strogan, John Bleifer; Guaran, J. Carrol Naish; Sgt. Major, Bert Sproutte; Orderly, Harry Cording; Orderly, Hans Joby.

"COLLEGE HUMOR"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Dean Fales. Screen play by Claude Binyon and Frank Butler. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: Frederick Danvers, Bing Crosby; Barney Shirrel, Jack Oakie; Mondrake, Richard Arlen; Barbara Shirrel, Mary Carlisle; Amber, Mary Kornman; George Burns, George Burns; Gracie Allen, Gracie Allen; Tex Roust, Joseph Sauers; Ginger, Lona Andre; Dr. Mandel, Jimmy Conlin; Cromwell Dexter, James Burke; Marcus Lafflin, James Donlan; College President, Lumsden Hare; Studious Boy, Churchill Ross; Bill, Robert Quirk; Police Captain, Jack Kennedy; Football Coach, Howard Jones; Whistler, Eddie Nugent; Timid Freshman, Grady Sutton.

"DANGEROUS CROSSROADS"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Horace McCoy. Screen play by Lew Levenson. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. The cast: Rufe, Chic Sale; Jackie, Jackie Searl; Lois, Diane Sinclair; Jimmy Blake, Frank Albertson; Hinton, Preston Foster; Curtis, Niles Welch; Herb Jackson, Eddie Kane; Lefty, Tom Forman; Pete, Jack Long; Osker, Jack Walters.

"DAS LOCKENDE ZIEL" ("The Golden Goal")—RICHARD TAUBER TONFILM PROD.—Directed by M. Reichmann. The cast: Toni Lechner, Richard Tauber; Leni, Lucie Englisch; Loisl, Oskar Sima; Mother Lechner, Sophie Pagay; Herr Manheimer, Karl Elzer; Cora, Maria Elsner.

"DISGRACED"—PARAMOUNT.—From the screen play by Alice Duer G. Miller. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. The cast: Gay Holloway, Helen Twelvetrees; Kirk Underwood, Jr., Bruce Cabot; Julia Thorndyke, Adrienne Ames; Captain Holloway, William Harrigan; Jim McGuire, Ken Murray; District Attorney, Charles Middleton; Madame, Adrienne D'Ambricourt; Miss Peck, Ara Haswell; Flynn, Dorothy Bay.

"DON'T BET ON LOVE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Murray Roth. Screen play by Murray Roth and Howard Rogers. Directed by Howard Rogers. The cast: Bill McCaffrey, Lew Ayres; Molly, Ginger Rogers; Pop McCaffrey, Charles Grapewin; Goldie, Shirley Grey; Molly's Mother, Lucille Gleason; Scotty, Tom Dugan; Sheldon, Robert Emmett O'Connor; Ruby, Merna Kennedy.

"DOUBLE HARNESS"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play by Edward Poor Montgomery. Screen play

by Jane Murfin. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: Joan Colby, Ann Harding; John Fletcher, William Powell; Valerie, Lucile Browne; Col. Colby, Henry Stephenson; Monica Page, Lilian Bond; Dennis, George Meeker; Freeman, Reginald Owen; Eleanor Weston, Kay Hammond; Leonard Weston, Leigh Allen; Farley Drake, Hugh Huntley; Postmaster General, Wallis Clark; Bruno, Frederic Santley.

"FIDDLIN' BUCKAROO, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Nate Gatzert. Directed by Ken Maynard. The cast: Fiddlin', Ken Maynard; Patricia, Gloria Shea; Wolf, Fred Kohler; Banty, Frank Rice; Sheriff, Jack Rockwell; Buck, Jack Mower; Deputy Jailer, Robert McKenzie; Kerriman, Joseph Girard; Tarzan, Tarzan.

"GOODBYE AGAIN"—WARNERS.—From the play by George Haight and Allan Scott. Screen play by Ben Markson. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: Kenneth Bixby, Warren William; Ann, Joan Blondell; Julia, Genevieve Tobin; Arthur, Wallace Ford; Elizabeth, Helen Chandler; Harry Wilson, Hugh Herbert.

"HEADLINE SHOOTER, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Wallace West. Screen play by Agnes Christine Johnston and Allen Rivkin. Directed by Otto Brower. The cast: Bill Allen, William Gargan; Jane Mallory, Frances Dee; Hal Caldwell, Ralph Bellamy; Ricci, Jack LaRue; Gollieb, Gregory Ratoff; Mike, Wallace Ford; Radio announcer, Robert Benchley; Miss Saunders, Betty Furness; Happy, Hobart Cavanaugh; Betty Kane, June Brewster; Crocker, Franklin Pangborn; Gangster's Moll, Dorothy Burgess; City Editor, Purnell Pratt; Judge Beacon, Henry B. Walthall; Murderess, Mary MacLaren.

"HER BODYGUARD"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Corey Ford. Screen play by Ralph Spence and Walter DeLeon. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: Casey McCarthy, Edmund Lowe; Margot Brienne, Wynne Gibson; Orson Bitzer, Edward Arnold; Ballyhoo, Johnny Hines; Lila, Marjorie White; Lester Cunningham, Alan Dinehart; Fuzzy, Fuzzy Knight; Miss Spook, Zoila Conan; Margot's Maid, Louise Beavers; Drunk, Arthur Housman.

"HOLD YOUR MAN"—M-G-M.—From the story by Anita Loos. Screen play by Anita Loos and Howard Emmett Rogers. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: Ruby, Jean Harlow; Eddie, Clark Gable; Al, Stuart Erwin; Gypsy, Dorothy Burgess; Bertha, Muriel Kirkland; Slim, Garry Owen; Sadie, Barbara Barondess; Aubrey Mitchell, Paul Hurst; Miss Tuttle, Elizabeth Patterson; Lily Mae Crippen, Theresa Harris; Mrs. Wagner, Blanche Friderici; Reverend Crippen, George Reed; Miss Davis, Helen Freeman.

"I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY"—Fox.—From the play by Molly Ricardel and William Du Bois. Screen play by Philip Klein and Horace Jackson. Directed by Henry King and William Cameron Menzies. The cast: Philip Fletcher, Warner Baxter; Vicki Meredith, Elissa Landi; Randall Williams, Victor Jory; Cynthia Williams, Miriam Jordan; "Doc Mary" Hanson, Laura Hope Crews.

"IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE"—Fox.—From the story by John D. Swain. Adapted by Paul Perez. Directed by Alfred Werker. The cast: Carlos Martin, Raul Roulien; Dorothy Wilton, Gloria Stuart; Dr. Prodwell, Edna May Oliver; Brooks, Herbert Mundin; Tools, Joan Marsh; Al Moran, Dorothy Burgess; Mrs. Wilton, Emma Dunn; Dr. Wilton, Edward Van Sloan; Perkins, Robert Greig.

"LADY FOR A DAY"—COLUMBIA.—From the story "Madame La Guimp" by Damon Runyon. Screen play by Robert Riskin. Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: Dave the Dude, Warren William; Apple Annie, May Robson; "Missouri" Martin, Glenda Farrell; Judge Blake, Guy Kibbee; Happy, Ned Sparks; Louise, Jean Parker; Count Romero, Walter Connolly; Carlos, Barry Norton; Shakespeare, Nat Pendleton.

"LONE AVENGER, THE"—WORLD WIDE.—From the story by Forrest Sheldon and Betty Burbridge. Directed by Alan James. The cast: Cal Weston, Ken Maynard; Ruth Winters, Muriel Gordon; Joel Winters, James Marcus; Burl Adams, Al Bridge; Martin Carter, Niles Welch; Sam Landers, William Norton Bailey; Nip, Ed Brady; Tuck, Charles King; Sheriff, Jack Rockwell; Doctor, Clarence Geldert.

"MAMA LOVES PAPA"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Keene Thompson and Douglas MacLean. Screen play by Nunnally Johnson and Arthur Kober. Directed by Norman McLeod. The cast: Jessie Todd, Mary Boland; Wilbur Todd, Charlie Ruggles; Mrs. McIntosh, Lilyan Tashman; Tom Walker, Walter

Catlett; *Mr. Kirkwood*, George Barbier; *Mr. McIntosh*, Morgan Wallace; *Sara Walker*, Ruth Warren; *Basil Pew*, Andre Beranger; *Mr. Pierrepont*, Tom Ricketts; *The Radical*, Warner Richmond; *The Mayor*, Frank Sheridan; *O'Leary*, Tom McGuire.

"MAN OF THE FOREST"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Zane Grey. Screen play by Jack Cunningham and Harold Shumate. Directed by Henry Hathaway. The cast: *Brett Dale*, Randolph Scott; *Alice Gaynor*, Verna Hillie; *Jim Gaynor*, Harry Carey; *Clint Beasley*, Noah Beery; *Mulvey*, Barton MacLane; *Yegg*, Buster Crabbe; *Big Casino*, Guinn Williams; *Little Casino*, Vince Barnett; *Mrs. Forney*, Blanche Friderici; *Madame*, Tempe Pigott; *Sheriff Blake*, Tom Kennedy; *Pegg*, Frank McGlynn, Jr.; *Jake*, Duke Lee; *Matt Hawkins*, Lew Kelly.

"MARY STEVENS, M. D."—WARNERS.—From the story by Virginia Kellogg. Screen play by Rian James and Robert Lord. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Mary Stevens, M. D.*, Kay Francis; *Don*, Lyle Talbot; *Glenda*, Glenda Farrell; *Lois*, Thelma Todd; *Mrs. Simmons*, Una O'Connor; *Mr. Stevens*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Walter Rising*, Charles Wilson; *Tony*, Harold Huber; *Pete*, George Cooper; *Dr. Lane*, John Marston; *Gus*, Christian Rub; *Dr. Clark*, Walter Walker; *Miss Gordon*, Ann Hovey; *Sanford*, Sidney Miller.

"NO MARRIAGE TIES"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play "Ad Man" by Arch A. Gaffney and Charles Curran. Screen play by Sam Mintz and Arthur Caesar. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. The cast: *Bruce Foster*, Richard Dix; *Peggy Wilson*, Elizabeth Allan; *Zimmer*, David Landau; *Perkins*, Alan Dinehart; *Adrienne Deane*, Doris Kenyon; *Smith*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Olmstead*, Hilda Vaughn.

"POIL DE CAROTTE" ("The Red Head")—PATHE-NATAN.—From the novel by Jules Renard. Adapted by Julien Duvivier. Directed by Julien Duvivier. The cast: *Monsieur Lepic*, Harry Baur; *Madame Lepic*, Catherine Fontenoy; *Poil de Carotte*, Robert Lynen; *Felix Lepic*, Simon Aubry; *Ernestine Lepic*, Maxine Fromiot; *Annette, the maid*, Christiane Dor; *Parrain, the uncle*, Louis Gouthier; *Honorine, the housekeeper*, Mme. Marthy; *Mathilde*, Colette Segall.

"POWER AND THE GLORY, THE"—FOX.—From the screen play by Preston Sturges. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: *Tom Garner*, Spencer Tracy; *Sally*, Colleen Moore; *Henry*, Ralph Morgan; *Eve*, Helen Vinson; *Tom Garner, Jr.*, Clifford Jones; *Mr. Borden*, Henry Kolker; *Henry's Wife*, Sarah Pad-



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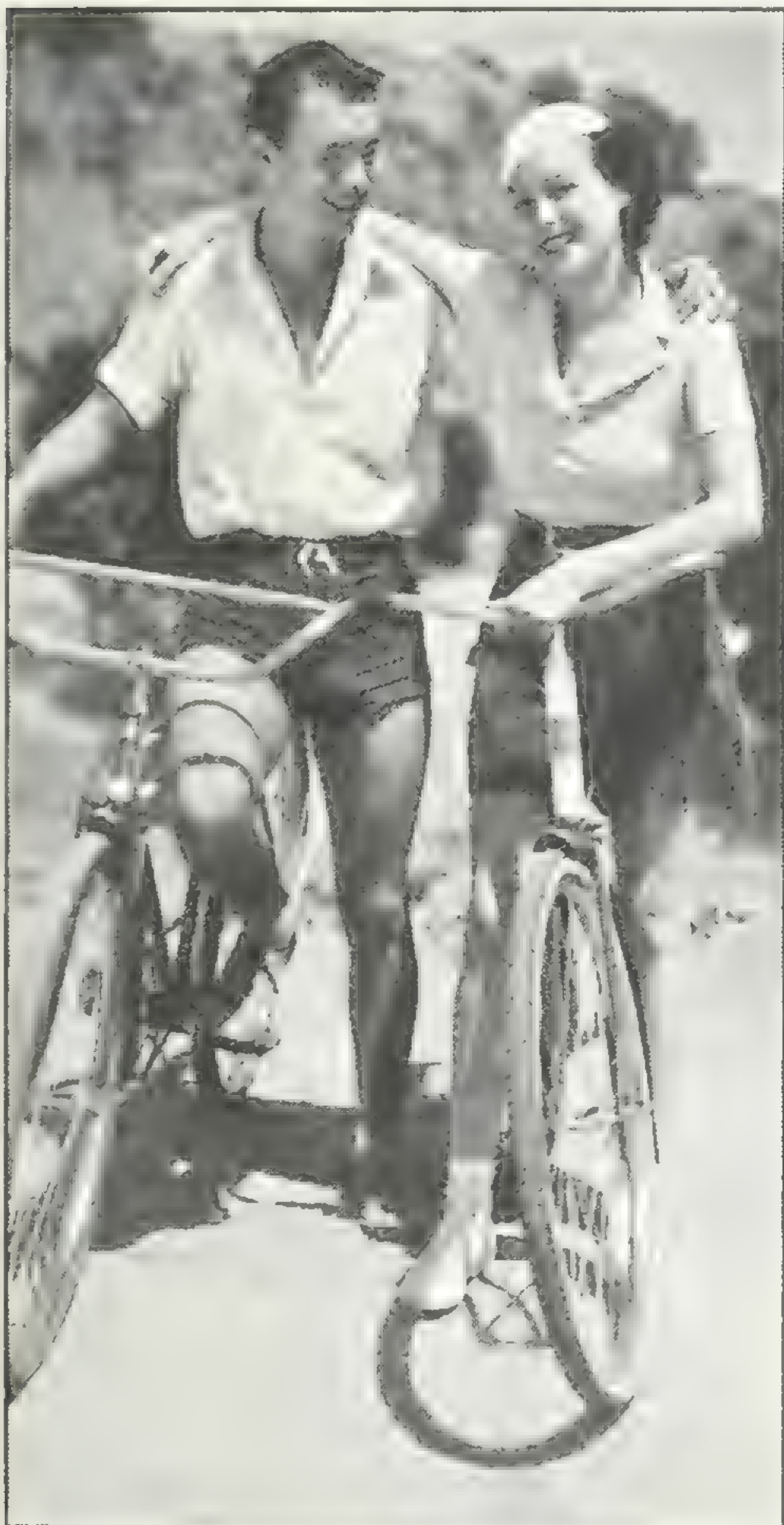
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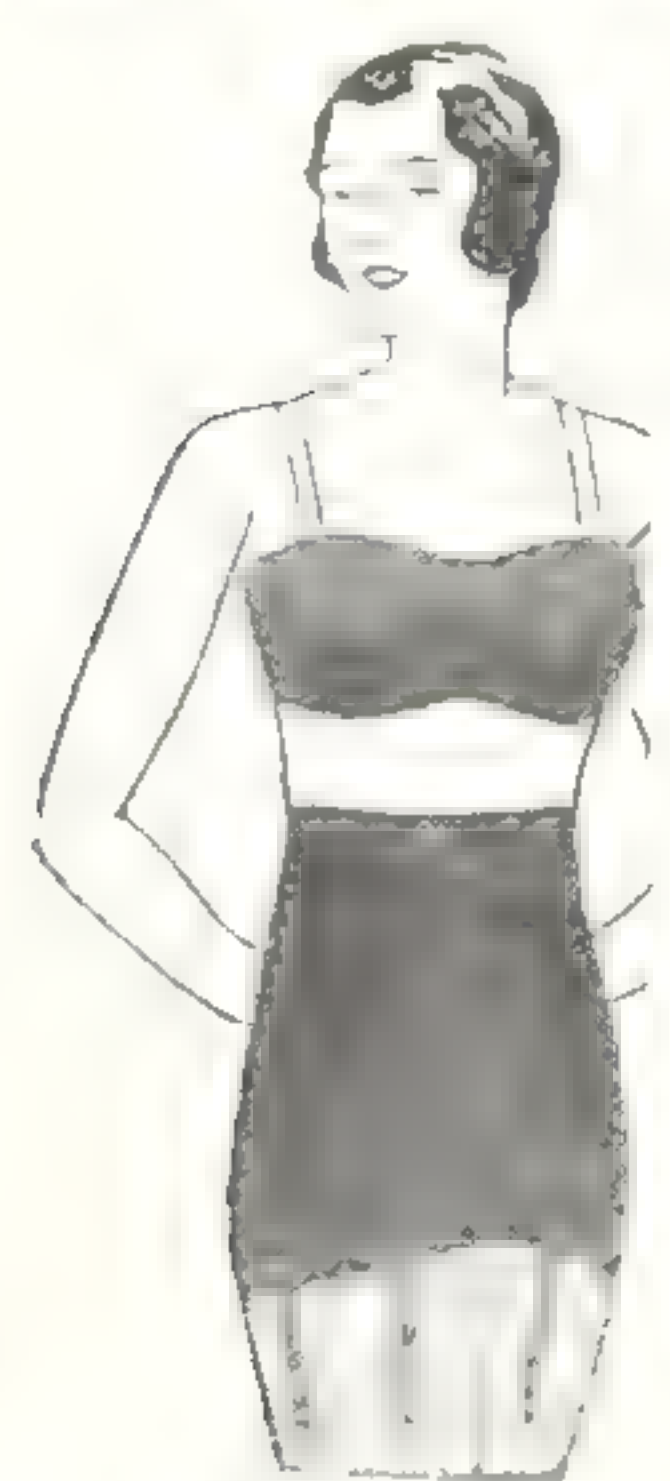


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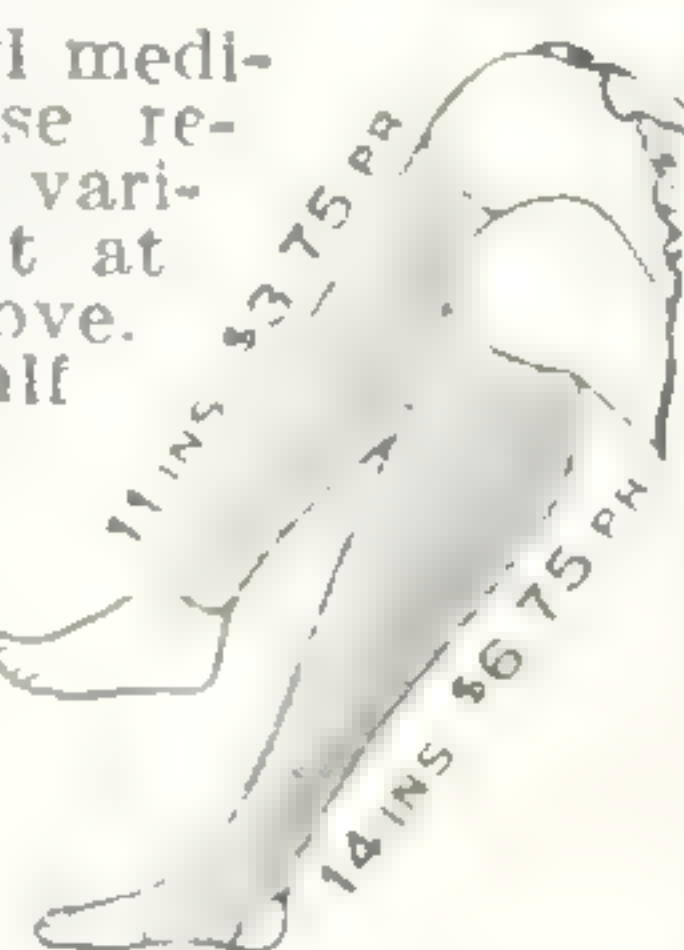
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My flesh colored medicated rubber hose relieve swelling and varicose veins almost at once. Fit like a glove. Send ankle and calf measures.

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den; Tom (the boy), Billy O'Brien; Henry (the boy), Cullen Johnston; Mulligan, J. Farrell MacDonald.

"RETURN OF CASEY JONES, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by John P. Johns. Adapted by J. P. McCarthy and Harry O. Jones. Directed by J. P. McCarthy. The cast: Jimmy Martin, Charles Starrett; Nona Winters, Ruth Hall; Casey Jones, Robert Elliott; Timothy Shine, George Hayes; Jimmy Martin (boy), Jackie Searl; Bronson, George Walsh; Mrs. Martin, Margaret Seddon; McFarland, G. D. Wood; Fireman, George Nash; Mrs. Curtis, Anne Howard.

"SONG OF SONGS, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Herman Sudermann and the play by Edward Sheldon. Screen play by Leo Birinski and Samuel Hoffenstein. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. The cast: Lilly Czepek, Marlene Dietrich; Waldow, Brian Aherne; Baron von Merzbach, Lionel Atwill; Mrs. Rasmussen, Alison Skipworth; Walter von Prell, Hardie Albright; Miss von Schwartzegger, Helen Freeman.

"STORM AT DAYBREAK"—M-G-M.—From the play "Black Stemmed Cherries" by Sandor Hunyady. Screen play by Bertram Milhauser. Directed by Richard Boleslavsky. The cast: Irina, Kay Francis; Geza, Nils Asther; Dushan, Walter Huston; Csaholyi, Phillips Holmes; Janos, Eugene Pallette; Panto, C. Henry Gordon; Militza, Louise Closser Hale; Danitza, Jean Parker; Peter, James Bell; Milry, Hal Boyer; Greg, Allan Fox; Jankovitch, Frank Burke; Stephan, Richard Cramer.

"SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Erich Philipp. Screen play by William Hurlbut. Directed by Kurt Neumann. The cast: Helldorf, Lionel Atwill; Walter, Paul Lukas; Irene, Gloria Stuart; Foster, Edward Arnold; Frank, Onslow Stevens; Thomas, William Janney; Max, Russell Hopton; Marie, Elizabeth Pat-

terson; Betty, Muriel Kirkland; Butler, Robert Barrat; Stranger, Anders von Haden; Foster's Assistant, James Durkin.

"STRANGER'S RETURN, THE"—M-G-M.—From the novel by Phil Stong. Screen play by Brown Holmes and Phil Stong. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: Grandpa Storr, Lionel Barrymore; Louise, Miriam Hopkins; Guy, Franchot Tone; Simon, Stuart Erwin; Nellie, Irene Hervey; Beatrice, Beulah Bondi; Allen, Grant Mitchell; Widdie, Tad Alexander; Thelma, Aileen Carlyle.

"VOLTAIRE"—WARNERS.—From the novel by George Gibbs and E. Lawrence Dudley. Screen play by Paul Green and Maude T. Howell. Directed by John Adolfi. The cast: Voltaire, George Arliss; Mme. Pompadour, Doris Kenyon; Nanette, Margaret Lindsay; Francois, Theodore Newton; Count de Sarnac, Alan Mowbray; King Louis XV, Reginald Owen; Mme. Denis, Helena Phillips; Dr. Tronchin, David Torrence; Emile, Murray Kinnell; Mme. Clairon, Doris Lloyd; Lekain, Ivan Simpson; Morteau, Leonard Mudie; Oriental King, Douglas Dumbrille.

"WHAT PRICE INNOCENCE?"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Willard Mack. Directed by Willard Mack. The cast: Dr. Dan Davidge, Willard Mack; Amy Harper, Minna Gombell; Ruth Harper, Jean Parker; Beverly Bennett, Betty Grable; John Harper, Bryant Washburn; Tommy Harrow, Ben Alexander; Hannah, Louise Beavers; Horace Harper, Maurice Murphy.

"WOMAN I STOLE, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Joseph Hergesheimer. Screen play by Jo Swerling. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: Jim Bradier, Jack Holt; Vida Corew, Fay Wray; General Rayon, Noah Beery; Teresita, Raquel Torres; Corew, Donald Cook; Lentz, Edwin Maxwell; Deleker, Charles Brown; Sixto, Ferdinand Munier; Murdock, Lee Phelps.

The Barnstorming Barrymores

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

so well in those famous Griffith chases with Lillian and Dorothy Gish. As a funster he out-Arbuckled Arbuckle, and as a villain he buckled on his gun over his elephantine paunch and twirled a mean mustache. Also, between pictures, he alternated with the stage in rôles of much the same character.

But these rôles became irksome to him, and Lionel, casting his longing eyes upon leads and character parts, determined to do the impossible—which was to rid himself of exactly one hundred pounds. Paul Whiteman did the same thing not so long since, and a nation held its breath.

HE took off that hundred pounds in exactly one year. And the beginning of the career which since has been climaxed with directorial achievements such as "Madame X" and histrionic highlights such as "A Free Soul," actually occurred from that time. Lionel always had the urge to encompass such things, always knew that he could do them if given the chance, but the eyes of the theatrical world, until he made them fasten upon him, were focused upon the glittering Ethel and John.

Before he lifted himself, as it were, by his own histrionic bootstraps, Lionel Barrymore did one other outstanding thing for which he was seldom, if ever, accorded credit.

He discovered one of the greatest character actors the screen has ever known—Louis Wolheim.

It was during one of his periodical transitions from screen to stage, as far back as 1913, that Lionel, then playing in a Pearl White serial, found himself in Ithaca, New York. Ithaca, as everybody knows, is a lovely little college town, built around Cornell University. Wolheim, who lived at the Ithaca Hotel, where Lionel and his wife were staying, was a study coach who made his living cramming students with knowledge to pass examinations.

Lionel and Wolheim, vastly alike, were drawn to each other and became firm friends.

Wolheim, who looked like a battered pug

and spoke four languages, loved a good argument or a poker game, and so did Lionel. Wolheim's erudition was colossal, and Lionel's, though perhaps not so academic, was nevertheless just as appreciative of the finer things. Wolheim was a profound student of books and life, while Lionel had learned from life itself. Both men scorned all artificialities. The two of them would go for dinner to the old Dutch Grill, get started on some discussion or other, and still be sitting there when the lights went out.

The time came when Lionel's picture was finished and he had to leave. The last night, as they sat together, he said to Wolheim:

"You should be an actor, Wolly, and go to New York."

"What!" gasped the other, "with this face?"

Lionel argued—and prevailed. The two went to New York together. Soon afterwards Wolheim played in "The Jest" with both Lionel and John, and from then on his name appeared in the cast of every Barrymore play.

And that, at long last, is how Louis Wolheim came from the little college town of Ithaca to the glaring cinema city of Hollywood.

Until his death in 1931, he and Lionel Barrymore were the motion picture colony's most devoted friends.

AT last, too, a richly deserved success has come to Lionel Barrymore. With it all, with all the honors and adulation now accorded him, Lionel Barrymore is a lonely man. He is lonely for "Wolly" and a friendship of which death deprived him.

So he putters around second-hand bookshops and art galleries, often dines alone in secluded restaurants with a book propped in front of him. But perhaps his eyes are not on the book so much as his memory is upon the kaleidoscope of his own life; from the blatantries of those roly-poly comedians to the fine shadings of Stephen Ashe, Kringelein, and the mad monk.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

SUPERNATURAL—Paramount.—Carole Lombard attempted a spooky "transmigration of souls" thriller in this one. (July)

★ **SWEEPINGS**—RKO-Radio.—A memorable portrayal by Lionel Barrymore of starting life with a pushcart and becoming a merchant prince—only to have no-good children spoil all. (May)

TAMING THE JUNGLE—Invincible.—Another revelation of lion taming. Some interest, but not hot. (Aug.)

TERROR ABOARD—Paramount.—Rich yachtsman John Halliday wants to murder his guests and dodge prison. Strong cast, but as drama a bit incredible. (June)

THERE GOES THE BRIDE—Gainsborough.—English actors attempting French farce. (May)

THUNDER OVER MEXICO—Sol Lesser Prod.—Russian genius Sergei Eisenstein's idea of Mexico's revolt against Diaz; breath-taking photography and scenery. (Aug.)

★ **TODAY WE LIVE**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford as an English World War ambulance driver engaged to Robert Young but in love with Gary Cooper. Stirring war scenes; Joan and Franchot Tone great. (June)

TOMORROW AT SEVEN—RKO-Radio.—Snappy melodrama, with Chester Morris uncovering a villain who kills on time to the dot; Vivienne Osborne. (July)

★ **TOPAZE**—RKO-Radio.—John Barrymore hides his profile in the whiskers of a French schoolmaster, then outslicks life and the slickers. Superb. (April)

TRICK FOR TRICK—Fox.—Magician Ralph Morgan in a mystery that gives thrills without jitters; Sally Blane and Tom Dugan. (June)

UNDER THE TONTO RIM—Paramount.—A fine, breezy Western with Stu Erwin. (May)

★ **WARRIOR'S HUSBAND, THE**—Fox.—Broad satire about the Amazons of old—women warriors, led by Queen Marjorie Rambeau and Elissa Landi. But Ernest Truex, by a trick, lets the Greeks win; and how the Amazons like what happens then! Excellent fun. (July)

WEST OF SINGAPORE—Monogram.—An incredibly dull story of oil in Malaysia. (April)

WHAT! NO BEER?—M-G-M.—And not as much fun, as Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton should yield as brewers. (April)

WHAT PRICE DECENCY?—Equitable.—Don't bother; and keep the kiddies away. (May)

★ **WHEN LADIES MEET**—M-G-M.—Unexciting, but brilliantly acted. Ann Harding as wife, Myrna Loy as menace, Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, Bob Montgomery. (Aug.)

WHEN STRANGERS MARRY—Columbia.—A dull piece, offering nothing new, about why white men's wives go wrong in the tropics. Jack Holt, Lilian Bond. (Aug.)

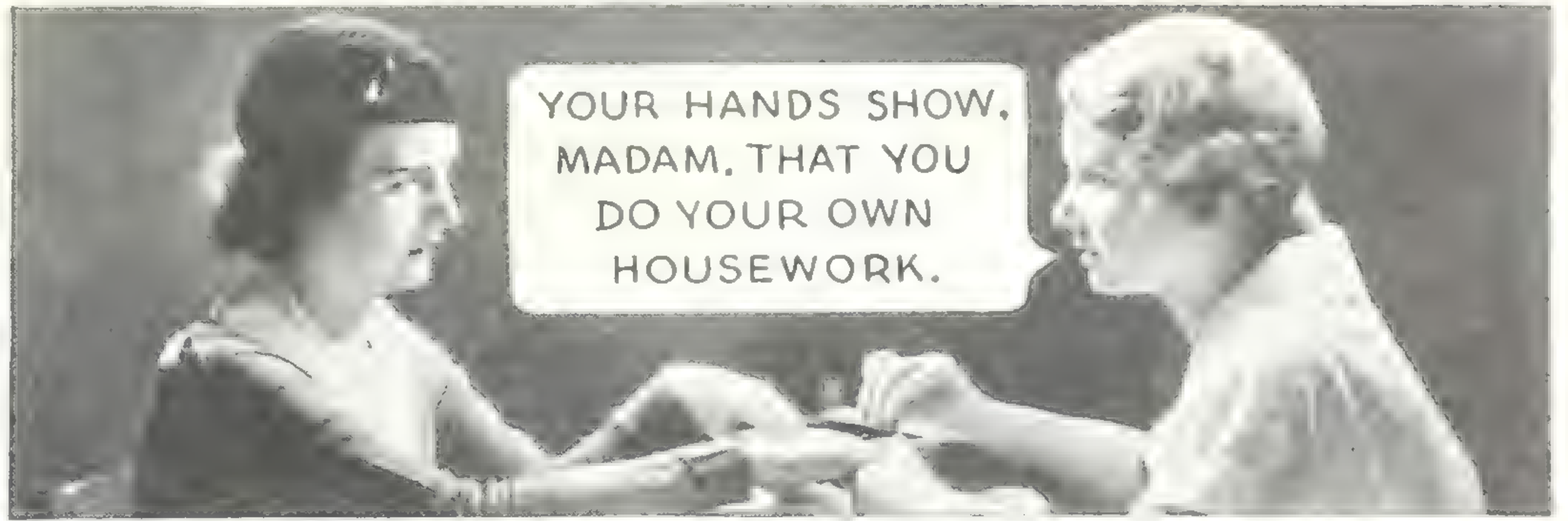
★ **WHITE SISTER, THE**—M-G-M.—Helen Hayes and Clark Gable do beautiful work in this story of a girl who, believing her officer lover is dead, becomes a nun. (May)

WOMAN ACCUSED, THE—Paramount.—Co-operative authorship achieves a fumbling melodrama with Nancy Carroll and Cary Grant. (April)

★ **WORKING MAN, THE**—Warners.—George Arliss at his delightfully suave best as a peppery old magnate who saves his dead rival's children from themselves. Bette Davis is the girl. (June)

WORLD GONE MAD, THE—Majestic Pictures.—A scrambled thriller, about crooked bankers who hire gangsters to avoid exposure; doesn't click. (July)

ZOO IN BUDAPEST—Fox.—Gene Raymond and Loretta Young love in the midst of savage perils. Splendid animal shots and beautiful photography. (June)



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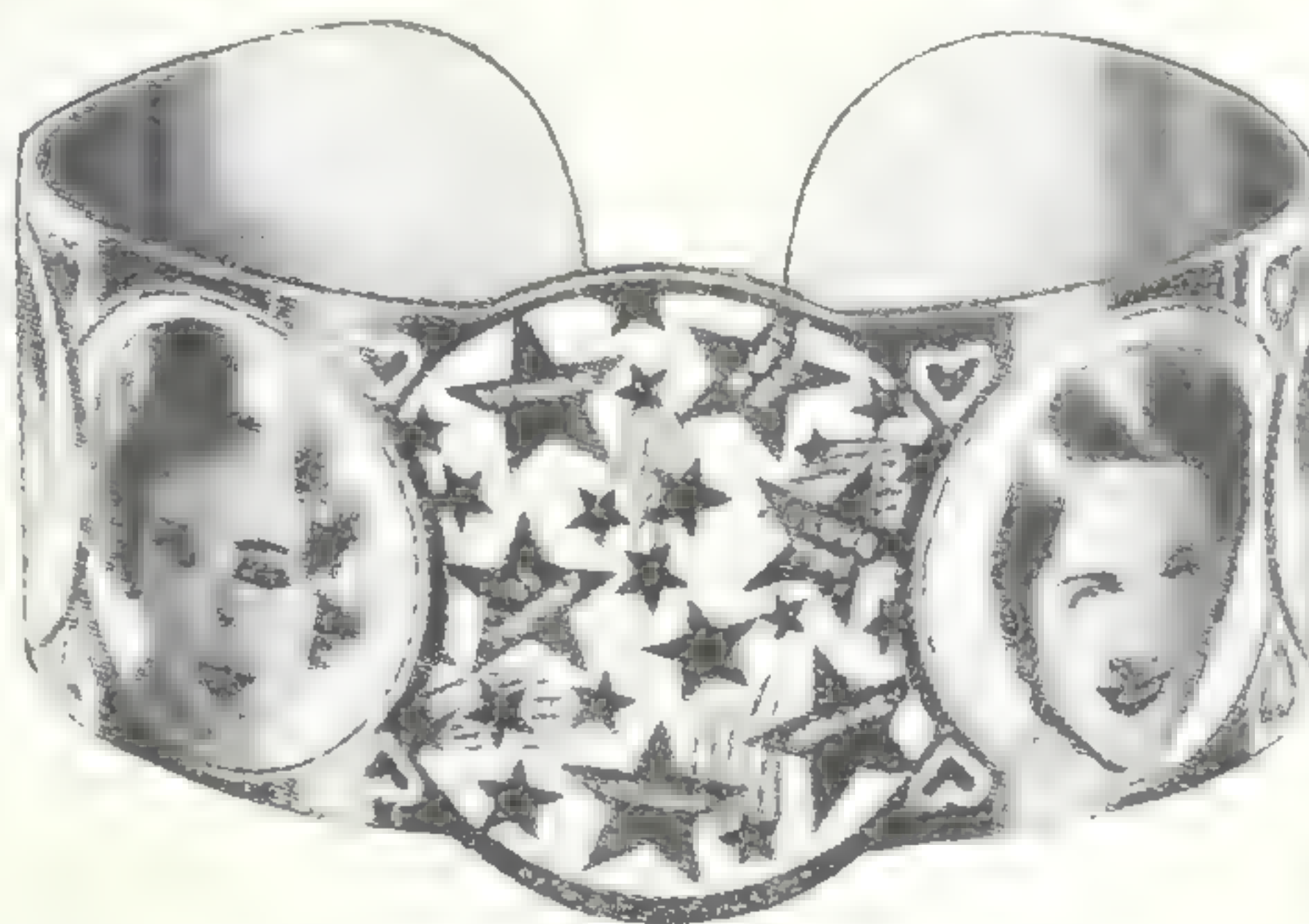
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Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

AS one might expect, the World War brought to a close one great period of motion picture history—the formative period of split-reelers, slapstick comedies, made for nickel and dime houses—and ushered in a period of more pretentious shows. Amid all the war material in our issue of September, 1918, the change could be seen coming.

Already we were honoring Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin as veterans of the movie's infancy, hardly dreaming that their best days were yet to come. Other pioneer favorites were passing, and a new generation was coming in—a generation which was largely to pass, in its turn, before our day. Some members, however, still are with us—Conrad Nagel, for one. We told how he had been secured from the stage to do *Laurie* in "Little Women." It wasn't done; but Conrad stayed.

The big "catch of the month" from the stage



Conrad
Nagel

was Fred Stone; and we made much of Taylor Holmes. (The family picture showed a youngster named Phillips Holmes in one corner.) The "stage child," Madge Evans, was just registering strongly in films; Tom Moore and Anna Q. Nilsson were being accorded the accolade of stardom; Lila Lee had just started to work, after successful children's rôles on the stage.

Among established favorites whom we pictured or told about were Norma Talmadge, Marie

Prevost, Eugene O'Brien, Geraldine Farrar, Marguerite Snow, Bessie Love, and Betty Blythe. The film of the month was George M. Cohan's "Hit-The-Trail-Holiday," about a bartender who reformed his customers.

We had an article explaining the efforts to get propaganda into the films—a serial, giving the adventurous efforts of a Secret Service agent to frustrate German plots in the U. S. Cover honors went to Lila Lee.

10 Years Ago

PERHAPS inspired by the wave of exposures which had swept the industry some months before, we did a little exposing of our own in the September, 1923 issue. Remember "Little Farina," the laugh-provoking young colored lady of "Our Gang"? We told at some length about her—then revealed that "she" was Allen Clayton Hoskins, son of a cement contractor!

In keeping with the glittering "jazz" spirit which had swept movies, we went at some length into current movie salaries. Top-notch earners, making a million a year or better, were Harold Lloyd, Doug Fairbanks, Sr., Charlie Chaplin, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Mary Pickford, and Charles Ray. But they had to meet expenses of their pictures.

Among salaried workers, Mabel Normand drew \$70,000 a picture, while those rating \$5,000 a week included Tom Meighan, Dorothy Dalton, and Alice Brady. Elsie Ferguson and



"Little
Farina"

William Farnum drew twice that when working; but it seems that even the "golden jazz age" could not stand that overhead. Jackie Coogan had just been handed an advance of half a million dollars on his new three-year contract.

The "super-picture" movement, foretold in our war issues of five years before, was in full blast, the big "super" then in making being Cecil B. DeMille's "The Ten Commandments."

Mrs. Wallace Reid's "Human Wreckage," setting forth the horrors of narcotics addiction, had just been released and we pronounced it excellent. Other films were "Peter the Great," featuring Emil Jannings, and Von Stroheim's "Merry-Go-Round."

We had an interesting page showing Dolores Costello (now Mrs. John Barrymore) with her father Maurice. You may remember him as one of the giants of the screen in pre-war days.

On the cover—Eleanor Boardman.

5 Years Ago

NEWS of the month, in September, 1928, was the "inside story" of Mary Pickford's bob. The cutting had taken place earlier in the year, but now we told why it had been so long deferred. Mary had kept the curls as long as her mother lived.

Less important, undoubtedly, was the fact that this was our second issue dealing with sound pictures. Four were reviewed—the pioneer Fox effort, "The Family Picnic," the noted interview given by George Bernard Shaw, Lionel Barrymore in "The Lion and the Mouse," and "The Lights of New York," with a cast that included Wheeler Oakman and Helene Costello.

Coupled with the advent of "talkies," was recognition of a star whose career has run almost side by side with them. It was a biography entitled "The Story of a Dancing Girl"—and told about Joan Crawford. A news note elsewhere said that Doug, Jr. was



Bebe
Daniels

annoyed immensely by rumors of various attachments. His statement was, "I am all wrapped up in Billie and I want the world to know." "Billie," of course, being Billie Cassin—Joan, under her girlhood name.

We hailed a heroine, too—none less than Bebe Daniels. Comparing notes with football hero Bill Hyland about injuries, she revealed that in her years of stunting since 1914, she had suffered ten broken bones, innumerable torn muscles and ligaments, and had gone through two brain concussions, had her lip bitten by a dog.

A girl we said could be a star, if she got a chance, was Myrna Loy.

This was the season when prominent athletes were being screened—yet one after another, they had failed to pull: Gertrude Ederle, Red Grange, Duke Kahanamoku. Babe Ruth took \$30,000—and wisely hied back to baseball.

The cover—Gloria Swanson.

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Hollywood Fashions

by Seymour

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month's fashion section (Pages 61 to 66) can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

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MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY,
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10¢ for this large size new
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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98]

ONE of the staunchest supporters of the anti-vivisection movement in this country is George Arliss. He contributes substantially to the fund, and campaigns insofar as he can, in behalf of the bill. . . .

At the same time, Arliss owes his life to animal experimentation. Were it not for the priceless insulin, so imperative to the treatment of diabetes, he would not be alive today—according to doctors who know the case. Insulin, itself, is derived from animals, and its value was discovered through experimenting on them. And untold lives have been saved through its use.

FRANCHOT TONE, Miriam Hopkins and Stuart Erwin were taken out to a farm for location scenes in their picture, "Stranger's Return." And the farmer who rented out the farm can be "consarned" if he knows what's the matter with the *durned* animals, now the company has gone. He reckons the blasted hogs couldn't be movie struck and yet they're actin' mighty funny. All droopy like! "Won't eat their grub!" he complains. "Jes turn their snoots up at it."

But the movie stars could enlighten the farmer. They (the animals) simply grew accustomed to richer food the three weeks the company stayed there. For every day, instead of eating the box lunches the studio sent out, they fed them to the farm animals and raced to the village inn for fried chicken. As a result, the geese and chickens and pigs lived on a diet of pie and cake for three weeks and cultivated a decided taste for Swiss cheese sandwiches.

Stuart Erwin says, though, that the climax

was reached when he fed his doughnut to a duck and the thing promptly sank to the bottom and never did come up. The whole business surely has that farmer puzzled, however.

GIRLS, if that handsome lad you've had your eye on for some time just passes you right by every time, don't be discouraged. For when Robert Young was a handsome high school lad he couldn't see little Betty Henderson at all. "Thought she was silly," Bob said. "She had too much vitality and energy. And talked too much. It wore me out. Couldn't see her at all." But just the same little Betty never let it discourage her. And with all the blonde beauties of the movies to choose from, Bob went back and married little Betty.

So remember, don't be down-hearted if the "big moment" can't see you. Next year he'll probably come right back after you.

ONE certainly sees strange sights inside the motion picture studio gates. But one of the strangest was a filthy workman, in faded blue denim and dilapidated cap, riding on the purple upholstery of a gorgeous limousine driven by a chauffeur in plum colored livery.

Several visiting ladies nearly collapsed at the sight. But when the car came to a stop and out stepped the workman, they were even more surprised. For it was none other than Wally Beery coming in from the "Tugboat Annie" set to lunch.

HELEN HAYES escorted the celebrated French hairdresser, Antoine, all over the M-G-M lot on a visiting tour. Antoine was

minus his famous glass coffin, in which he is rumored to sleep—but he wore a pair of glass heels.

RABBITS and radishes!

That's what Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton are raising out on their ranch. And Ann did a nip-up when they gathered the first radish bunch and served them for dinner. They also have a cow and a calf—and spend their spare time raising a promising little group of ideas to be big stories and things. Leslie is writing a lot for British publications. Ann is composing music—and both are turning their adaptable minds toward moving picture stories. And both play the piano. Sounds like a full and happy life, with never a dull moment at the Fenton ranch.

RAMON NOVARRO'S concert tour of Europe is so successful that he may prolong his stay throughout the summer.

And by postal card and cablegram he keeps up a steady correspondence with Myrna Loy.

In fact, if she can possibly get a vacation from her motion picture work, Myrna may make a trip to Europe while Ramon is there.

WHILE making "Berkeley Square," one of Heather Angel's nine petticoats disappeared. After much searching, Director Frank Lloyd discovered a scrubwoman mopping the floor with it. The cleaning woman alibied, "Why I never saw a lady wear anything like that! I didn't think it was any good." And Heather immodestly went on the set with only eight petticoats.



Once in UFA Pictures in Germany; then the idol of New York's stage; thence to Hollywood. You'll soon see Francis Lederer, young Czech, in "Romance in Manhattan"



And Fred Astaire, internationally famed dancer, is being launched as a motion picture star. From late honors in the Broadway stage success "Gay Divorce," Fred moves his make-up box to a Hollywood dressing-room—so watch out for him soon—Astaire is on his way to the top

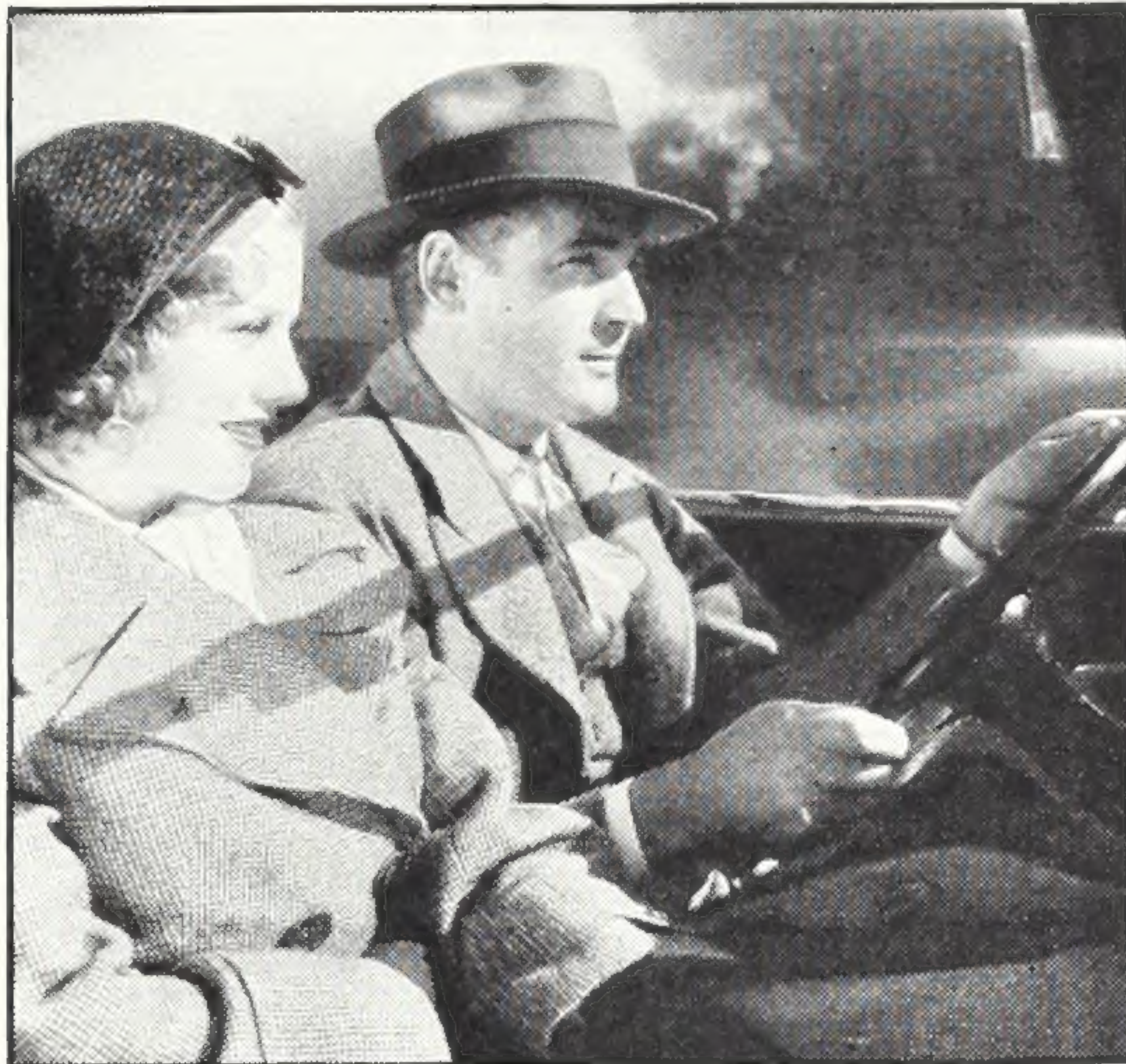
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